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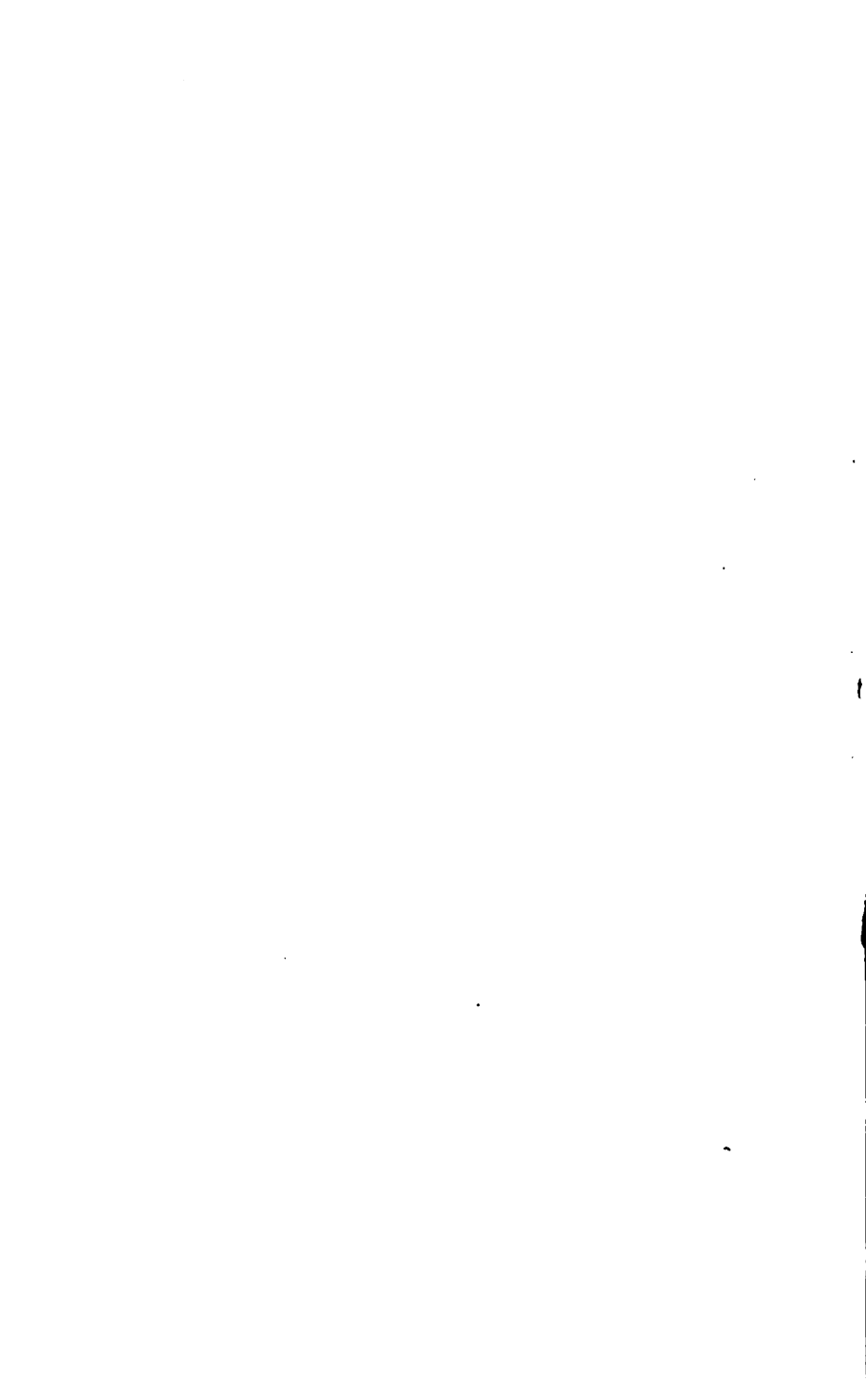
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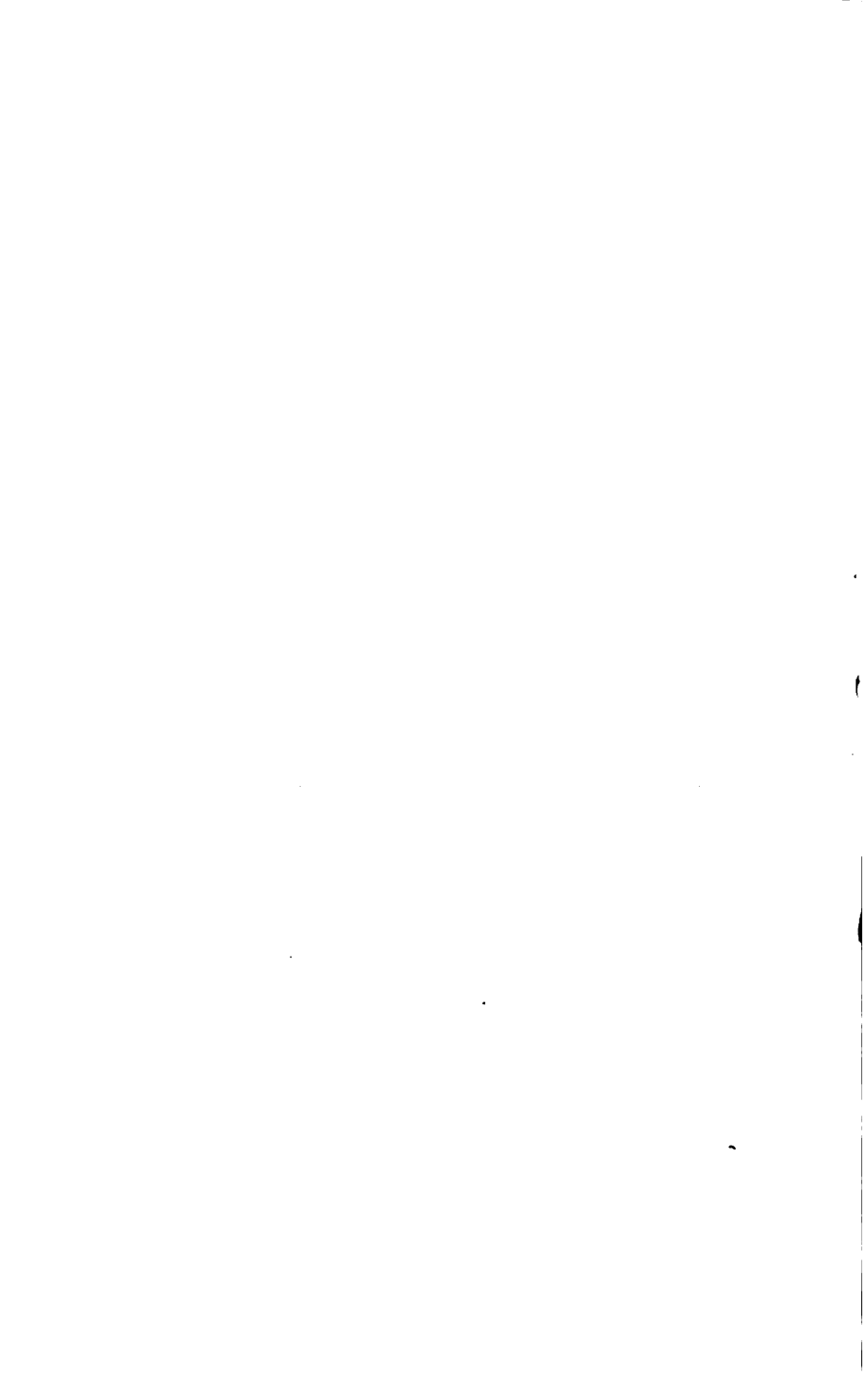
















**H E N R I A D E.**  
AN EPICK  
**P O E M.**  
IN  
**T E N C A N T O ' S .**

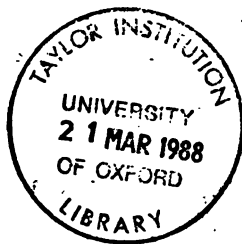
Translated from the FRENCH  
INTO  
*English* Blank VERSE.

To which are now added,  
The ARGUMENT to each CANTO,  
AND  
LARGE NOTES  
HISTORICAL and CRITICAL.

---

**L O N D O N ,**  
Printed for C. DAVIS, in *Pater-Noster-Row.*  
M.DCC.XXXII.





## ADVERTISEMENT to the Reader.

**T**HE following Dedication was written in *English* by Monsieur de *Voltaire*, and prefixed to his *French* Edition of the *Henriade*, published by himself in *London*.





T O T H E  
Q U E E N.

M A D A M,

**I**T is the Fate of *Henry*  
the Fourth to be pro-  
tected by an *English*  
QUEEN. He was assisted  
by that Great *Elizabeth* who was  
in her Age the Glory of her Sex.  
By whom can his Memory be so  
well protected, as by her who  
A 2                      resem-

resembles so much *Elizabeth* in her personal Virtues ?

YOUR MAJESTY will find in this Book, bold, impartial Truths ; Morality unstained with Superstition ; a Spirit of Liberty equally abhorrent of Rebellion and of Tyranny ; the Rights of Kings always asserted, and those of Mankind never laid aside.

THE same Spirit in which it is written, gave me the Confidence, to offer it to the Virtuous Consort of a KING, who among so many Crown'd Heads, enjoys, almost alone, the inestimable Honour of ruling a Free Nation ; a KING who makes his Power consist in being Beloved, and his Glory in being Just.

OUR

OUR *Descartes*, who was the greatest Philosopher in *Europe*, before Sir *Isaac Newton* appeared, dedicated his *Principles* to the celebrated Princess Palatine *Elizabeth*; not, said he, because she was a Princess, for true Philosophers respect Princes, and never flatter them; but because of all his Readers she understood him the best, and loved Truth the most.

I 'BEG Leave, *MADAM*, (without comparing myself to *Descartes*) to dedicate the *HENRIADE* to YOUR MAJESTY upon the like Account; not only as the *Protectress* of all Arts and Sciences, but as the Best Judge of them.

I AM with that profound Respect, which is due to the Great-

( vi )

est VIRTUE, as well as to the  
Highest RANK,

*May it please your Majesty,*

*Your Majesty's*

*most Humble,*

*most Dutiful,*

*most Obligated Servant,*

VOLTAIRE.



# P R E F A C E.



T has been customary for Authors to recommend their Writings, by telling us on what Occasion it was written, as during Confinement by bad Weather, or bad Constitution, Want of other Business, and not knowing what else to do; so they thought of obliging their Readers with their waste Time at the Expence of wasting their own. But I can truly say, that this Translation was the Effect of a very agreeable Leisure last Summer in the Country, where having not the Temptation of Books to keep me in a Closet, I whil'd away the pleasant Hours in Walks and Shades, which have ever been the Haunts of the Muses; and no wonder if I fancy'd at least

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the Infection had seiz'd me, and a Fit of versifying ensu'd.

Gaudentes rure Camcenz.

*The Muses gladden in the Shades.*

But being loath to venture upon my own Strength, I took to my Assistance a late Performance of a *French* Poet, Monsieur de VOLTAIRE, whose Poem, the HENRIADE, was in good Esteem, before some other Performances of his gave Offence to those who had before esteem'd him.

The HENRIADE, with all its Faults, is the best *Heroick* Poem in the *French* Tongue; and I was willing my Countrymen, who do not understand it, should see what the *French* are capable of in *Epick* Poetry, which will appear to be very little to those that are acquainted with *Milton*; and who is there in *England* that can read, and is not acquainted with him, or will dare own it? *Dryden* affirms, that the *French* Genius and Language are not capable of *Heroick* Poetry. *The French*, says he, *have set up Purity for the Standard of their Language, and a Masculine Vigour is that of ours. Like their Tongue is*  
the

## The P R E F A C E.

*the Genius of their Poets, light and trifling in Comparison of the English, more proper for Sonnets, Madrigals and Elegies, than Heroick Poetry. And in another Place of his Dedication of the Æneis, I said before, and I repeat it, that the affected Purity of the French has unfinew'd their Language.*

These Criticisms of his are as just as most of his other Criticisms, that is, they must be understood in a limited Sense: For there are Instances of Diction in *Corneille* and *Segrais*, where the Language does not want Sinews, and it may well be objected to me, that if the *French* Genius and Tongue are incapable of *Epick* Poetry, it ought to have discourag'd me from undertaking this Version; but *Dryden* had not seen the *HENRIADE* when he wrote what we have cited out of his Epistle to the Lord *Normanby*; and it must be own'd, that *Mr. VOLTAIRE's* Poem has Beauties in it, which are well worth reading. We hope they are not all lost in the Translation. I chose to render it in Blank Verse to have the more Liberty in rendering it: For confining myself to the Author's Sense, and pretty much to his Words, I should have been



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been too much fetter'd to have been confin'd also to Rhyme, of which *Milton* says, *Rhyme is no necessary Adjunct or true Ornament of Poem or good Verse in longer Works especially, but the Invention of a barbarous Age to set off wretched Matter and lame Meeter, grac'd indeed since by the Use of some famous Modern Poets carried away by Custom, but much to their own Vexation, Hindrance and Constraint to express many Things otherwise, and for the most Part worse than else they would have express'd them, &c.*

The greatest Poets and most celebrated Rhymesters are Proofs of this. I have observ'd elsewhere, that *Dryden* turns *Phalaris's* Bull into a Cow, purely for the sake of a Rhyme to *Low*; and the *French*, whose Poetry depends in a great Measure on the Jingle, are frequently subject to the like Inconveniencies. *St. Amand*, one of their Academy, writing in Praise of a great Friend of his, *Mr. Faret*, a Member also of the Academy, a learned, virtuous, sober Man, made him a Sot and a *Debauchée* meerly because his Name, *Faret*, rhym'd to *Gabaret*, a Tavern, according to the *French* Way of rhyming, as, venu

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*venu* } *clareté* } and *serv'd* }  
*inconnu* } *pureté* } *deserv'd* }

In *English* Rhyme, if not easy and exact, is abominable, as these Rhymes of our best Versifiers.

*See* } Dryden { *pose* } *one*  
*Eye* } { *Oaths* } *long*

*Hour* } *Thorn*  
*Kalendar* } *Arm, &c.*

In the Translation of *Ovid's* Epistles by *Dryden* and others. { *Others* } in the *Essay*  
{ *Lovers* } on *Criticism*, tho' the Rhymes in that Poem are as well chosen as in any Poem in our Tongue ; and what is said here is not to depreciate the Merit of any of the Poets, whose Rhymes are mention'd, but to shew the Necessity they are often under to give bald Rhymes rather than none.

I am sensible 'tis invidious and dangerous to say any thing but Praise of Authors, and especially of Poets, who are as jealous of their Fame as Lovers are of their Mistresses, and would quarrel with the very Wind that  
blows

## The P R E F A C E.

blows on them; but this is a *Foible*, and a sure Sign that Writers are afraid of *Criticifm*, when they hate it. An innocent Man fears not Laws nor Judges; an Offender lives in constant Dread of both. For my Part, if a Man of Judgment fhews me an Error, either publickly or privately, and does it with the Humanity we owe one another, as we are Men, and as we are Neighbours, I am thankful to him, and fhould reckon it bafe and ungrateful, insolently and arbitrarily to answer him with ill Names and ill Manners, neglecting his Criticifm which I cou'd not answer, as too many Authors have lately taken a Liberty to do, more to the Prejudice of their own Characters, than thofe of the Persons they abus'd. But to return to my Subject.

*Boileau* fays, *Rhyme is a Slave and fhould obey*; and when it rebels, *Wit* is the *Slave*, and its Character is as much funk by it, as if the Mafter was reduc'd to wait on the Man.

As great a Critick as *Boileau* (the Lord *Rofcommon*) fays of Rhyme.

*And by Succelfion in unletter'd Times,  
As Bards began, fo Monks rung on the Chimes.*

## The P R E F A C E.

He adds, of *Milton's* rejecting this Constraint:

*But now that Phœbus and the Sacred Nine  
With all their Beams on our blest Island shine,  
Why shou'd we not their ancient Rites restore,  
And be what Rome or Athens were before?  
Have we forgot how Raphael's num'rous Prose \*  
Led our exalted Souls thro' heav'nly Camps.  
Oh may I live to hail the glorious Day,  
And sing loud Pæans in the crowded Way.  
When in triumphant State the British Muse,  
True to herself shall barb'rous Aid refuse,  
And in the Roman Majesty appear,  
Which none knows better, and none comes so near.*

'Tis certain the *Romans* could not endure the barbarous Jingle of Rhymes. Their Ear was too delicate to be delighted with that Identity of Sound at the End of a Verse, and their Judgment too just to be pleas'd with Trifles instead of Wit. But I question whether *Rhyme* is not older than *Rymer* makes it, an Innogvation of the *Arabians*, who overrun the *Roman Empire* 1100 Years ago; and it must be a long while after, that it prevail'd among the *Christian Monks*, more barbarous even than those *Barbarians*. I am apt to believe that the very first Verse-makers or-

\* *Paradise Lost*, Book vi.

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namented their Meeter with this Chiming. *Le Clerc* tells us, that *David's* Psalms were written in *Rhyme*. If so, we are to go farther back than the *Arabians* for the Use of it. The Lord *Roscommon* makes the *British* Bards to have begun *Rhyming*. Now the *Bards* were before the *Druids*, who in Time got the Start of them. *Strabo* says, they were Songsters or Poets, and *Festus*, that they sung in *Recitative* Verse. *Sammes* very fond of bringing his *Britons* from *Phœnicia*, endeavours to prove that these Bards were of *Phœnician* Original; and as their Verses rhym'd, it may reasonably be conjectur'd, that the first Poets did every where rhyme their Verses. We have *Indian* Verses rhym'd in *De-laet's* Voyages, and *Persick* Verses rhym'd in *P. Megailans*; and the Custom of Rhyming being in both the *Indies*, where the Natives and Poets never heard of each other, nor of *Bards*, nor Monks; it may, I say, be reasonably conjectur'd, that the same Sounding at the End of the Verse, whether at first accidental or study'd, was mistaken for Musick like the tinckling of Brass. But the Refinement of politer Nations and Ages threw

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threw off that Slavery ; for such is it, even by the Confession of *Dryden*, than whom no Poet ever rhym'd better, as he himself at the same Time insinuates. *Hannibal Caro*, says he, *freed himself from the Shackles of Modern Rhyme, if it be modern, which is certainly a Constraint even to the best Poets, and those who make it with most Ease. What it adds to Sweetness it takes away from Sense, and he who loses the least by it may be call'd a Gainer. It often makes us swerve from an Author's Meaning.* However, it must be own'd, that Rhymes are to be met with in *Latin* Poets, especially in the Age after the *Classick*; and, if I forget not, besides the *Sorori* and *Uxori* of *Ovid*, there are the like Instances in others; but they may be purely the Effect of Chance, as we find in Lord *Roscommon's* Version of *Horace's* Art of Poetry several Rhymes, tho' the Translation was intended to be in Blank Verse.

This of *Ausonius*,

*Vel tria potanti, vel ter tria multiplicanti.*

was doubtless chosen for its Musick at that Time the *bas Empire*, about 370 Years after  
Christ,



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Christ, long before *Mahomet* and his *Arabi-ans* made a Noise in the World.

I must confess the late Affectation of *Miltonicks*, or Verse in Imitation of *Milton*, without *Rhyme*, and swoln with the like compound Words, are not at all to my *Gout*. I think it is a Vice, as is all Kind of Affectation, and an Abuse of a Manner which *Milton* would not have given into, had not his Subject requir'd it. The Persons he introduc'd were God, his Son, the Arch-angels and Immortal Spirits; and any other Language than what he studied to adapt to it, would have been beneath its Dignity. It was for this Reason he has so many *Grecisms*, *Latinisms*, Compound and Antique Words, and that he threw off *Rhyme*. Tho' I read the *Seasons* with a great deal of Pleasure, yet I could not without Regret see so many good Thoughts, and so much good Painting disfigur'd with the Stiffness of an affected Style.

Let us see how easy, how soft, sonorous and charming is *Milton* in that Sylvan Scene, Book IV.

*Betwixt*

## The PREFACE.

*Betwixt them Lawns or Level-Downs and Flocks  
Grazing the tender Herb, were interpos'd,  
Or palmy Hillock, or the flowry Lap  
Of some irriguous Valley, spread her Store,  
Flow'rs of all Hue, and without Thorn the Rose.  
Another Side umbrageous Grotts and Caves  
Of cool Recess, o'er which the mantling Vine  
Lays forth her purple Grape, and gently creeps  
Luxuriant. Mean while murmuring Waters fall  
Down the slope Hills dispers'd, or in a Lake,  
That to the fringed Bank with Myrtle crown'd .  
Her Chrystal Mirrour holds, unite their Streams.  
The Birds their Choir apply, Airs, Vernal Airs  
Breathing the Smell of Field and Grove attune  
The trembling Leafs; while universal Pan,  
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in Dance,  
Led on the Eternal Spring.*

I chose this most beautiful Image, as well to shew the little need there is of Rhime in the softest Descriptions as the wonderful Easiness of the Poet amidst so much Dignity and Elevation.

And here let us pause a little to take Pleasure in this Triumph of Modern *English* Poesy over the Ancient, over even the *Greek* and the *Latin*. Let the Learned produce a Passage in all the *Idyls* and *Eclogues* of Antiquity in any Measure comparable to



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*While universal Pan  
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in Dance,  
Led on th' Eternal Spring.*

My Lord Roscommon's Version of *Horace de Arte Poetica* in Blank Verse is easy and unaffected; and yet as he was giving the Law to Poets, he might have given his Diction all the Grandeur that our Language and the Subject were capable of, and it would have been decent and natural, but he chose to preserve the *Epistolary* Manner, and to imitate *Milton* only in rejecting Rhime.

The Great Lord Somers, equally eminent as a Statesman, a Judge, a Lawyer, a Scholar, a Poet and Orator, in his Version of *Plutarch's* Life of *Alcibiades* has these Blank Verses out of the Greek.

*His Father he will imitate in all,  
Like one dissolv'd in Ease and Luxury,  
His long loose Robe he seems to draw with Pain,  
Carelessly leans his Head, and in his Talk  
Affects to lisp.*

We do not in this Translation nor in that of the Art of Poetry, find any of those *Flatus's* and Swellings which are mistaken for *Milton's* Sublime, and often made use  
of

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of *mal a propos* and very unnaturally. In *Philips's* Burlesque Poem, *The Splendid Shilling* the *Miltonick* Manner succeeded, because the Tumidity or false Pomp of the Verse increased the *Ridiculum*, which was the Subject of the Poem; but in serious Pieces such Affectation does really produce the *Ridiculum*, where the *Sublime* was intended.

I am better pleas'd with this one Line of *Spencer* for its Simplicity and Painting after Life,

*And therein sate an Old Old Man half-blind,*

than with all the forc'd Greatness and sounding Expressions of the *False Sublime*.

I kept close to my Author thro' all his Poem, and, if there is any Merit in such Exactness, I may affirm that no Translation of Poetry is more literal than This. One cannot well err if the Rules laid down in the *Essay on Translated Verse* be observed, as I hope they are here.

*The genuine Sense intelligibly told  
Shews a Translator both discreet and bold.  
Excursions are inexpiably bad,  
And 'tis much safer to leave out than add.  
Your Author always will the best advise,  
Fall where he falls, and where he rises, rise.*

## The P R E F A C E.

Dr. *Felton* teaches us *that* Translation is *more difficult* than Writing. He had certainly been righter still if he had said, 'tis less pleasant and agreeable.

I can by no Means approve the Licentiousness of certain Translators, who give themselves the Liberty not only to vary from their Originals, but even to be the very Reverse of them. Is it not monstrous to read in a Version of one of *Boileau's* Poems,

*Or Gallia's perjur'd Monarch.*

Yet Mr. *Rowe* in his Account of that Version says, *I know but few Hands could have succeeded better than this.*

The same Mr. *Rowe* confesses, he has alter'd *Lucan* in some Places, a Liberty not to be taken but with the greatest Caution, and much less that of making the Translation speak directly contrary to what the Author intended in the Original. It is to make him a *Lyar*, and to profane the Ashes of the Dead, if he happens to be so. What bad enough can we say of *Nalson* the Historian, in his Translation of the Life of *Demetrius* in *Plutarch*, where he thus shamefully abuses both *Plutarch* and his Readers?

The

## The P R E F A C E.

The Passage as render'd by Sir *Thomas North*, is thus: "*Demachares* being accus'd  
" and condemn'd upon these Words, he was  
" banish'd *Athens*. See the *Athenians* how  
" they us'd themselves, who seem'd to be  
" delivered from the Garrison, they had be-  
" fore, and to be restored to their former  
" Liberty and Freedom. From thence *De-*  
" *metrius* went into *Peloponnesus*.

*Nalson*, the same who wrote the History of the Troubles in *England* after the Year 1640, translated it thus;

*But Demachares paid dearly for his Wit, for being accus'd for it before the Criminal Judges, the People, who must needs be where they govern, were not able to endure any thing less frantick than themselves, they adjudged that honest Man to perpetual Banishment for being in his Senses, and making an unseasonable use of his Wit and Reason.*

*This was the natural Result of their new-re-gain'd Liberty, and the true Character of the Temper of a popular State, which is only a Liberty for all Persons to be Slaves to the wild, arbitrary, extravagant Humours of a giddy, rash, and unconstant Multitude of Fools, managed by a Set of mercenary Knaves. After this De-*  
*metrius*

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metrius *march'd with his Forces into Peloponnesus*. He makes *Plutarch*, a Member of the *Popular State of Cheronea*, say what he never said, and what he would have abhor'd, to intimate that the two Houses of Parliament in *England* were at that Time a *Multitude of Fools*, and the leading Members of those two August Assemblies, a *Set of Knaves*; such an able faithful Translator was this *Nelson*, on whose Authority certain Writers have laid great Stress in their Historical and Political Disputes. The Version of *Boileau* beforementioned, is full of such unfair and unjustifiable Variations.

I have more than once observ'd in the Notes, that the Original of the *Henriade* is in many Places too Prosaick, and I have sometimes endeavoured to mend that Fault, but perhaps my Endeavours have not always succeeded.

*Translation* is not in that Esteem among the First Rate Criticks which Composition is; but for all that, it has its Merit, and when well performed, in a much greater Degree than the Mediocrity of Composing. The learned Monsieur *Maucroix* told his Friend *Boileau*, That *Translation was not the Way*

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*Way to Immortality*, which perhaps he took from the few Versions of the Ancients that are handed down to us; tho' there is no Reason to think the Contrary, but that the *Romans* made great Use of the *Greek* Learning in that Manner, and if one judges of their Performances by what *Dacier* Remarks on *Horace's* Translation of *Dic Mibi Musa Virum*, &c. from *Homer*, that there are several Errors in two Verses only, one ought not to be dealt with more severely than our great Master himself, nor more expected from us. My Lord *Roscommon* sets this Matter in a true Light.

*'Tis true, composing is the nobler Part,  
But good Translation is no easy Art;  
For tho' Materials have long since been found,  
Yet both your Fancy and your Hands are bound,  
And by improving what was writ before,  
Invention labours less, but Judgment more.*

But the Reader, who considers only his Pleasure or Amusement, will not distinguish between the *Original* and the *Translation*, and probably cannot do it. Thus the Translator is sure to bear all the Blame, where the Reader is dissatisfy'd, which in Versions of Poetry is a particular Hardship. I have been forc'd to Instance some Passages of the *Henriade* in the Notes, to clear my self of Defect

## The P R E F A C E.

Defect in my Translation. *Dryden* says upon this,

“ *Translators* are Slaves, and Labour on  
“ another Man’s Plantation. We dress the  
“ Vineyard, but the Wine is the Owners.  
“ If the Soil be sometimes Barren, then we  
“ are sure of being scourged ; if it be Fruit-  
“ ful, we are not thank’d ; for the proud  
“ Reader will say, The poor Drudge has done  
“ his Duty. But this is nothing to what fol-  
“ lows, for being obliged to make his Sense  
“ intelligible, we are forc’d to untune our  
“ own Verses, that we may give his Mean-  
“ ing to the Reader.

But those *Translators* who mind their own Verses more than their Authors, and are not so solicitous for a just Version, as for a good run of Verse, fare often better with the Reader than those who keep faithfully to the *Original*. Most People love Pleasure better than Instruction ; and most Poets and Translators know this so well, that if they can please their Readers at any Rate, they care not how little they instruct them.

*HENRIADE.*



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\*C

ERRATA



# ERRATA.

PAGE 101, l. 4. read *putid.* p. 108, l. 2. r. *Sortilege.* p. 106, l. 15.  
 r. *exults.* l. 16. dele. l. 17. r. *fill.* p. 170, l. 15. r. *warming.* p.  
 196, l. 18. r. *lets.* p. 202. l. 15. dele. p. 253, l. 9. r. *Back Stroke.* p.  
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 l. 2. r. *Roban.* p. 272, l. 18. r. 1591. p. 274, l. 18. r. *going in.* p. 279,  
 l. 2. r. *tribunitiad.* p. 280, l. 24. r. *to justify.* p. 284, l. 18. dele the  
*Luxiada,* &c. p. 293, l. 7. r. *Years.*



# H E N R I A D E.

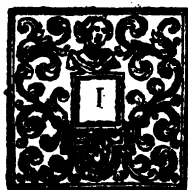
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## C A N T O I.

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### A R G U M E N T.

*Invocation to Truth. The Character of Henry III. of France. The League set up against him by the Duke de Guise. Henry de Bourbon, King of Navarre, comes to the Assistance of Henry III. and both besiege Paris. Henry III. sends Henry of Navarre to desire Aid of Elizabeth Queen of England. Navarre lands in Jersey, and there meets with a Hermit of the Roman Religion. The Hermit speaks to him of his Conversion to that Religion, and his Success against the Leaguers. A Description of England, its Constitution and Happiness. Navarre has Audience of Queen Elizabeth.*



Sing the Hero, who by Right of Arms,<sup>1</sup>  
And Right of Royal Heirship reign'd  
in France,

Who by long Labours learn'd to rule,  
who knew,

Mighty and Mild, to conquer and forgive,

B

Who

Who *Mayne*, the *League*, and proud *Iberia* tam'd, <sup>2</sup>  
 Conq'ror and Father of his Country, He.

Goddeſs ſevere ! Thee, Truth, I now implore, <sup>3</sup>  
 Thy Spirit o'er my Work, Thy Brightneſs ſpread,  
 Be Thou familiar to the Ear of Kings ;  
 'Tis Thine to tell them what they ought to know ;  
 'Tis Thine to teach the Nations to avoid  
 Diviſion, and its dire Effects eſchew.

Say, how our Land by Diſcord was laid waſte,  
 The People's Suff'rings, and the Prince's Faults  
 Say Thou ; and if of Old the Fable mix'd  
 Her gentle Accents with thy fiercer Voice,  
 If her fair Hand thy haughty Head adorn'd,  
 And to thy Light, Her Shade more Luſtre gave,  
 Let her, with Me, the Path Thou tak'ſt purſue,  
 Not to conceal but to improve thy Charms.

Then reign'd *Valois*, and in his doubtful Hand, <sup>4</sup>

Loofe

Loose were the Reins of tott'ring Empire left.  
His Soul grew languid, Fear unhing'd his Frame,  
And *Valois*, truly speaking, reign'd no more.  
No more, that Prince, the Darling once of Fame,  
By Vict'ry from an Infant taught to war,  
Whose growing Pow'r, with trembling, *Europe* saw,  
Who, with him, bore away the Sighs of *France*,  
When the NORTH call'd him, by his Virtues mov'd  
To wear her Crowns, and laid them at his Feet. 5  
Thus He, and Thus in Fortune oft it proves,  
Who shone as Second is eclips'd as First,  
A Fearless Warriour, but a Coward King.  
Asleep upon his Throne, dissolv'd in Ease,  
Beneath his Diadem his Weakness bends.  
*Quelus*, *St Maigrin*, *Joyeuse*, *Epernon*, 6  
Lewd Tyrants reigning in his Royal Name,  
Mislead him as they list from Wisdom's Ways,  
And plunge in Pleasures his Lethargick Soul.

Mean while the *Guises* with a rapid Flow 7  
 Of Fortune on his falling Greatness rose.  
 In *Paris* They that League detested form'd,  
 Which insolently rivall'd *Valois* Pow'r.  
 Two Parties opposite with equal Pride  
 And Fury to his Face contended for his Crown. 8  
 Forsaken soon by his corrupted Friends,  
 His frightened People from his Palace driv'n,  
 The Stranger in the Streets with daring Front  
 Appears, and the revolted Princes joins,  
 Destruction threatens All—But *Bourbon* comes,  
 The Virtuous *Bourbon*, in whose God-like Breast  
 A Warriour's Warmth, and righteous Vengeance glow:  
 He sets the Light before his blinded Prince,  
 Revives his Courage, and directs his Steps  
 From Shame to Glory, and from Sports to Fights.

Now to the Walls of *Paris*, the Two Kings 9  
 Advance, a hundred Nations take th' Alarm,  
 Rous'd by the Rumour of their high Exploits,

And *Europe*, interested in this Turn <sup>10</sup>  
On her proud Rampiers, anxious, casts her Eyes.  
Discord accurst is in the City seen,  
Stirring to bloody Fights the *League* and *Mayne*,  
Horror attends Her, and from all her Tow'rs  
To *Rome* and *Spain*, She for Assistance calls.  
The furious Monster, dreaded by her Slaves,  
Inflexible and Cruel, all her Wiles,  
And all her Pow'rs employs to plague Mankind.  
With her own Party's Blood, her Hands oft stain'd,  
She Tyrant-like inhabits humane Hearts,  
Rends them with Rage infernal, and the Crimes  
Herself inspires, She punishes Herself.

Against this Monster, and her foul Attempts  
The Monarchs reconcil'd collect their Hosts.  
A Hundred Chiefs beneath their Banners rang'd  
Bulwarks of *France*, divided by their Sect, <sup>11</sup>  
And by Revenge united flye to Arms.  
Their Destiny to *Bourbon* they commit,

He gains all Hearts, and All in him unite.  
 To Him the Soldiers so submit, They seem  
 One Only Chief to have, One Only Church.  
 The Father of the *Bourbons* from his Seat <sup>12</sup>  
 Among th'Immortals, *Lewis* looking down  
 With Eyes Parental on his glorious Son,  
 Presag'd in Him the Splendor of his Race  
 Pitying his Errors, with his Courage charm'd. <sup>13</sup>  
 He saw the Time wou'd come when He wou'd prove  
 An Honour to the Crown Himself had worn.  
 Still more he wish'd him, Truth to know and love;  
 But *Henry* to his Height Supream advanc'd  
 By hidden Ways even to Himself unknown.  
*Lewis* from Heav'n his helping Hand held forth  
 But hid the Help he gave him, left in Fight  
 The Hero might of Vict'ry be too sure,  
 And with less Peril less Renown acquire.

And now both Parties at the Rampire's Foot  
 Well weigh the Dangers of the doubtful Day.

Slaughter

Slaughter had o'er our defolated Fields  
From Sea to Sea her sanguine Horrors spread,  
When *Valois* to *Bourbon* thus held Discourse, <sup>14</sup>  
And interrupted oft his Words with Sighs.

You see how I am fall'n, Your Wrongs are Mine.  
The League alike are Enemies to Both.  
Against their Prince They in Rebellion rise,  
Both in their Rage confound and Both pursue.  
*Paris* will Now not know Us, nor receive  
As Master, Me, who am her King, nor You  
Who are to be; She knows the Laws, the Ties  
Of Blood, your Virtue call You to a Crown,  
But fears your future Greatness, and by Arms  
Strives to exclude you from my tott'ring Throne.  
Religion, ever dreadful in her Wrath,  
Her dire Anathema's against you darts.  
*Rome*, who without Militia wages War,  
Her Thunder puts into the *Spaniards* Hands,  
Kindred, Friends, Subjects, All against Me arm,



And I'm by All abandon'd and betray'd.  
The greedy *Spaniards* by my Spoils enrich'd,  
O'erwhelm with Multitudes my wasted Fields.  
So numerous and outrageous are my Foes,  
Let us, it is no more than They have done,  
Call into *France* the Stranger to Our Aid :  
Th'illustrious *Queen of England*, let us gain,  
By secret Treaty; ancient Feuds I know  
Between the *French* and *English* long have fix'd  
Immortal Hate, and seldom have They Truce,  
*London of Paris* e'er was emulous :  
But after such Affronts, and such Disgrace,  
Subjects and Country I have Here no more.  
I hate and wou'd this odious League chastise.  
Whoever will revenge Me shall be *French*  
To Me ; and to negotiate this Affair  
I'll not the tardy Steps of Envoys take;  
You only I'll intrust, for only you  
By fair Perswasion can prevail with Kings  
And give them for my Case forlorn Concern.

To *Britain* go: Your Fame will plead my Cause,  
And an auxiliary Host procure.  
Your Arm' my Foes to vanquish I'll employ;  
But 'tis your Virtues that must make me Friends.

He said—The Hero heard him with Regret:  
So jealous of his Glory, he was griev'd  
The Honour of the Vict'ry to divide.  
He to Remembrance calls the glorious Time,  
So dear to his great Heart, when He Himself  
With *Conde* only, quell'd the trembling League,  
When None to succour Him or counsel came  
And All was to his single Courage due.  
But in Obedience to his Master's Will,  
And to accomplish the Designs He form'd,  
His Arm a while suspends the deadly Blow,  
A while in *France* ungather'd Laurels leaves,  
And putting on his Valour, irksome Force,  
Unwillingly from *Paris* he departs.  
The Soldiers, ignorant of his Intent,

Their

Their Destiny from his Return expect.

He goes—Mean time the guilty Town believes  
He's present still and ready for a Storm.  
And still his Name, chief Pillar of the Throne,  
Kills them with Fear, and is to them a War.  
Already has he past the *Neustrian* Plains,  
*Mornay's* his sole Companion, his best Friend, <sup>15</sup>  
His Confident, but not his Flatterer,  
Support, too virtuous, on Error's Side,  
Who fam'd alike for Prudence and for Zeal  
With like Affection serves his Church and *France*.  
Censor of Courtiers, but at Court belov'd,  
Vow'd Enemy of *Rome*, at *Rome* esteem'd.

Between two Rocks on which the roaring Main  
Beats furious, and his foamy Billows breaks,  
*Dieppe* offers to his Eyes a Port secure. <sup>16</sup>  
The Seamen crowd at his Approach the Deck,  
Ready their Ships for his Reception make,

And ev'ry Hand's prepar'd to hoist a Sail,  
Or weigh the crescent Anchor at Command.  
Tempestuous *Boreas* in mid Air enchain'd,  
To wanton Zephirs leaves the dancing Waves.  
Now to the Winds the swelling Sails are spread,  
They loose, and soon the lessning Shore is lost.  
The Coasts of *England* are in Ken, but soon  
The Day's bright Star's in dreary Clouds involv'd.  
The Tempest gathers in the gloomy Air,  
And grumbles hoarsely in remoter Seas ;  
The Winds unbound are with the Waves at War,  
And baleful Lightning thro' the Darkness bursts.  
The Fires Above, th'enrag'd Abyss Below  
Death to the Seamen every where present, 17  
Aghast they see the watry Mountains rise :  
Dauntless the Hero stands amidst the Storm,  
Nor does its Fury or Himself regard ;  
His Country is his Care : To Her he turns  
His Eyes, for Her he seems to blame the Winds,  
Whose Rage so long does her Relief delay.

Thus

Thus, but less generous, on *Epire's* Coast,  
Contending for the Empire of the Globe,  
And trusting to the Rage of Seas and Winds  
The Destiny of *Rome*, and of the World,  
At once defying *Pompey* and the Deep,  
*Cæsar* oppos'd his Fortune to the Storm.

The God of the Great Universe, who flies  
Upon the Wings of Winds, and swells the Seas,  
That God, whose Wisdom is ineffable,  
Who changes Empires, raises and destroys,  
Look'd in that Moment from his radiant Throne,  
In highest Heav'n, on *Henry's* hapless State,  
Nor did to be Himself his Guide disdain.  
The Billows, to his Beck obedient, bear  
His Ship, as bidden, to the nearest Shoar;  
Where *Jersey*, Sea encompass'd, seems to rise  
Out of the Bosom of the deep he drives,  
And There, with God to guide, the Hero lands.  
Not far from Shoar a Wood's refreshing Shade

Invites

Invites the weary Traveller to Rest.  
A Rock, that hides it from the Tempest's Rage,  
Forbids the North to trouble its Repose.  
A Grot within the Gloom by Nature built,  
Owes to Her Hands its Beauties and its Use.  
There liv'd a venerable Seer, who far  
From Court, the Surfeit of his younger Years,  
Sought in that Solitude the Sweets of Peace.  
To Man unknown, and free from carking Care,  
Himself to know was all his Study There,  
Rememb'ring with Regret his useless Life,  
How lost in Pleasure, and how plung'd in Love.  
Oft on th'enamell'd Mead he musing lay  
Near the green Margin of a murm'ring Brook,  
And under Foot his Tyrant-Passions trod.  
For Death he waited There with Mind tranquil,  
In hope to see the God whom he ador'd,  
Who gracious to his Age vouchsaf'd to send  
Wisdom to solace him in his Retreat,  
And of his Heavenly Gifts to Him profuse



Set ope before his Eyes the Book of Fate.  
The Hero thus by high Instinct he knew,  
And offer'd him for Food his Sylvan Fare.  
The Prince accustom'd to such homely Meals,  
Had often in an humble Cot been charm'd,  
When flying Courts, and of Himself in Quest,  
He mortify'd a Scepter's pamper'd Pride.  
The Troubles o'er the Christian Empire spread,  
Were a fair Field to furnish useful Talk:  
*Mornay*, unshaken in his Sect, was deem'd  
The firmest Prop of *Calvin's* novel Faith.  
*Henry*, who doubted, of the Skies implor'd  
A Ray of Light to guide his wand'ring Soul.  
For in all Times, said he, has sacred Truth  
With Errors been environ'd, and shall I  
Who hope for Help from Heav'n alone, not know  
The Path that leads to Heav'n, to take the Right?  
A God so gracious, Master of Mankind  
Had been, if he were willing to be, serv'd.

Let us the Ways of Providence adore,  
 The Solitary said, and not accuse  
 The Dread Creator for his Creature's Crimes.  
 Well I remember Calvinism was weak  
 And humble heretofore, without Support  
 I saw her when her Haunt was in the Night,  
 She like an Exile liv'd within our Walls.  
 I saw her from this Infant feeble State  
 Advance by slow Degrees and Ways obscure.  
 In fine, I saw her rise as from the Dust  
 And menacing, uplift her haughty Head,  
 Take place upon the Throne, insult Mankind,  
 And proudly our demolish'd Altars spurn.  
 Far from the Court I to this lonely Grot  
 Retir'd my wrong'd Religion to deplore.  
 Here Hope at least gave Comfort to my Age:  
 I thought so new a Worship would not last,  
 Its very Being owing to Caprice. 18  
 We saw it born, and we shall see it die.



Frail like Themselves are all the Works of Men,  
Heav'n, as he pleases, frustrates their Designs.  
He's stable still Himself, and none but He.  
Our Malice impotent and vain wou'd sap  
The Holy City, whose Foundations deep  
Were fix'd by his Almighty Hand, and firm  
Will stand, triumphant over Hell and Time.  
To you, Great *Bourbon*, He'll Himself make known,  
And Light, since you desire it, you shall have.  
You he has chosen, You his Arm shall guide  
Thro' Combats, to the Throne of the *Valois*.  
Already Vict'ry has his Dread Command  
For you the Way to Glory to prepare.  
But if his Truth enlightens not your Mind,  
Hope not to enter *Paris*, and till then  
Avoid the Weakness which Great Hearts indulge.  
Shun, above all Things, Beauty's Syren Charms;  
Sweet is the Poison, but the Death is sure.  
Your Passions fear, and learn your Lusts to tame,  
Soft Pleasure to resist, and fight with Love.

When

When you, by mighty Effort have subdu'd  
The Leaguers and yourself, when in a Siege  
Horrid and ever famous you shall shew  
Bounty immense, and give a Nation Life,  
Then shall your People's Mis'ries have an End,  
You shall then find, that He whose Heart is pure,  
And trusts in Heav'n, may hope for Heav'nly Aid.  
And who resembles God, has God to Friend.  
Each Word he said, was like a Dart of Fire,  
Which penetrated *Henry's* inmost Soul.  
He fancy'd in those happy Times he liv'd,  
When God, their Maker, with Mankind convers'd,  
When simple Vertue Wonders wrought in Waste,  
Commanded Kings, and Oracles pronounc'd.  
He held the Holy Hermit in his Arms,  
The Tears fast trickling from his humid Eyes.  
And in that very Instant he beheld  
The Dawning Day, which was as yet but Dawn.

*Mornay*, tho' not affected, seem'd surpriz'd  
 Th'Almighty, Master of his Gifts, from Him  
 Had hid Himself, and vainly was he call'd  
 The Wife, whose Virtues were with Errors mix'd.  
 While, as Heav'n will'd, the Sage discours'd the Prince,  
 And open'd to his yielding Heart a Way,  
 Th'outragious Winds were at his Voice appeas'd,  
 The Sun broke out again, the Sea grew calm;  
 The Seer conducted *Bourbon* to the Shoar,  
 And *Henry*, weighing, to fair *Albion* sail'd.

At sight of *England* inly he admir'd  
 The Change which had that potent Empire blest,  
 Where, of the wisest Laws the long Abuse  
 Had Kings and People miserable made,  
 That bloody Theatre, where in the Course  
 Of many Wars, a Hundred Heroes fell;  
 That flipp'ry Throne from whence a Hundred Kings  
 Had fall'n, a Virgin Queen with Glory fills,

And

And with her Fame, the wond'ring Universe.  
*Elizabeth*, whose Wisdom holds the Scale  
 Of *Europe*, and her Choice the Ballance turns.  
 The resty *English* bear her Yoke with Joy,  
 A Nation fond of changing, ne're alike  
 In Servitude or Liberty at Ease.  
 Their Losses are forgotten in her Reign.  
 Cover'd with fleecy Flocks are all their Plains,  
 With Corn their furrow'd Fields, with Ships their Seas.  
 At Land they're fear'd, and of the Waters Kings.  
 Their Fleets imperious give to Ocean Law,  
 And Fortune from the World's last Limits call.  
*London*, so barb'rous Heretofore, is Now  
 The Centre of all Arts, the Magazine  
 Which amply the whole Universe supplies.  
 At *Westminster* Three different Pow'rs appear  
 Together, and can hardly comprehend  
 The Knot, by which they are together bound.  
 The People's Deputies, the Peers, the King  
 By Interest divided, and by Law <sup>20</sup>

United, these three Members form the Frame  
 Of this puissant Body, to Themselves  
 Dangerous, and to their Neighbours terrible.  
 Happy the People, if they knew to pay  
 Respect, which to the Sovereign Pow'r they owe;  
 More Happy, if their Kings Mild, Just and Wise  
 Knew to respect the publick Liberty.  
 Ah, when will *France*, cries *Bourbon*, see the Laws  
 Flourish as in the Reign of such a Prince;  
 And what a bright Example, Oh ye Kings!  
 This Woman is, who shuts the Gates of War  
 And Discord to your Doors and Horror sends;  
 While by her faithful Subjects, She's ador'd,  
 And makes their Happiness, as They make Hers.

And now at that vast City he arrives,  
 Where Liberty alone Abundance feeds.  
 He sees the Tow'r by *Britain's* Conq'ror built, <sup>22</sup>  
*Elizabeth's* august Abode, not far  
*Mornay* his sole Attendant still, he waits

Upon

Upon the Queen, without a courtly Train,  
 Or Pomp, or Equipage, in which the Great,  
 Be what they will, a secret Pleasure take,  
 But the true Hero with Contempt regards.  
 He speaks with Grace, peculiar to Himself,  
 His Frankness is his only Eloquence.  
 In private he explains the Needs of *France*,  
 And humbles his Great Heart so low as Pray'r,  
 But in his very Pray'r the Hero shines.

How's this? The Queen says in Surprise, Are you  
 A Servant to *Valois*, and is it He  
 Who sends You to the *Thames*? How then are You?  
 Of his Fierce Enemy become his Friend?  
 Are You his new Protector, and to Me  
 Do's *Henry* for his Persecutor sue?  
 From the Sun's rising to his setting, Fame  
 Of your long Differences loudly speaks,  
 And do I see You for *Valois* in Arms,

You, whom in Fight He has so often fear'd?

Our Hatred is in his Misfortunes lost,  
 Reply'd the Prince, *Valois* has been a Slave,  
 But is at last, tho' still unhappy, Free.  
 Happy might he have been, if Trust in Me,  
 And in his wonted Courage, He had put.  
 If he no other vain Support had sought,  
 Nor Artifice and Trick inglorious try'd.  
 By Weakness, and by Fear he was my Foe.  
 But when I saw his Danger, I forgot  
 His Hate, and him I vanquish'd, will avenge.  
 'Tis yours, Great Queen, in this our righteous War  
 The Name of *England* most renown'd to make.  
 Crown all your Virtues with the just Defence  
 Of our invaded Rights, and join with Me  
 To succour and revenge the Cause of Kings.

*Elizabeth*, impatient, bad him tell  
 At large what Troubles had afflicted *France*,

What

What Springs of Action mov'd the huge Machine,  
What Chain of Causes had in *Paris* wrought  
The mighty Change that had amaz'd the World.

Rumour already, says the Queen, has oft  
Brought Tidings hither of those bloody Btoils,  
But Rumour's Tongue, as indiscreet as light,  
Much Fable mixes with a little Truth.  
I never heeded her uncertain Tales.  
You the most famous Witness of the Facts,  
You, who have conquer'd and have fav'd *Valois*,  
Say what this Friendship form'd between you Now,  
Explain the Motives of so strange a Turn.  
Of You none worthily can speak, but You.  
Tell Me your Troubles and your Feats of Arms.  
Vanquish'd and Victor let me know your Fate.  
Your various Life a Lesson is to Kings.

The Prince reply'd, Ah Madam, must I call <sup>22</sup>  
To mind, the wretched Story of these Times?



Ah, wou'd to Heav'n, to whom my Griefs are known,  
Those Horrors, he permitted in his Wrath,  
Were in Oblivion Eternal sunk.

Why ask you Me, with my reluctant Lips  
To tell you, what the Fury and the Shame  
Of the discording Princes of my Blood?  
My Heart at the Remembrance shudders still,  
But You commanding, Madam, I obey.

And while such sad Adventures I relate,  
Pardon, Great Queen, if grating Truths you hear.  
Another might have hid them, or disguis'd,  
But *Bourbon* never to dissemble knew.





# H E N R I A D E.

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## C A N T O II.

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### A R G U M E N T.

*Henry relates to Queen Elizabeth the Rise and Progress of the League. He condemns Persecution. The Character of Katherine de Medicis, Regent of France, in the Minority of her Sons Francis I. and Charles IX. The Character of the King of Navarre, Father of Bourbon : Of Admiral Coligny. The Massacre of Paris.*



THE Miseries of *France*, Great Queen,  
are such,  
As teem with Horrors from their sacred  
Source,

Religion, whose inhumane Zeal inflam'd  
The *French*, and put in ev'ry Hand a Sword.

'Tis

'Tis not for Me the Question to decide,  
Whether *Geneva's* in the Right, or *Rome*.  
Howe'er Divine They are by Party deem'd,  
On both Sides have we Fraud and Fury found.  
If Treachery by Error is begot,  
If in the bloody Strife which *Europe* wastes  
Treason and Murder mark the wronger Side,  
Then both have been the wronger, both alike  
Are plung'd as well in Error as in Crime.  
For Me, who in the State's Defence engage,  
When Heav'n's offended, be the Vengeance His.  
I ne'er attempted Things above my Reach,  
Nor Holy Incense with rash Hand profan'd,  
Perish the Politicians, ever curst,  
That o'er the Mind usurp despotick Pow'r,  
That would weak Mortals Sword in Hand convert,  
That water with the Blood of Hereticks  
Their Altars hallow'd by the Blood of Christ,  
That, guided by false Zeal or Profit, serve  
By none but Homicides the God of Peace.

Ah

Ah, wou'd to Heav'n, whose Law I seek to know,  
The Court of the *Valois* had thought like Me.  
But no such Scruple did the *Guises* guide,  
At Will a People credulous they lead,  
And pass Ambition lewd for fervent Zeal,  
As if their Interest and Heav'n's were One.  
The Many in their Snare entrapt, grew mad,  
And urg'd by cruel Piety took Arms  
Against Me, on my vow'd Destruction bent.  
I've seen our Citizens in Battle join,  
And cut each other's Throats with Holy Zeal;  
I've seen them Fire in Hand amidst the Fight  
For vain Disputes they could not comprehend.  
You know the Populace, and what they dare  
When Vengeance in the Cause of Heav'n they vow,  
And blinded by Religion break the Rein  
Of due Obedience, and renounce all Rule.  
You know it, and your Foresight long ago  
Stifled the Mischief at its Birth; the Storm  
Was scarce in your Dominions form'd, your Cares  
Against

Against it guarded, and your Virtues calm'd.  
 You reign, the People's happy in their Prince,  
 Your Laws are flourishing, and *London* free.  
 A different Path did *Medicis* pursue.  
 Perhaps affected with the Harms you hear,  
 What was this *Medicis* you may demand, <sup>23</sup>  
 And I, with faithful Lips, at least, will tell.  
 Many have spoken of her, Few have known,  
 Few sounded with their Line her Heart profound.  
 In her Son's Court I twenty Years was bred,  
 There twenty Years the Tempest gath'ring saw,  
 And learnt to know her to my Cost too well.  
 Her Husband dying in his Prime of Life, <sup>24</sup>  
 Free Course to her Ambition left; each Son  
 Deliver'd from her Tutelage became  
 Her Foe as fast as He without Her reign'd.  
 Confusion, Jealousy, about the Throne  
 Her Hand, ill-fated, with Division sow'd,  
 Incessantly opposing by her Craft  
 The *Guise's* to the *Conde's*, *France* to *France*.

Still ready with her Enemies to join,  
And change the Views of Rivals and of Friends,  
A Slave to Pleasure, to Ambition more, <sup>25</sup>  
A Bigot to the Sect which she betray'd, <sup>26</sup>  
Possessing in a Word, I dare no more,  
The Vices with few Vertues of the Fair.  
Madam, the Phrase wou'd be too free, were you,  
What never are you, in the Sex compriz'd.  
August *Eliza* only has the Charms.  
Heav'n, who for Empire form'd You, in your Life  
A bright Example sets to all Mankind,  
And *Europe* counts you with the Greatest Men.

The Second *Francis* by a sudden Stroke <sup>27</sup>  
Of Fate, his Father follow'd to the Grave.  
Weak Child, the *Guises* were his Gods, and none <sup>28</sup>  
As yet his Virtues or his Vices knew.

*Charles*, more a Child, enjoy'd the Name of King, <sup>29</sup>  
But *Medicis* alone possess'd the Pow'r,

And

And made the Nation tremble ; to secure  
 Her Rule, She purpos'd to be Tutress still,  
 And in eternal Childhood keep the King.  
 In Discord's Hands She put the flaming Brand,  
 And by a Hundred Battles kept the Throne.  
 To Wrath the Rival Sects She wrought, and War  
 As fierce, as Civil always is, ensu'd. 30

*Dreux* first beheld their fatal Ensigns spread. 31  
 Their First Exploits, a frightful Scene, were There.  
 Old *Montmerency* near the Tomb of Kings, 32  
 A leaden Death, a Warriour's Present, met,  
 And to the Labours of an hundred Years  
 There put an End ; at *Orleans*, *Guise* was slain, 33  
 My wretched Father, to the Court a Slave, 34  
 And Servant, much unwilling, to the Queen,  
 Long after him a doubtful Fortune dragg'd.  
 By his own Hand his Misery was made,  
 And for his Enemies he fought and dy'd.

*Conde*, Myself his Brother's only Son, 35  
To Me a Master and a Father prov'd.  
His Camp my Cradle, There beneath the Shade  
Of Laurels, to Fatigue inur'd, I liv'd.  
Like him, Court-Indolence I early scorn'd;  
His Combats in my Childhood were my Plays:  
Ah I still mourn, and ever shall I mourn  
His Murder by a vile Assassin's Hand. 36  
Heaven, kind Protector of my helpless Age,  
Me to the Care of Heroes still consign'd.  
*Coligny* after *Conde* took that Trust,  
Was my Defender, and my Party's Prop.  
I owe him, Madam, All the Debt I own, 37  
Whatever *Europe* in my Favour speaks;  
Whatever *Rome* has in my Deeds esteem'd 38  
To Thee, Illustrious Shade, I owe it All.  
Under his Eye in Courage as in Years  
I grew, and serv'd my Prenticeship of War,  
Heavy, but light by his Example made.



By him instructed in the Hero's Art,  
 I saw him in the Warriour's Toils grow grey.  
 The Burthen of the Common Cause he bore  
 With *Medicis*, and Fortune still adverse.  
 In ev'ry Circumstance of Life he gain'd  
 The Love of Friends and the Respect of Foes,  
 And, when he did not prosper, he was fear'd.  
 In Combats knowing, in Retreats the same,  
 Most Grand, and most redoubted in Defeats, 39  
 Which neither *Gaston* nor *Dunois* cou'd boast 40  
 Amid the various Ecchoes of their Fame.

Ten Years in winning and in losing spent, 41  
 The Plains still spread with an embattled Host  
 Of Those, whom *Medicis* believ'd destroy'd,  
 After so many Trials she was tir'd  
 With Combating and Conquering in vain.  
 Efforts of War She meant no more to try,  
 But with one Stroke the Civil Discord end.  
 The Court their Favours offer'd as a Lure,

And

And, since they cou'd not vanquish, gave us Peace.  
What Peace, ye righteous and avenging Pow'rs!  
How sprinkled was her Olive-Branch with Blood!  
Heav'n! must the Masters of Mankind, make plain,  
Like *Medicis*, their Subjects Way to Crimes?

*Coligny*, ever faithful to his Prince  
In Heart, tho' forc'd Oppression to oppose,  
And Friend to *France*, when He against her fought,  
Was first at Union's Call to lend an Ear,  
And Peace to the distracted State restore.  
The Hero seldom to Distrust gives way,  
Or marches, diffident, amid the Foe.  
He leads me to the *Louvre*, *Medicis*  
With Tears receives Me, and with open Arms.  
A Mother's Tenderness cou'd not be more,  
Nor more the Friendship, nor the fraudulent Faith,  
Confirm'd with Oaths, She to *Coligny* plights,  
With Dignities and Benefits o'erborn,  
His Counsels are to be Her future Guide.

My Servants She with flatt'ring Hopes deludes,  
Of her Son's Favours to my Friends profuse  
In Promises, She lulls their Fear asleep,  
And long we hop'd these Halcyon Days wou'd last.  
Yet some, suspecting Treason in her Smiles,  
Were jealous of the Gifts of Enemies.  
The more they doubt, the King the more dissembles.  
The King by *Medici's* Lessons form'd  
Of Fraud and Perjury the Practice knew.  
Murder She made familiar to his Heart,  
And, as to Cruelty his Nature bent,  
Her cruel Counsels He with Pleasure heard;  
Apt Scholar in her execrable School.  
The better to conceal th' accurs'd Design  
His Sister I must wed, the Wedding fix'd, &  
He calls me Brother, Ah deluding Name!  
Vain Vows, and fatal Hymeneal Knot!  
Our Marriage, the first Signal to our Woes,  
The Wrath of Heav'n provok'd; the Day of Joy  
My Mother's Death to that of Mourning chang'd. &

I wou'd not be unjust, nor more impute  
To *Medicis* than She deserves; that Death  
Without her secret Helping might have hap'd.  
There's no Necessity to search for Crimes  
Against her; on that Day my Mother dy'd.  
Pardon these Tears, to her Remembrance due,  
By Duty forc'd, and Tenderness they flow.

Mean time, impatient for their Fill of Blood,  
The Murd'ers wait the dreadful Hour; it comes,  
With Horrors, such as Hell cou'd furnish, wing'd. ¶  
The Signal giv'n, no Tumult and no Noise  
Ensue, the Darkness of the Night befriends  
Their Hellish Work, and Nature in a Fright  
Shuts up the trembling Light in dreary Clouds.

*Coligny* languishes in false Repose,  
Sleep closes with deceitful Hand his Eyes.  
Forth on a sudden break a thousand Cries  
Hideous, and rob him of his Flatt'ring Rest.

He rises, looks around him and beholds,  
 Where'er he looks, Assassins bath'd in Blood.  
 Torches and Arms on ev'ry Side he sees,  
 And Streets illumin'd with their horrid Shine,  
 His Palace in a Blaze, the People stun'd  
 With fierce and fresh Alarms, the Din of Death;  
 His bleeding Servants, stifled in the Flame.  
 The Ruffians to the Slaughter press in Crowds,  
 And cry with Voices horrible, Spare none.  
 God, *Medicis*, the King command, Spare none.  
 He hears *Coligny's* Name; far off he sees  
*Teligny*, Gallant Youth, by Nuptial Tye 45  
 His Son, well worthy of his Daughter's Love,  
 Hope of his Party, Honour of his House,  
 Bleeding and mangled in the Butchers Hands,  
 Demanding great Revenge with out-stretch'd Arms;  
 But Ah, demands it of a Man disarm'd,  
 A naked Hero without Help or Hope,  
 Who seeing he must perish, and, hard Hap!  
 Must perish unreveng'd, resolv'd to die

At least as he had liv'd, and as became  
His Glory, and the Greatness of his Heart.  
And now the Murderers, a num'rous Band,  
The Gates of his Apartment strive to force.  
He opens them Himself, and to their Eyes  
His Person in full Majesty presents.  
Serene his Look, as when in Fight he gave  
The Word to Slaughter, or to Rage or Rest.  
That Venerable Air, that Grand Aspect  
Surpriz'd th'Assassins with unwonted Awe,  
And in Suspence a while their Fury held.  
Finish, says he, your Work, and these grey Hairs  
Stain with my Blood, now Ice, which forty Years  
Warm'd me in Battle, and was spar'd by War.  
Strike, and fear nothing, I forgive you All,  
My Life's of little Worth; take what is left,  
Which to save yours I rather wou'd have lost.  
The Tygers melting at these moving Words,  
Fell at his Feet; One threw away his Arms,  
Another drown'd in Tears embrac'd his Knees.

Surrounded by his Murd'ers thus he seem'd  
An Eastern Monarch by his Slaves ador'd.  
*Besme* waiting for the Victim in the Court, <sup>46</sup>  
And angry that his Crime had been deferr'd,  
Mounted the Stairs to set the Ruffians on,  
And found them trembling at the Hero's Feet.  
At this affecting Sight alone unmov'd,  
Alone against Compassion harden'd, *Besme*,  
Conceiv'd it criminal to stay his Hand ;  
That Pity to *Coligny*, or Remorse  
To *Medicis* was Treason. Thus inspir'd  
By Hell, he thro' the Soldiers broke his Way.  
The Hero with intrepid Front beheld  
His Coming, and as steady stood the Stroke,  
When in his Heart the Assassin plung'd his Sword,  
But turn'd aside his Eyes, afraid to meet  
*Coligny's*, lest a Look shou'd shake his Soul,  
And turn to shiv'ring Fear, his burning Rage.  
So fell the Greatest Man in *France*, whom Death  
From Insult and from Outrage cou'd not save ;

A Grave was to his mangled Corpse deny'd,  
A Feast to rav'nous Beasts, and Birds of Prey.  
His Head at *Medici's* Feet was laid,  
Fit Conquest for Herself, and for her Son.  
With feign'd Indiff'rence She the Present takes,  
And without seeming to enjoy the Fruit  
Of Vengeance, without Pleasure or Remorse,  
Insensible of Both—She's cool and calm,  
As if to such Oblations She were us'd.

Who can describe that cruel Night, and who  
The various Images of Slaughter paint?  
The Ravages of Ruffians, who can tell?  
*Coligny's* Murder was but an Essay,  
Not with their future Crimes to be compar'd,  
When better practis'd in the Trade of Death,  
Horrors on Horrors infinite they heap'd.  
Th'unbridled Rout in Heat of Zeal let loose,  
By *Medici* encourag'd, and the King,  
March with drawn Swords, and Eyes that sparkled Fire



O'er the dead Bodies of our bleeding Friends,  
*Guise* at their Head, his Heart inflam'd with Ire  
On All, who follow'd Me, outrageous, falls  
The Manes of his Father to revenge. 49  
*Nevers*, 50 *Gondi*, 51 *Tavanne*, 52 with equal Rage,  
And each a Dagger in his Hand advance  
To slay the Brethren, and to see them slain.  
They animate the Crowd, they name their Prey,  
And mark the Victims that are doom'd to bleed.  
The Tumult, and the Cries I leave untold,  
The Torrents that o'erflow'd the Streets with Blood,  
Daughters with Mothers dying, Sons with Sires,  
Sisters with Brothers, and with Husbands Wives.  
The Young are sacrific'd of either Sex,  
And cradled Infants dash'd against the Walls.  
Such Fury's in the Heart of Man, but such  
As scarce in future Times will be believ'd,  
And scarce by you yourself: the bloody Priests,  
Whene'er the Slaughter slackens; cry aloud,  
And to new Massacres the Crowd excite.

The Priests persuade them they are serving Heav'n,  
When Brothers butcher Brothers; they invoke  
The Skies, and offer them with reeking Hands,  
Curst sacrifice! the Blood of Innocents.

How many Hero's perish'd, Men renown'd

In War and Peace, *René* 53, and *Pardaillan* 54

*Guerchi* 55 the Brave, and *Lavardin* the Wise, 56

Worthy of longer Life and other Fate.

Amongst the Miserable, whom this Night,

Accurst, did into Night Eternal plunge,

*Marillac* and *Soubise* 57 to Death condemn'd,

A while defended their ill-fated Lives.

Their bleeding Bodies pierc'd all o'er with Wounds,

And hardly breathing to the *Louvre's* Walls,

Or drawn, or dragg'd, upon the King they call

For Help. The Cruel King betrays them both,

And with their Gore his hated Gates are stain'd.

At Ease his Mother from a Tow'r surveys

The Horrors of the Night, the Work her own.

Her cruel Fav'rites with delighted Eye 58

Behold

Behold the Blood regorging from the Wounds  
 Of slaughter'd Citizens that flood the Streets;  
 And *Paris*, now in Ashes, is the Scene  
 Her Heroes for their Pomp triumphant shew.  
 What shall I say? Oh Wickedness, Oh Shame,  
 Oh Woe most woful! *Medici's* Son  
 The King himself among the Ruffians runs,  
 Pursuing the proscrib'd from Street to Street,  
 And with their Blood his sacred Hands distains.  
 The Prince, whom now I serve, the same *Valois*,  
 The King, who by my Mouth implores your Aid,  
 To Butchery his barb'rous Brother urg'd,  
 And in the Slaughter bore a Part abhor'd.  
 Not that *Valois* is cruel of himself,  
 He rarely dipt his Royal Hand in Blood,  
 But hurry'd by Example in his Youth,  
 His Cruelty was Weakness more than Crime.  
 Some midst a murder'd Multitude, 'tis true,  
 Escap'd th' Affassin's Sword within his Reach.  
 Th'Adventure of *Gaumont* an Infant then, so

From

From Mouth to Mouth in future Times shall pass.  
 His Sire, who bent beneath the Weight of Years,  
 Asleep between two harmless Infants lay.  
 One Bed held All, the Father and the Sons.  
 Th'Assassins by their Fury blinded stabb'd  
 The one the other with impetuous Strokes,  
 But Death flew o'er the Bed with random Wing. 60  
 Our Destinies are in the Hand of Heav'n  
 Alone, and as he wills we live or die.  
 While Homicide is in its Rage deceiv'd,  
 The Poignard never pierc'd nor touch'd *Caumont*.  
 An Arm invisible was his Defence,  
 And from th'Assassins sav'd his Infancy.  
 The Father, smitten with a thousand Wounds  
 Lay dying o'er the Body of his Son,  
 The Fury of the King and People mock'd,  
 And gave him at his Death a second Life.

Mean time, in these sad Moments, What did I?  
 Alas! confiding in the Faith of Oaths

*Tranquil*

Tranquil, and distant from the Noise of Arms,  
 I in the *Louvre* lay in sweet Repose.  
 Oh Night, Oh dreadful Night, Oh fatal Sleep,  
 Waking, Death's bloody Equipage I saw.  
 My dear Domesticks murder'd, and the Rooms  
 Of my Apartment flowing with their Gore.  
 Where'er I cast my Eyes, the purple Floor  
 The Marks of my assassin'd Servants bore.  
 The reeking Murd'ers to my Bed advance,  
 Against me lift' their Parricidal Hands,  
 And menace Death; for nothing less I look'd  
 Resolv'd, and offer'd to their Swords my Head.  
 But whether some Respect the Ruffians paid  
 To their King's Blood that circled in my Veins,  
 Or whether I by *Medicis* was doom'd  
 To some severer Fate, or She might hope  
 If Storms arose to find a Port in Me, <sup>62</sup>  
 Or whether as an Hostage She reserv'd  
 My Life, for other Trials set apart;  
 'Twas sav'd, and in Exchange She sent Me Chains.

More happy, and more worthy Envy, thou  
*Coligny*, didst thy Life defenceless lose;  
But it was only Life, thy Liberty  
And Glory waited on Thee to the Tomb.  
You tremble, Madam, at the frightful Tale,  
So many Horrors touch your Royal Heart.  
As barb'rous as they seem I yet have told  
But the least Part of their Barbarity.  
One wou'd have said that from the *Louvre's* Tow'rs  
To *France* the Signal *Medicis* display'd.  
All imitated *Paris*, Death at once  
In ev'ry City rag'd without Controul.  
And every Province was with Slaughter spread.  
When Kings bid Crimes, too well are they obey'd,  
Myriads of Murd'ers execute their Wrath.  
The crimson Currents of the Floods of *France*  
Bear nothing to the frightened Seas but Corpse.



# H E N R I A D E.

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## C A N T O   I I I .

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### A R G U M E N T.

*The Sudden Death of Charles IX. A farther Character of Henry III. of France. A Character of the Duke of Guise and the League. Henry III. deserts Navarre. The Battle of Courtras. Guise obliges Henry to leave Paris. Guise being murder'd at Blois, his Brother the Duke de Mayne beheads the Leaguers. His Character. Henry III. unites again with Navarre. Queen Elizabeth's Speech to Navarre at his Departure. The Earl of Essex commands the Auxiliaries the Queen sends to France against the League.*



OME Days, as Fate decreed, th'Assassins  
toil'd,  
To Slaughter and to spoil their Course  
was free.

At length, fatigu'd with their repeated Crimes,

For want of Victims, they their Daggers sheath'd.  
The People, whom the Queen against themselves  
Had arm'd, at length her hidden Purpose saw,  
And easily their Passions shift like Winds,  
From Pity swell to Rage, from Rage to Pity sink,  
And now their groaning Country's Voice they hear.  
With Horror *Charles* was on a sudden seiz'd,  
Remorse succeeded Rage, and rent his Soul.  
The fatal Culture of his tender Years  
Went far his easy Nature to corrupt,  
But had not stifled that tremendous Voice,  
Which startles Kings, and frights them on the Throne.  
His Mother's Maxims on his Mind impress,  
He was not harden'd in his Crimes, like Her.  
He pin'd and faded in the Flow'r of Youth  
Blasted by Grief, as early Fruits by Frost.  
A mortal Languor cut him short in Life,  
Th'Almighty wreak'd his Vengeance on his Head,  
And mark'd him dying with his Seal of Wrath;  
That Kings might by his Chastisement expect

The



The like, if they to imitate him dar'd.  
I saw him just as he expir'd, and still  
Before my Eyes shall have the frightful Sight.  
The Blood that bubbled thro' his broken Veins  
Reveng'd the Torrents spilt by his Command,  
Struck by a Hand invifible He dy'd; 64  
And *France* astonish'd at his dreadful End,  
Pity'd a King fo young, fo soon cut off;  
A King to Wickednefs milled by thofe,  
Who were by Duty and by Nature bound  
To fet him right, if Youth inclin'd to stray,  
A King whose late Repentance flatter'd *France*  
With the fair Promise of a milder Reign.  
The Rumour of his Death soon reach'd the North,  
*Valois* impatient pafs'd thro' various Climes 65  
To feize a Realm which still with Slaughter reek'd,  
And feat himfelf on *Charles's* bloody Throne.  
The *Poles* had lately with united Choice  
To *Valois*, tho' an Alien, giv'n their Crown.  
So grand above all Princes was his Fame.

More

More than an hundred Provinces bestow'd  
Their Voices on *Valois* ; far off in *France*  
A Name acquir'd too soon's a heavy Load,  
And dang'rous to be born, as *Valois* found.  
Without Disguise or Artifice I speak.  
And since 'twas your Command, without Constraint,  
Great Queen, all Double-dealing I detest.  
And tho' I serve *Valois*, I can't excuse  
His Glory vanish'd like a flitting Shade ;  
Prodigious Change, but such as often haps,  
More than one King, we have in Combats seen  
A Conqueror, and in his Court a Slave.  
True Courage, mighty Queen, is in the Mind.  
*Valois* has Virtues, not unmix'd, He's brave,  
But weak, and more a Soldier than a King.  
He's never but in Battle resolute,  
His Fav'rites flattering his Indolence,  
Guide, as they list, his Passions and his Pow'r.  
Shut up within the Palace Walls, they live  
Dissolv'd with him in Luxury, and hear

No Clamours, nor the Cries of the Opprest.  
They dictate, by his Mouth, their wicked Wills.  
The little of the Nation's Treasure left  
They squander on their Lusts, the People sigh,  
But sigh in vain to see the Waste of Wealth.  
While, as his greedy Masters drive him on,  
*Valois* with Subsidies wou'd load the State.  
*Guise* shews himself, and strait th'inconstant Crowd <sup>67</sup>  
Turn all their Eyes towards this glittering Star.  
His Valour, his Exploits, his Father's Fame,  
His Air, his Beauty, and an Art to please,  
Which more than Virtue o'er Affections reigns,  
Subdue all Hearts, and gain their Vows for *Guise*.  
None better knew to flatter and seduce;  
None had his Passions better at Command;  
None better knew with fair Appearances  
To colour his Designs, and in the Depths  
Of Thought, to bury his ambitious Schemes.  
Proud, Plausible, Imperious, Popular;  
The Misery of *France* so grieves his Soul,

His

His whole Discourse is Pity and Complaint;  
Th'intollerable Taxes he detests.  
Happy the Poor from seeing him return.  
The Pray'r of timid Want he oft prevents.  
*Paris*, impatient in his Absence, knows  
His Presence only by his Benefits.  
The Great, at once he captivates and hates,  
A dreadful Foe, to Reconcilement deaf.  
By Nature daring, supple by Design.  
His Virtues, ev'n his very Vices shine.  
Knowing in Dangers, yet He Nothing dreads,  
A gallant Soldier, an accomplish'd Prince,  
But a bad Citizen, when thought the best.  
Some Time he took, to put his Pow'r to proof,  
And of the People fix the wav'ring Minds.  
He hides Himself no more, His Aim avows,  
And is at bold Defiance with his King.  
In *Paris* he contrives that Fatal *League*,  
Which soon infects the Provinces of *France*.  
Fell Monster, by the Great and People bred,

Fruitful in Tyrants, and with Slaughter fat.  
Two Monarchs then at once were seen in *France*,  
The One, the Royal Name, the Show posselt,  
The Other, on his Side had Hope and Fear,  
And wanted not the Name to be a King.  
The Noise awak'd *Valois*, but scarce his Eyes  
Cou'd lift their leaden Lids to look around  
And see the rising Storm, while o'r his Head  
The Thunders grumble, heavily it hangs ;  
He with a Moment's tedious waking tîres,  
And sinks again into the Arms of Sleep.  
Thus on the Borders of a Precipice,  
Among his Fav'rites and his soft Delights,  
Tranquil and easy he enjoys his Dreams.  
Myself was only left him, he had none  
But Me to help him on Destruction's Brink.  
Heir, he demising, to the Throne of *France*,  
Without more Thought I flew to his Defence,  
And offer'd to his Weakness needful Aid,  
Resolv'd to save him, or be lost Myself.

But

But *Guise* had too much Cunning, and too well  
Knew how to ruin, when on Ruin bent,  
In secret plotting to destroy us Both.  
Of One He by the Other gain'd his Ends.  
*Valois* was by his Wiles oblig'd to part  
With the sole Help, that was to save him left.  
Religion, the most specious of Pretexts,  
Was the fair Veil to hide the foul Design;  
The People, at Religion's Name alarm'd,  
Take Fire again, the Former hardly quench'd:  
The Worship of their Fathers to their Zeal  
He recommends, and with apt Words displays  
The Dangers, menacing from foreign Sects.  
Me, to the Church an Enemy, and God,  
He represents, and says, where'er he comes,  
He spreads his Errors, and Example takes  
From *England's* Queen, whose Works too well are  
known.

On your demolish'd Temples will he found  
His Own, in *Paris* will his Preachers swarm.

The People at these Words, inflam'd with Ire,  
And trembling for their Altars, cry'd to Arms.  
The Noise soon reach'd the *Louvre*, and the *League*,  
Feigning to be themselves in mortal Fright,  
Approach'd the King, and in the Name of *Rome*  
Forbad him to unite himself with Me.

The King, too weak alas! the *Leaguers* heard,  
And without murm'ring their Commands obey'd.  
When to revenge his Quarrel, on the Wing  
I came, 'twas said the Brother of my Wife  
*Valois*, had with the *Leaguers* made his Peace,  
And joyn'd, for my Destruction, with my Foes.  
Armies already o'er the Countrey spread,  
And, spight of him, for hostile Acts prepar'd.  
He, out of meer Timidity, bids War.

I pity'd him, but staid not to debate ;  
I purpose now to fight him as I came,  
Full-purpos'd to revenge: The *League* had rais'd  
All *France* against Me, Provinces and Towns  
A Hundred at a Time, for *Guise* declar'd.

Me,

Me, *Joyeuse*, with a mighty Host pursu'd,  
 Impetuous of Himself, and yet a Slave  
 To the King's Weaknesses, and while he march'd,  
*Guise*, equally as Wise as Brave, dispers'd  
 My Friends, who stirr'd: All Passages shut up  
 Which favour'd their Approach. Thus streighten'd,  
 thus

With Enemies surrounded and with Arms,  
 I held them at Defiance, tempted Risks.  
 And Heav'n, who gives all Vict'ry, to my Cause  
 Propitious in the Day of Battle prov'd.  
 I fought *Joyeuse*, I vanquish'd Him, He fell,  
 And in the Plains of *Coutras* bit the Ground. 68  
 My Friends like Conq'rors, like themselves, behav'd,  
 And this innumerable Army broke.  
 Of all the Fav'rites, Idols of *Valois*,  
 Who flatter'd his voluptuous, listless Life,  
 His Masters, and the Kingdom's, none was less  
 Unworthy of his Favour than *Joyeuse*.  
 By Birth he shone among the first in *France*;



He was not without Virtues, and had Fate  
Lengthen'd his Line, and added to his Years,  
No doubt for Great Exploits He had been fam'd,  
And *Guise's* Glory been by his eclips'd.  
But bred till then at Court, and ever laid  
In Pleasure's Bosom, and the Arms of Love,  
He a blind Courage only brought to cope  
With steady Valour and experienc'd Arms.  
Advantage dang'rous in a Chief so proud.  
A thousand gay Companions of the Court  
Follow'd his Fortunes, and partook his Fate,  
Young Warriours, who to Battle with them bore  
The tender Tokens of their softer Vows.  
Each had the Cypher of his Fair, and wore  
The dear Distinction on his Martial Vest.  
With Gold their Weapons glitter'd, and with Gems,  
Their Hands with trivial Ornaments bedeck'd  
Thus Fiery, In experienc'd, Rash and Vain,  
They brought conceited Ignorance to the Field.  
Proud of their Pomp, and of their num'rous Host

Impe-

Impetuous, without Order, they advance.  
My Camp presents them with another View,  
A silent Army, regular in Ranks,  
Where the rough Soldier on all Sides is seen,  
Troops us'd to Toil, and grown in Combats old,  
Inur'd to Blood, and cover'd o'er with Wounds.  
Their Swords and Muskets are their Ornaments.  
Like them in plain Attire, and arm'd like them,  
I led their dusty Squadrons to the Fight,  
Like them a thousand threat'ning Deaths I fac'd,  
Known only by my marching at their Head.  
I saw our Enemies in Rout, o'erthrown,  
Dispers'd, or dying in the Field they lost.  
This Sword, reluctant, in their Breast I plung'd,  
Better it had been dipt in *Spanish* Blood  
Among these gaudy Courtiers. I must own  
Among these Youths, who perish'd in their Prime,  
None with dishonourable Wounds were pierc'd.  
Firm in their Post, as in their Stand, they fell,  
Nor turn'd, when Death advanc'd, aside their Eyes,  
Nor

Nor at his dreadful Strides, a Step recoil'd.  
Such of *French* Courtiers is the Character,  
In Peace their wonted Valour's ne'er dissolv'd,  
From Ease and Pleasure they to Peril fly,  
Flatt'ers at Court, and Heroes in the Camp:  
But why this sad Adventure do I tell?  
Sad tho' Successful, why do I recall  
This Battle to Remembrance? All my Fights,  
And all the Blood I yet have drawn are *French*.  
Grandeur so dearly purchas'd has no Charms,  
My Laurels bloody all and bath'd with Tears.  
More miserable this Combat made *Valois*,  
And deepen'd that Abyss, from whence in vain  
He wou'd have risen by War. This new Disgrace  
Pour'd more Contempt upon him; *Paris* grew  
Still less obedient, and the *League* more bold.  
His Mis'ry to compleat, he's forc'd to bear  
The Blaze of *Guise's* Glory, and the Blast  
Of his own Happiness, alternate Pain.  
*Guise* at *Vimory* <sup>69</sup> with a happier Hand

Took Vengeance on the *Germans* for *Joyeuse* ;  
In *Auneau* 7<sup>o</sup> my surpriz'd Allies he flew,  
And crown'd with Lawrels the *Parisians* charm'd.  
Their Tutelary God this Conq'ror seem'd,  
Nor cou'd *Valois* avoid the hateful Sight.  
He saw the Triumphs of his Foe superb,  
Whose Insolence increasing with Success,  
He made it in his ev'ry Act appear  
That *Valois* he had vanquish'd more than serv'd.  
Shame will at last the coolest Courage warm,  
The King at this last Outrage was provok'd  
To tame a Subject's Pride ; too late he try'd  
What he cou'd make in *Paris* of his Pow'r.  
The People neither lov'd nor fear'd *Valois*.  
Audacious Tribes, and prompt to Mutiny,  
No sooner did they see he meant to reign  
Than, he's to them a Tyrant, Rebels they.  
They meet, cabal, and false Alarms contrive.  
The Burghers arm, and *Paris* threatens War,  
A thousand Rampires in an Instant rais'd,

Menace

Menace the Guards within the *Louvre* lock'd.  
*Guise* undisturb'd appears amid the Storm,  
Precipitates the People, or restrains  
Himself, the Springs of the Sedition moves,  
And as he pleases guides the Grand Machine,  
The Burghers to the Palace run enrag'd,  
And at his Word, the King had been no more.  
But when his Glance wou'd have destroy'd *Valois*,  
And to his Life and Reign have put an End,  
Enough he thought it to have shewn his Pow'r,  
And made his Master tremble in his Home.  
Himself kept back the Mutineers, and left,  
The Monarch, out of Pity, room to flye.  
Whate'er his Project was, as Tyrant, *Guise*  
Too little, and as Subject, did too much.  
Who makes his King afraid, has ev'ry thing  
To fear Himself, and every Thing to dare.  
*Guise*, in his Great Designs, this Day confirm'd,  
Saw 'twould be fatal to offend by Halves,  
And rais'd, tho' on a Precipice, so high,

Missing

Missing the Throne, he must the Scaffold mount.  
Lord of the *League*, and absolute his Pow'r,  
His Heart of Hope, and Resolution full,  
By *Rome* supported, by the *Spaniards* helpt,  
And by the *French* ador'd, his Brethren Great  
In Name, and fit to second his Attempts,  
*Guise*, in Imagination, had restor'd 71  
Those Times, when the Descendants of our Kings  
Depriv'd, as soon as born, of Sway supream,  
Under a Cowl the Crown Imperial hid,  
And in a Corner of a Cloister mourn'd  
The Loss of Empire left in Tyrants Hands.  
*Valois*, who had so long deferr'd Revenge,  
To *Blois*, summon'd now the States of *France*: 72  
What States they were, perhaps, you have been told.  
Laws were propos'd, but never took Effect.  
In vain a thousand Deputies declaim'd  
On Grievances, with barren Eloquence  
'Twas then, as it has always been, they shew'd  
Th'Abuses, but not one of them redress'd.

Among

Among the States *Guise* arrogantly sits  
And braves the Presence of his injur'd Prince.  
Near to the Throne He takes his Seat sublime,  
And, of Success assur'd, He thinks he sees  
So many Subjects in his Deputies.  
Already the corrupted *Band* had sold  
The sov'reign Powr to *Guise*, and wait the Word  
To put it absolute into his Hands.  
With fearing always, and with sparing tir'd,  
*Valois* resolv'd to be reveng'd, and reign.  
His Rival to displease him daily sought  
Occasion, and when rais'd despis'd his Wrath.  
Little did he suspect so weak a Prince,  
Howe'er provok'd, could have the Force of Mind  
That arms Affassins Hands, and bids the Blow.  
Blinded by Destiny, his Hour is come,  
And *Valois* in his Presence has Him slain.  
His Breast a hundred Poignards basely pierc'd;  
Expiring he preserv'd his haughty Air, 73  
That Front, perhaps, still dreadful to the King,

Bloody

Bloody and Pale, his Master seem'd to brave.  
Thus dy'd this mighty Subject, Mixture rare,  
Of Virtues and of Vices shining all.  
*Valois*, who like a Coward bore his Wrongs,  
Reveng'd them like a Coward, not a King.

Soon did the dire Report in *Paris* spread,  
The frighted People fill'd the Air with Cries ;  
Old Men and Women wrung their Hands, and wail'd,  
And hung on *Guise's* Statues like a God's.  
*Paris*, in utmost Peril, as She thought,  
Look'd on herself by double Duty bound  
To save the Church, Her Father to revenge.  
Amidst them *Guise's* Brother, valiant *Mayne*, 74  
To Vengeance animates their Zeal, and Rage,  
And more by Int'rest than Resentment mov'd,  
He sets a hundred Cities in a Flame.  
*Mayne* from his Childhood had been bred to War,  
And under *Guise* had early carry'd Arms,  
Successor to his Glory, and Designs,

The



The Leaguers put their Scepter in his Hand;  
 That boundless Greatness to his Soul so dear  
 Soon reconcil'd him to a Brother's Loss.  
 He serv'd, reluctant, and tho' drown'd in Tears,  
 Lik'd better to revenge Him than obey.  
*Mayne* is in Heart a Hero warm and wise:  
 He by his Arts can different Minds perswade,  
 And in Obedience to his Laws unite.  
 Foes to their Masters, to Usurpers Slaves.  
 He knows their Talents, and he knows their Use.  
 Advantage of Misfortune oft he makes.  
*Guise* glar'd, and dazled more the People's Eyes;  
 More grand, but not more dang'rous He, than *Mayne*.  
 Such is the Chief, who now commands the *League*,  
 And, to hide nothing from you, I confess 75  
 I fear his Prudence. But for young *Aumale*,  
 Vain and presumptuous, who in *Paris* vaunts  
 His Battles, Victories, and Feats of Arms,  
 Tho' Buckler of the *League*, he bears till now  
 The Title of Invincible, tho' Fame

Has equall'd him to *Guise*, and tho' in Fights,  
Couragious like another *Mars*, he seems,  
It is but Courage, and I fear him not.

Mean while the King, who glories in his Craft, 76  
Th'Oppressor, vainly styl'd the Catholick,  
*Philip*, your Enemy, but much more mine,  
Espous'd the Quarrel of usurping *Mayne*,  
And sent our guilty Rivals impious Aid.  
*Rome*, who these Troubles ought to have appeas'd,  
*Rome*, put the flaming Torch in Discord's Hand.  
He, who's the Father of all Christians call'd,  
Gave to his Sons the Sanguinary Blade.  
*Paris* the Centre of all Ills becomes;  
*Valois* to Misery extream reduc'd,  
Without or Subjects or Defence pursu'd,  
Saw he again must have Recourse to Me.  
Gen'rous He thought Me, and is not deceiv'd.  
No Heart more anxious for the State than mine.  
Such Danger for Resentment left no Room.

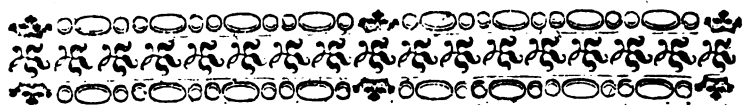
On *Valois* as my Brother by the Bonds  
 Of Marriage, and by Laws my King, I look'd.  
 My Duty so ordain'd; a King was wrong'd,  
 And I, a King, oblig'd to see that Right  
 Was done him in Authority and Rank.  
 Nor Treaty made, nor Hostage ask'd, I came  
 And told Him, *In your Courage is your Fate,*  
*Let Paris's proud Rampires stop no more*  
*Your Vengeance, Come and Conquer there or Dye.*  
 I said, and at the Word a Noble Pride  
 Possess'd his Soul; I flatter not myself  
 That my Example such a Change produc'd,  
 And kindled in his Breast so bright a Flame.  
 Disgrace, no doubt, his sleeping Valour wak'd,  
 And made him loath that Ease which caus'd his Shame.  
*Valois* of adverse Fortune stood in need,  
 And needful is Misfortune oft to Kings.

*Bourbon* his faithful Story thus pursu'd,  
 Nor did he Suit for *English* Aids neglect.

Now from the Rebel City's Walls, the Voice  
Of Victory recalls Him to his Camp,  
He's follow'd by a thousand Gallant Youths,  
The Flow'r of *England*, who in Quest of Fame  
Quit *Dover's* chalky Cliffs, and cleave the Seas.  
*Essex* is at their Head, Illustrious Chief, 77  
Whose Valour on the proud *Iberian* prov'd  
Their Policy confounded and their Pow'r.  
Little he thought, that an inglorious End  
Wou'd kill the Laurels He in War had won.  
*Henry* for *Essex* staid not, such his Haste  
To combat and to conquer for *Valois*,  
And when he for Departure is prepar'd,  
Go, says the Queen, Heroick *Henry*, go;  
My Warriours will be with you cross the Waves,  
'Tis you they're willing, not your King, to serve.  
My Friendship, for their Treatment trusts, in yours  
You'll find them in the Day of Battle bold.  
Where Peril presses most, you'll find them press,  
To imitate you more than to assist.

By your Example taught the Art of War,  
*England* in serving you they'll learn to serve.  
Soon may the *League* beneath your Arms expire.  
The *Spaniard* is for *Mayne*, against you *Rome*.  
Go; Conquer *Spain*, and hear without Concern  
*Rome's* Thunders, which to Heroes are but Noise.  
The Pride of *Sixtus* <sup>78</sup> and of *Philip* tame,  
And vindicate the Freedom of Mankind.  
*Philip*, His Father's Heir Tyrannical,  
Less Great, less Brave, but not less Politick,  
His Neighbours first divides, and then enslaves,  
And forming in his Palace vast Designs,  
Thinks to be Master of the Universe.  
*Sixtus*, who from the Dust to Empire rose  
With less Puissance, has more Pride, to Kings  
The Shepherd of *Montalte* a Rival grows.  
In *Paris*, as in *Rome*, he wou'd command.  
Beneath the Lustre of a triple Crown  
*Philip* Himself and All he would subject,  
Fierce, Furious, Fraudful, False, he hates the Great,  
And

And is the proud Oppressor of the Weak.  
In *London*, in my Court he has his Brigues,  
And the mock'd World is full of his Intrigues.  
These are the Foes you are to fight, they Both  
Have ris'n against Me to their Loss and Shame ;  
The One, unequal Combat, fought in vain  
With *English* Valour and tempestuous Winds,  
His Flight and Shipwreck were to Ocean shewn,  
And *England's* Shoars with Blood *Iberian* stain'd.  
Silent the Other Disappointment bears,  
And *Sixtus* Me at once esteems and fears.  
Go then, your noble Enterprize pursue ;  
*Mayne* vanquish'd, *Rome* will readily submit.  
'Tis yours her Hate and Favours to direct ;  
Supple to Conq'rors, to the Conquer'd stiff ;  
Prompt to condemn, and ready to absolve.  
'Tis yours to dart her Thunders or destroy.



# H E N R I A D E.

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## C A N T O IV.

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### A R G U M E N T.

Navarre returns to the Camp before Paris, where Henry III. has renewed the Siege, and beat the Leaguers into the Town. Aumale sav'd by Discord. Her Speech to the Duke de Mayne. Her Flight to Rome. The Degeneracy and Corruption of Popes and the Popish Church describ'd. The Character of Sixtus Quintus. Of State Policy. Her Speech to Discord. Religion attack'd in her Cell by Discord and State Policy. State Policy corrupts the Reverend Doctors of the Sorbonne. Discord's Speech to the Priests in Paris. The Leaguers choose a Council of State, who put to Death several Members of the Parliament of Paris.



W H I L E thus in secret high Discourse  
they held,  
And try'd such weighty Int'rests in the  
Scale,  
Great Themes, while Both with Art profound dis-  
cuss'd,

To

To combat, conquer, and to rule the World.  
The frighted *Seine* upon his bloody Banks  
Beheld the Banners of the *Leaguers* wave.  
*Valois* in *Henry's* Absence full of Care,  
And fearful of th'Event, avoided Fight,  
In Counsel and in Arms He wanted Help,  
And *Bourbon* is in Both the Help He wants,  
Assur'd of Victory with Him: The *League*  
Grew bold by these Delays, nor fear'd to quit  
Their Walls, and in the Champion push the War.  
Proud *Aumale*, *Nemours* <sup>79</sup>, *Boufflers* <sup>80</sup>, *Bois Dauphin*,  
*Brisac* <sup>81</sup>, *Canillac* <sup>82</sup>, and *Elbeuf* <sup>83</sup>, Brave All,  
And on the guilty Side intrepid Chiefs  
Struck Terror by their Sallies in *Valois*,  
Who apt to do, and to repent, regrets  
*Bourbon's* Departure, tho himself the Cause.  
Among these Combatants their Master's Foes,  
A Brother of *Joyeuse* had long appear'd,  
He, who by Turns the Court and Cloyster try'd;  
Now for the Court, and for the Cloyster now,



Wicked and Penitent, Courtier and Recluse,  
He takes and quits, retakes and quits again  
The Cuirass and the Cowl, and from the Foot  
Of Holy Altars water'd with his Tears  
He runs, and animates the *League* to Rage,  
And in the Blood of *France* imbrues that Hand,  
Which He had consecrated to his God.  
But among all these daring dang'rous Peers,  
He, who most merits Eulogy ill-got,  
Were you, young Prince, impetuous *Aumale* <sup>84</sup>,  
You, born of *Lorraine* Blood, for Heroes fam'd,  
You, Enemy to Kings, to Laws, to Rest,  
Attended always with the Noblest Youth,  
Far in the Countrey fierce Incurfions make,  
In Sally after Sally, these *Aumale*  
Incessant leads, and seldom misses Prey.  
Sometimes in Silence, sometimes with a Noise ;  
In Day-light sometimes, sometimes in the Night,  
He falls on the Besiegers by Surprise,  
And fattens with their Blood their hostile Fields,

In one of these Encounters to the Tents  
Of *Valois* He, triumphant, penetrates.  
Night and Surprise increase th' Alarm, All ply,  
All tremble, to the Conq'r'or all give way.  
So far did this tempestuous Torrent roll  
And threaten Inundation wide and deep,  
When, Lo like Lightning bursting thro' a Cloud,  
*Henry* on *Aumale's* frightened Squadrons drives,  
His Flight to *Paris*, swift and unforeseen  
He came, He fought, He chang'd the Face of War,  
Fire's in his Eyes, and in his Hand is Death.  
See *Joyeuse* to his gloomy Cloister flies,  
Among the dying fiery *Saveuse* falls.  
Where run you, *Boufflers*, too audacious Youth,  
See you not Death advancing? Seek him not.  
Come not within the Reach of *Henry's* Arm,  
But ah, that Arm has reach'd him, and He's fall'n;  
His once-bright Eyes no Ray of Light receives,  
For ever clos'd, and all his youthful Charms  
Deform'd, and with the Filth of Blood effac'd.

Thus

Thus a fair Flow'r in Summer-Morning fresh  
With *Zephyrs* Kisses and *Aurora's* Tears,  
At the first raging of the Tempest dies,  
Which drives adverse, and ravages the Plains.  
In vain *Aumale* the Fugitives wou'd stop,  
His Voice prevails a Moment, but *Bourbon's*  
Soon drowns it, and precipitates their Flight;  
His threat'ning Look with Terror strikes them dead,  
And Fear disperses whom *Aumale* wou'd joyn;  
Who with the Flyers into Flight is drawn.  
Thus on the Summit of a Hill, a Rock  
That lifted to the Clouds its hoary Head,  
Waiving with Frosts and Snows perpetual cleaves,  
And drops, and down the craggy Mountain rolls.  
But hold—He stops, and to th'Assailants turns;  
He shews them that fierce Front so known and fear'd.  
And, disentangled from his flying Troops,  
Disdaining Life, flies back upon his Foes.  
His Rally checks the Conq'rор in his Course,  
Short Pause of Victory, *Aumale* is soon

With

With Enemies furrounded ; at his Head  
 The Blow that would be certain Death is aim'd ;  
 But Discord sees and trembles for her Son,  
 As barb'rous as the Fiend, she fears to lose  
 A Life so needful to Her, and the *League*.  
 She darts thro' Air, and to his Succour flies ;  
 She comes, she joins him, and against the Swords  
 Of pressing Enemies, his Breast defends.  
 Her Iron Shield impenetrable, vast  
 On whose Appearance Death and Horror wait,  
 Whose Sight, or Rage, or freezing Fear inspires ;  
 O'er Him she spreads and intercepts Assault,  
 Oh Child of Hell, inexorable Pow'r !  
 This once Thou hast been helpful to a Man.  
 A Hero thou hast sav'd, his Fate prolong'd  
 With the same Hand, that ministers to Death ;  
 With the same barb'rous Hand, that ne'er till now  
 Spar'd Victim, and was never clean of Blood ;  
 Thou hast this once to mortal Man been kind.  
 She to the Gates of *Paris* bears *Aumale*,

Staunches

Staunches the Blood that for her Pleasure flows;  
 But when his Health She had restor'd, She pour'd  
 Her deadly Poison in his Heart malign.

A Tyrant thus in cruel Pity grants  
 A Wretch, condemn'd to die, a short Reprieve  
 To do some horrid Crime, and when 'tis done  
 Delivers up the Criminal to Death.

*Henry*, whose Arms had with Success been crown'd,  
 To make the most of this Advantage knew,  
 And of what Worth the Moments are in War.  
 He prest his Enemies in their Surprise,  
 And when the Battle ends th'Assault begins.

Marks of their Loss around their Walls he leaves.  
 Full of reanimating Hope *Valeis*,

So well supported, to his Soldiers gives  
 Example, and receives it of *Bourbon*.

He's foremost in Fatigues, he braves Alarms;  
 Its Pleasures Toil, and Peril has its Charms.

The Chiefs are all united, All succeeds  
 To their just Vows, and Conquest's with their Arms.

Terror

Terror before them marches to the Town,  
And soon dispersing the *Parisian* Bands,  
Rushes in their Amazement to the Gates  
To break the Barriers, and admit the King.  
What in so pressing Danger can be done?  
*Mayne* has an Army, but what Army? Troops  
That rashly run to Mutiny from Trades.  
Here, with a Flood of Tears a Daughter mourns  
A Father, there a Brother in Despair  
Weeps o'er a Brother's Grave; the present Times,  
Their making, each deplores, the future dreads,  
The Multitude by these Alarms disjoin'd  
Not easily unite. They meet, consult.  
Some are for Flight, and for Surrender some;  
All unresolv'd, and for Resistance none.  
So lightly do the feeble Vulgar change,  
And from Temerity subside to Fear.  
*Mayne* sees them frightened, in a Fright himself;  
Irresolute, in all his Schemes perplext.  
When on a sudden *Discord's* in his Sight;

Her Snakes hiss horrible; and thus she speaks :

- “ Heir of the most redoubted Name in *France*,  
 “ With Me, in vow’d Pursuit of Vengeance join’d,  
 “ Bred in my View, and by my Precepts form’d,  
 “ Listen to thy Protectress, and obey:  
 “ Fear Nothing from the People, weak and light;  
 “ A slight Misfortune shakes their Coward-Souls,  
 “ But they are Mine, their Hearts are in my Hands,  
 “ Soon shalt thou see them; second our Designs  
 “ Full of my Poison, to my Rage a Prey,  
 “ With Resolution fight, and die with Joy.

She said—and swifter than a Lightning’s Flash  
 Cuts with unweary Wing the yielding Skies.  
*France* in these Troubles and Alarms she views,  
 Charm’d with a Sight so hideous and abhorr’d.  
 Parch’d where she breaths, and barren are the Fields;  
 Fruits dye away, infected in the Bud,  
 And in green Ears th’unripen’d Harvest rots;  
 Darken’d the Face of Heav’n, the Stars turn pale,

And

And Lightnings all around Her, darting Fires  
Seem to denounce Destruction as she flies.  
A Whirlwind bears her to those fruitful Banks  
Enrich'd by *Tyber's* tributary Waves.  
And now with cruel Eyes She *Rome* regards,  
*Rome*, once her Temple, and the Dread of Kings.  
*Rome*, destin'd in all Times, in Peace and War  
To reign, and to be Mistress of the World.  
In Ages past, by Conquests she prevail'd,  
And Tyrants chain'd to her Triumphal Car,  
Her dreadful Eagle aw'd the peopled Globe.  
But now more peaceful is her Pow'r supream,  
To bend her Conq'rors to her Yoke she knows,  
To govern Minds, and have Command of Hearts.  
Her Counsels are her Laws, her Arms Decrees.  
Near the proud Capitol, where War bore Sway,  
And on the pompous Ruins of the God,  
A Pontiff, where the *Cæsar's* fate, is thron'd.  
Successful Priests have under Foot the Tombs  
Of *Cato's*, and the *Scipio's* sacred Dust.



The Throne's upon the Altar, and the Hand  
That holds the Scepter, does the Censer hold.  
God was Himself the Founder of his Church,  
Or persecuted, or triumphant, She  
Her Piety and Purity preserv'd.  
With Truth, her first Apostle brought to *Rome*  
Candour, Simplicity, and Meekness pure.  
A while his Successors his Paths pursu'd,  
And the more humble were the more rever'd.  
Their Heads with no vain Ornaments were deck'd,  
Their Virtue, and their Poverty severe,  
Holy and jealous of the only Goods,  
Which bear a Price in a true Christian's Heart.  
From hallow'd Cottages, their only Mansions, then  
They flew to Martyrdom and gain'd the Crown.  
The Grand Corrupter Time, their Manners chang'd  
By Heav'n at length abandon'd to their Lusts,  
Greedy they grasp'd the Grandeurs of the World,  
And Princes, for our Punishment, became.  
The Church now grown puissant and profane,

To wicked cruel Men was soon a Prey.  
Her new Foundations were in Treason laid,  
In Poison, and in Blood; Her Pontiffs proud  
Lieutenants of the Son of God were styl'd;  
Yet, without Blushing, the most Holy Place  
With Incest and Adult'ry they defil'd.  
And *Rome*, oppress'd by their detested Sway,  
Of her False Deities regrets the Loss.  
Of late more prudent Maxims have prevail'd.  
The Court, more modest, has conceal'd her Crimes  
Under Appearances more mild and fair.  
Decency reigns, the Conclave has its Laws.  
There, tho' not oft, the brightest Virtue shines.  
The Name of *Ursin* well deserves our Praise;  
But Thrones with few such Sov'reigns have been blest;  
*Rome's* Annals for above a thousand Years  
Few Pastors among many Tyrants count.

Then of the Church and *Rome* was *Sixtus* King.  
Of a Great Man to gain the glorious Name,

Were nothing more requir'd than to be False,  
Austere, redoubted, then of Kings and Men  
*Sixtus* among the Greatest may be roll'd.  
In Artifices fifteen Years he spent,  
His Virtues fifteen Years and Vices hid,  
The Dignity he sought, he seem'd to shun,  
Unworthy he affected to be thought,  
To make his Way the smoother to the Throne.  
Cunning, supported by Despotick Pow'r,  
Reign'd in the *Vatican* with fairer Name,  
*State-Policy*, of Origin obscene,  
Daughter of Interest and Ambition,  
Parent of Fraud, Sedition, Subterfuge,  
The subtle Monster with Devices teems,  
At Ease amidst Sollicitudes appears,  
Her hollow piercing Eyes, no Friends to Rest,  
Ne'er dipt their Lids in Slumber's Poppy Dew.  
She dazles *Europe* with Disguises, form'd  
To breed Confusion, and abuse Mankind.  
Prompt is Authority to lend her Pow'r ;

Falshood's in all her Words, but wears the Mask  
Of Truth, and mimicks, to deceive, her Voice ;  
No sooner spy'd She *Discord*, but she strait  
With Air mysterious flew into her Arms,  
And flatter'd, with malignant Smiles, the Fiend,  
Cajol'd, and on a sudden fighting said :

For me those happy Times are now no more,  
When Mortals crowded to Me with their Vows.  
When *Europe*, credulous, the Church's Laws  
In mine confounded, and confess'd my *Sway*.  
I spoke, and humbled Monarchs from their Thrones  
Descending, trembled at my Feet; I spoke,  
And War, as I directed, rag'd on Earth.  
My Thunders from the *Vatican's* high Tow'rs  
I hurl'd, and Life and Death were in my Hands;  
Crowns, as I pleas'd, I gave and took away.  
Those Times are now no more, a few in *France* 85  
Defy the Thunder in my Hand upheld ;  
These Few embody'd by their hated Laws,

Friends to the Church, and Enemies to Me,  
The Peoples Eyes have open'd, and from Mists  
Have clear'd; and, blinded, they'll be led no more.  
They first unmask'd Me, and for injur'd Truth  
Took Vengeance, and expos'd my Fraud to Shame.  
Why, *Discord*, whom with so much Zeal I serve,  
Why cannot I the Senate's Self seduce  
Or punish? I'll rekindle at thy Torch  
My Lightning, and to Ashes see reduc'd  
The Throne of *France*. Our Poisons let's unite,  
And o'er the Universe Infection spread.

She said, and swift as Thought thro' Æther shoots  
These Monsters to Religion's sacred Cell  
Hie; and invade her peaceful Solitude.  
There without Pomp and without Noise She past  
In Pray'r, and in Humility the Time.  
There, disencumber'd of the bustling Croud,  
Who to make Fortunes only use her Name,

Her

Her Heart with Love of *Henry* was inflam'd,  
A Holy Fire. This Daughter of the Skies  
Knew that one Day, She to revenge her Wrongs,  
And fix the lawful Worship in her Fanes,  
Should take *Bourbon* for her adopted Son.  
Worthy She thought him, and her ardent Sighs  
Hasten'd the happy Time that yet seem'd flow.  
*Discord* and impious *Policy* surpriz'd  
Their Enemy august, and laid rude Hands  
Upon her modest Front, and heav'nly Charms,  
Then without trembling stript her of her Robes.  
Her sacred Veil upon their Head impure  
They plac'd, and in their Violence took Pride.  
To *Paris* in Despair the Furies flye,  
And in a Moment change the Peoples Hearts.  
Sly *Policy*, with winning Air, her Way  
Into old *Sorbonne's* spacious Bosom works, <sup>86</sup>  
And sees her Factious Heads together swarm,  
Once learn'd Defenders of Eternal Truth,  
They by their Lessons and Examples taught,

Faithful alike to God and to their King.  
Till then their manly Vigour they maintain'd,  
Error her Arrows ever shot in vain  
Against their Breasts impenetrably firm.  
But rare the Virtue that can stand a Shock  
Incessant, and unshaken persevere.  
The Monster in Disguise, with fair Address,  
And soft bewitching Words soon shook their Souls.  
Th'Ambitious She with Greatness tempts, and sets  
The Mitre, rich in Gems, before their Eyes.  
The Miser, secret Bargain, sells his Voice,  
With grossest Eulogy the Pedant's charm'd,  
And wheedled by false Praise betrays the Truth.  
The Weak, She by her Threats intimidates;  
They meet tumultuous, and tumultuous vote,  
Amidst their Cries confus'd, Debate and Noise,  
Truth flies in Tears; the Mutinous prevail,  
And all the Bonds of due Obedience break,  
Which *France* had to the Line of *Capet* <sup>87</sup> sworn.  
*Discord*, with ready, as with cruel Hand,

Draws the Decree in Characters of Blood.  
Thence in an Instant on the Wing She shoots  
From Church to Church, and that Decree proclaims.  
In Cloak *Austrian* or *Franciscan* Frock,  
Her Voice is in the Depths of Cloysters heard.  
The Holy Spectres from their gloomy Cells  
Croud at her Call, and her Commands attend.

Know, says the Fury, know Religion's Look;  
Revenge the Cause of injur'd Heav'n; 'tis I  
Who know his Holy Will; 'tis I, who call.  
From the most High this Dagger I receiv'd.  
This Blade by God's own Hand was put in Mine,  
This Blade, so dreadful to our Enemies.  
'Tis Time to quit your Temples awful Glooms.  
Go then, and shew Examples of your Zeal.  
Go, teach the *French*, who waver in their Faith,  
To fight their Sov'reign is to serve the Lord.  
On *Levi's* sacred Family reflect,  
Call'd to the Holy Ministry by Heav'n.



They merited such Honours with their Swords,  
And at the Altar minister'd with Hands  
Stain'd with the Blood of *Israel's* chosen Race.  
Where are the Times, Ah where those happy Times  
When Brothers in my Presence Brothers flew?  
You Priests divine, you guided then their Arms,  
You only were *Coligny's* Homicides.  
I swam in Blood, in Blood I now would swim.  
Go shew yourselves to my devoted Sons,

She said, her fatal Poison swell'd their Hearts,  
And in a Moment they in *Paris* march,  
The Cross, their Standard, waving in the Wind.  
They chant, and with their Cries, devout and fierce  
Seem to associate Heav'n in their Revolt.  
Curfes they mingle with Fanatick Vows,  
Lewd Imprecations with their publick Pray'rs.  
As Priests audacious, but as Warriours weak,  
With Sabre, and with Sword in Hand, they march,  
In heavy Armour is their Sackcloth hid;

This

This infamous Militia, thus equipp'd,  
Mix with th'impetuous Multitude, and urge  
To War, the God of Peace before them born.

*Mayne*, who far off their vain Attempt beheld,  
Despis'd what he affected to approve.  
He knew how easily the Populace  
Confound Religion and Fanaticism.  
The Art he knew, so needful to a Prince  
To find their Weakness, and their Error feed.  
This pious Scandal he applauds, which moves  
The Wiseman's Anger and the Soldier's Mirth.  
The Vulgar are transported at the Sight,  
They rend the Skies with Shouts of Hope and Joy,  
And as their Fury did to Fear give way,  
Their Fear to Fury yields. Thus he who rules  
The Main, and rides upon the Winds and Waves,  
Or calms, or troubles, as he lifts, the Seas.  
*Discord* for Help upon a Number fix'd,  
And chose *Sixteen* distinguish'd by their Crimes,

The

The fiercest of the Faction, to be first  
In Service under their infernal Queen.  
She mounts them on her Car, obscene with Blood,  
Pride, Treason, Rage and Death before them march.  
Obscurely were they born, and basely bred,  
Ennobled by their Enmity to Kings,  
And seated by the People next the Throne.  
*Mayne* trembling sees them by his Side, the Sports  
Of *Discord*, whom She raises in Caprice,  
And oft makes Equals of Accomplices.  
In this sad Time of Tumult *Themis* kept  
Her Chair untainted, from Infection free.  
No Thirst of Grandeur, neither Hope nor Fear,  
Cou'd make her Hand upright, the Ballance turn.  
Her Temple only without Spot remain'd,  
And thither Equity for Shelter flew.  
Within the Temple where the Goddess dwells,  
A venerable Senate have their Seat,  
Dispensers of the Laws, and the Support;  
Mediate between the People and the King.

They march with equal Step, and oft submits,  
Confiding in the Royal Equity,  
Lay at their Sovereign's Feet the Complaints of *France*.  
Their sole Ambition is the publick Good,  
To Tyranny and to Rebellion Foes.  
Full of Respect, of Resolution full,  
Slav'ry they hate, but in Obedience pride.  
Prompt for our Liberties to arm ; they know  
And honour *Rome*, but when She's wrong, oppose.

Now the *Sixteen*, Tyrannick Troop, assault  
The Gates of *Themis*. At their Head appears  
A blust'ring Fencer from a venal Stage,  
Rais'd by his Impudence to this high Post.  
Amid the Senate with rude Front he thrusts,  
Nor bends before that awful Bench, whose Breath  
The Fortunes of the Citizens decides.  
You Magistrates, says He, who represent  
In Senate not the Sov'reign but the State,  
The People, you yourselves have long oppress,

By

By Me have sent you their Commands supreme.  
The *Capets* Yoke they will no longer bear,  
And take that Pow'r away, which they abus'd.  
Mark, I forbid you, own them, if you dare,  
The People are your Masters now, obey.  
These Words with such a threat'ning Air pronounc'd,  
With just Astonishment the Senate struck,  
Such Insolence, till then unknown, provok'd  
Their Indignation, but without the Pow'r  
To punish, they in solemn Silence sate,  
A Silence, that enrag'd th'audacious *League*.  
All but th'avenging Senate were seduc'd:  
This Steadiness is Outrage to their Crime.  
Great *Harlai's* <sup>89</sup> to their Fury most expos'd.  
That Oracle of Justice and the Laws,  
So terrible to the Perverse, is seiz'd,  
By those he shou'd have punish'd, put in Bonds,  
And to the Dungeon led. His Brethren beg  
To share the Glory of his Punishment;  
Victims of Loyalty to Sov'reigns due,

They

They offer to the Chain their gen'rous Hands.  
Say, Muse, the Worthies Names, so dear to *France*,  
And consecrate to Fame, whom License thus oppress.  
*Virtuous de Thou* <sup>91</sup>, *Mole* <sup>92</sup>, *Bayeul*, *Scaron*,  
*Blancmenil*, *Amelot* <sup>93</sup>, and young *Longueil*,  
Whose Genius well supply'd his want of Years,  
And well his Heart Heroick match'd his Head.  
The Senate seiz'd by the *Sixteen* were led  
Like Slaves in Triumph thro' the Populace,  
To those dark Tow'r's, the <sup>94</sup> Palace of Revenge,  
Where Innocence is oft shut up with Guilt.  
Thus have the Factious chang'd the State entire ;  
No Senate is there Now <sup>95</sup>, and No *Sorbonne*.  
Will not their Fury be content with this ?  
Just Heav'n ! What Sight's presented to my Eyes ?  
Who are the Magistrates, the Hangman hales  
To Death, the Tyrants Orders to fulfil.  
Virtues in *Paris* have the Fate of Crimes.  
You, *Briffon* <sup>96</sup>, *Larcher*, *Tardiff*, Victims Great,  
No Shame attends you by this shameful Death.

Blush

Blush not, ye glorious Shades, your Names will live  
As long as Time, and in Remembrance shine.

*Discord* amidst the Mutineers exults  
With Joy at the Success of her Designs;  
Cruelly pleas'd she contemplates the War,  
Th'Effects of Rage domestick, and the Plagues,  
The wretched Crowds within those bloody Walls,  
Against their Prince united, and amongst  
Themselves divided, *Discord's* heedless Imps,  
Sports of intestine Fury, who promote  
Their Country's Ruin, and in Hers their Own,  
The Tumult from Within, the Peril from Without,  
The Slaughter ev'ry where, the Waste and Woe.





# H E N R I A D E.

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## C A N T O V.

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### A R G U M E N T.

*Clement the Monk assassinate Henry III. Clement's Character. His wicked Prayer. Fanaticism described. His Speech to Clement to excite him to the Murther. The Leaguers apply to a Magician. Clement's Speech to the King before he stabs him. Henry King of Navarre succeeds Henry III.*



EAN while the dire Machines of  
Death advance,  
And in their Womb the Fate of Re-  
bels bear.

They batter down the Walls with Iron Globes,  
And from a hundred brazen Mouths shoot Fire.

*Mayne's*



*Mayne's* Conduct, and the Wrath of the *Sixteen*,  
The Madness of the factious Multitude,  
The Doctors scandalous Harangues, are All  
Against Victorious *Henry*, Succour vain,  
Conquest attends Him. *Sixtus*, *Philip*, *Rome*  
Break out in Menaces ; but *Rome's* no more  
The Terror of the World as in Old Times.  
She thunders, but her Thunder bursts in Air.  
The *Spaniard's* old, and moves with tardy Pace.  
His Troops, arriv'd in *France*, rove up and down,  
Lay waste the Cities, and neglect the Siege.  
Perfidious, He expects th'exhausted *League*  
Shou'd yield, an easy Conquest, to his Yoke.  
And thus the dang'rous Aid of a False Friend,  
Instead of an Ally prepares a Master,  
When a mad Priest's determin'd Hand a while  
Seem'd to give Destiny another Form.  
You, peaceful Citizens of *Paris*, born  
In better Times, forgive the unwilling Muse,  
Compell'd the Truth to tell, how Faction rag'd,

And

And Your Forefathers were seduc'd and sin'd.  
To you the Guilt and Horror of their Crimes  
Extend not, your Affection to your Kings  
And firm Allegiance, have their Faults repair'd.

The Church has in all Times Reclufes bred,  
Colleagues in Houfe and Habit, and to Rules  
Severe, by certain rigid Statutes, fworn.  
From other Men diftinct, in Peace profound,  
Some live infenfible of Pleasure's Charms,  
And Strangers to the World and worldly Joys,  
To God, and Holy Reft devoted, thefe  
Avoid Mankind, whom they might well have ferv'd.  
Others have made themfelves of Ufe to Kings,  
And in the Church, and in the Chair have fhin'd,  
But oft intoxicated with Applaufe,  
And frequent in the World have learnt its Ways.  
Oft their Ambition has in Brigues been fkill'd ;  
More than one Nation their Intrigues have wail'd.  
Thus amongft Men, deplorable Abuse,

The greatest Good becomes the greatest Ill.  
Those who the Life of *Dominick* 97 embrac'd,  
Have seen their Glory stablish'd long in *Spain*,  
And from th'Obscurity of base Employ  
Have risen at once, and glitter'd near the Throne.  
With equal Zeal, but not with equal Pow'r  
This Order has in *France* been long renown'd,  
Protected by our Kings ; in peaceful State  
They liv'd, were happy, and might still have liv'd,  
Had *Clement* in her Bosom never lain. 98  
*Clement*, a Traytor, who from Youth had worn  
The gloomy Face of Virtue most severe :  
Weak, credulous, fanatical, devout,  
He with the Torrent of Rebellion drove.  
*Discord* infus'd into this senseless Youth,  
Her Poison pour'd from her infernal Mouth.  
Prostrate at Altar's Feet he daily pray'd,  
And with his wicked Vows fatigu'd the Skies ;  
Cover'd with Ashes and with Dust, 'tis said,  
He once put up this horrid Pray'r to Heav'n.

Oh God, Protector of Religious Kings,  
Of Tyrants Great Avenger, shall we see  
By thy own Hands thy Children always crush'd?  
Wilt thou thy Enemy against them arm,  
The Murd'rous favour, and the Perjur'd bless?  
Too long, Oh God, th' hast try'd us with thy Flails.  
Lift up thy Hand at length against thy Foes.  
Far off from Us turn Misery and Death.  
Deliver Us from a King gi'n in thy Wrath.  
Come from the flaming Skies, abash the Proud,  
Before Thee, the Destroyer Angel send;  
Come with Ten Thousand Thunders arm'd, and strike  
Their impious Host to Atoms in our View.  
Let Leaders, Troops, and both the Kings expire,  
Blown off as Leaves are scatter'd by the Winds.  
And Let us, Holy Catholicks, the League  
Upon their bleeding Corps sing Hymns of Praise.

*Discord*, attentive, as she roves in Air,  
 Hears, and to Hell conveys his hideous Cries.  
 From those dark Realms she in an Instant brings  
 The cruell'st Fiend that with th'Infernals dwelt.  
 He comes, *Fanaticism* his Name abhor'd,  
 Unnatural Offspring of Religion,  
 Arm'd to defend, but to destroy her bent,  
 The warming Bosom where He lay, he tears.  
 In *Rabab*, where the limpid *Arnon* flows, 99  
 'Twas He, who guided *Ammon's* frantick Race,  
 When from their Mother's Paps they Infants tore,  
 Their reeking Entrails from their Bodies rent,  
 And offer'd them to *Moloch*, their grim God,  
 Fiercest and foulest of the Pow'rs of Hell.  
*Jeptba's* rash Vow He dictated, He plung'd 100  
 The Father's Dagger in the Daughter's Heart.  
 'Twas He, who op'ning *Chalcas's* 101 lewd Lips,  
 By him demanded *Iphigenia's* Death.  
 Thy Forests, *France*, were long his Haunt, He there  
 The

The fierce *Teutates* <sup>102</sup> with thy Incense fed.  
Canst thou those Holy Homicides forget,  
Thy *Druids*, who to their detested Gods  
The Blood of Men on pubid Altars pour'd.  
He from the Capitol's sublimest Tow'r,  
Cry'd to the Pagans, root the Christians out.  
Strike, cut them all to pieces <sup>103</sup>, and at length,  
When *Rome* submitted to the Son of God,  
He from the ruin'd Capitol remov'd,  
And got into the Church, and Havock made,  
His Rage infusing into Christian Hearts,  
He Martyrs into Persecutors turn'd.  
The Sectaries at *London* <sup>104</sup> He inspir'd,  
The *Seekers*, *Muggletonians*, *Familists*,  
*Ranters*, *Fifth Monarchists* and *Adamites*.  
In *Lisbon* and *Madrid* <sup>105</sup> he lights those Fires,  
To Persecution dear, which burn the *Jews*  
Doom'd by the Priest for keeping to the Faith  
To them by their Forefathers handed down.  
He varies his Disguises, and in all

The Sacred Ornaments of Priests assumes.

Now, in the Wardrobe of Eternal Night,  
He a new Form to work new Mischiefs takes,  
His Dressers, Artifice and Impudence,  
Put on him *Guise's* Look and Shape and Air,  
That haughty *Guise*, who acted in his Life  
As Master of his King, and Tyrant of the State,  
Who still is terrible in Death, who draws  
All *France* to Battles still, to Strife and Blood,  
A dreadful Helmet on his Head he wears,  
A Dagger, ready drawn, is in his Hand ;  
Gaping the Wounds that he receiv'd at *Blois* ;  
Afresh, the crimson Fountains seem to flow,  
Accuse *Valois*, and cry aloud, Revenge.  
To *Clement* in this ghastly Plight He comes,  
When Sleep upon his Eyes his leaden Wand has laid,  
Dreaming amidst the cloyster'd Drones he lay.  
A Watch was at his Door, *Cabal*, *False Zeal*,  
And *Superstition*, who with ready Hand

Threw

Threw it wide open to *Fanaticism*.

Enters the *Mimick Guise* and speaks in Tone

Fierce and Majestick thus, Th'Omnipotent

Has heard in Heav'n thy pious Vows and Pray'r.

But shall he ne'er have more than Pray'r and Vows?

Weak plaintive Worship, impotent and poor.

Are these fit Off'rings for the *Leaguers* God?

The Good thou askt, He at thy Hand requires.

If *Judith* <sup>106</sup> had to save her Country brought

No Sacrifice to Heav'n but Pray'rs and Tears,

To perish in his Service had she fear'd,

*Judith* had seen *Bethulia's* levell'd Walls.

Such are the sanctify'd Exploits thou oughtst

To imitate, and to th'avenging Pow'rs

Such is the Sacrifice thou oughtst to bring.

Dost thou not blush to have so long delay'd?

Thou dost; run, flye, and consecrate thy Hand

In Blood; revenge on an Unworthy King,

*Rome*, *Paris*, the Great Universe, and Me.

These Wounds *Valois* by his Assassins made;



Punish his Perfidy, and pierce his Heart  
 As mine, devoted to the *League*, was pierc'd.  
 Shrink not at an Assassin's horrid Name,  
 In Thee 'tis Virtue, tho' twas Crime in Him.  
 All Things are lawful to revenge the Church, <sup>107</sup>  
 Murder's then just and authoriz'd by Heav'n.  
 What say I? Heav'n commands it, by my Voice  
 He lets thee know, that he has chos'n thy Arm  
 For his own Vengeance in the Tyrant's Death.  
 Happy, if thou with Him coud'st joyn *Navarre*;  
 If to deliver *France* from both the Kings  
 Thou coud'st—But 'tis not yet the Time, *Bourbon*  
 Is yet to live a while, for other Hands.  
 The God he persecutes, that Work ordains,  
 And gives the Glory of his Fall. Do Thou  
 Fulfil the Purpose of that jealous God,  
 And from his Hand by Mine this Gift receive.  
 The Phantom brandish'd at these Words his Blade,  
 By *Hatred* in infernal Waters steep'd,  
 He put it into *Clement's* willing Hand,

Vanish'd, and downward sunk again to Hell.  
The young Recluse too easily deceiv'd,  
Imagin'd he had Heav'ns Concerns in Trust,  
With Holy Awe the fatal Present kist,  
And on his Knees for God's Assistance pray'd.  
Full of the Fiend, that had inflam'd his Ire,  
Devoutly, He for Parricide prepares.  
How apt is Error to misguide Mankind,  
Their Conscience blind, and gain upon the Heart?  
The Soul of *Clement*, happy and at Ease,  
Was with that Confidence inspir'd, which none  
But Saints, in Innocence consummate, know.  
His Rage tranquil, assumes the Face of Shame,  
Downward his Look; but when with Eyes up-lift,  
He to the Skies his impious Vows address'd.  
Virtue austere is on his Front imprest,  
His Frock conceals his Parricidal Steel.  
He goes; his Friends of his Intent inform'd, 108  
Strew Flow'rs before him and perfume his Way.  
Full of Respect, conduct him to the Gates,

Bless,

Bless, counsel and encourage his Design.  
Already they inroll him with their Saints,  
And in the *Roman Fasti* place his Name, <sup>109</sup>  
Style him th'Avenger of afflicted *France*,  
And worship him with Incense like a God.  
Less ardent, less transported were at first  
The Christians, Champions of their Fathers Faith,  
When to the Gibbet, to the Cross or Fire,  
Their Brethren they accompany'd of old,  
Greedy of Death, and of the Martyrs Bliss  
They weeping kiss'd the Ground on which they walk'd.  
Thus in our Eyes, so very weak is Man,  
Rascals for Saints and Worthies often pass. <sup>110</sup>  
True Zeal and false we know not to discern,  
Error her Heroes has, as well as Truth;  
Fanaticks oft and Christians most sincere  
Have the same Marks, and undistinguish'd shew.  
*Mayne*, whose quick Eye the *Leaguers* Motions watch'd,  
Sees what is doing, seeming not to see.  
With passive Cunning he the Crime approves,

And

And reaps the Benefit without the Guilt.  
To the most factious artfully he left  
The Care of managing the frantick Youth.  
While to the Gates the *Leaguers* led the Monk  
And kept the Ferment of his Fury high,  
The *Sixteen*, anxious in their guilty Pride,  
To Sciences Infernal have Recourse,  
As *Medicis* was wont in doubtful Times,  
And, criminally curious, practis'd Arts  
Chimerical and foul to learn her Fate.  
All follow her Example, as in Modes  
The giddy People ever ape the Court,  
And servilely their Vices imitate;  
Fond of the Marvellous, and Novelties,  
They deal in Spells and Necromantick Charms.  
Silence did in the Depth of Night conduct  
This lewd Assembly to a Vault obscure,  
Where in the Glimmer of a magick Lamp  
An Altar on a Tomb erected stood.  
On this *Valois* and *Bourbon's* Images,

Like

Like Objects of, their Outrage and their Fear  
Were plac'd, to Sacrilege accurs'd, expos'd;  
And in their Hellish Myst'ries they confound  
The Names of Fiends with God's tremendous Name.  
A hundred Vases on the Walls are seen,  
With Points of Murd'ring Weapons steep'd in Blood.  
Thus was this Temple furnish'd, and the Priest  
A *Hebrew*, one of those proscrib'd by Heav'n  
In Wretchedness to wander o'er the World,  
And bear their Miseries from Seas to Seas,  
Who with a Mass of Rules and Rites antique  
Long in Dispersion have all Nations fill'd.  
The *Leaguers* croud about Him, and with Cries  
Like *Bacchanals* their Sacrifice begin,  
In Blood they wash their Parricidal Hands,  
And *Valois* Image on the Altar Stab.  
With greater Terror, and with greater Rage  
They pierce and trample *Henry's* under Foot,  
And Hell and Heav'n at once invoke to firm  
Their Vows, and with like Wounds those Kings destroy.

Mean

Mean while to Blasphemy the *Jew* joins Pray'r,  
Calls on th'Abyfs, the Skies, and God Himself;  
The Sprights malign, that trouble Earth and Air,  
On Thunders, Light'nings, and the Fires of Hell.

Thus in *Gelboa* the mad *Pitbonefs* <sup>111</sup>

With Sacrifice th'Infernal Gods appeas'd,

When in the Presence of a cruel King,

The Prophet *Samuel's* angry Ghost she rais'd.

The lying Priests in high *Samaria* <sup>112</sup>, thus

Op'd against *Judab* their blasphemous Mouth.

Th'inflexible *Ateius* thus at *Rome* <sup>113</sup>

Curst *Crassus* in the Name of all the Gods.

The Leaders of the *League*, the dire *Sixteen*

His Magick Accents heard with deep Concern,

And waited Answer from offended Heav'n,

As if to force him to unfold their Fate.

He hears them, but to punish only hears,

For them the Laws of Nature intercepts.

A hollow Sound remurmurs in the Cave,

A thousand Lightnings glitter in the Gloom,

And

And flash in Night profound a frightful Day.  
Amidst the Fires victorious *Henry* shines  
With beamy Glories round his Royal Head,  
Seated sublime on a Triumphal Car,  
A Scepter in his Hand, sure Sign of Sway.  
The Thunders bellow, and the Lightnings blaze  
Again, and all the Cave's involv'd in Fire;  
The *Leaguers* in Dismay and in Affright the *Jews*,  
In Night their Crime and Terror seek to hide.  
These Murmurs terrible, these Thunders, Fires  
Declare *Valois* inevitably lost.  
By Him, who is in highest Heav'n enthron'd,  
His Days are number'd, and all Help withdrawn.  
Impatient Death his promis'd Victim waits,  
And Heav'n to crush *Valois* permits a Crime.  
*Clement* the King's Pavilion dauntless seeks,  
Enters, and Audience of his Prince demands.  
He comes, he cries, by God Almighty sent  
To reinstate his Sov'reign in his Rights,  
And Secrets of Importance to reveal.

Thus

Thus saying, He's examin'd and observ'd,  
 Suspicion from his Habit Fear begets,  
 The faithful Servants of their Prince in doubt  
 Interrogate Him much, and much Content  
 He gives by fair and full Reply to All.  
 All credit his Discourse as Truth divine.  
 The Courtiers introduce him to the King,  
 The Monk not mov'd at his Aspect, appears  
 Humble and calm his Air, He bends the Knee,  
 And eyes the Place, at Leisure where to strike.  
 Falshood, who has the Guidance of his Tongue,  
 Puts this perfidious Speech into his Mouth.  
 Permit, Great Monarch, that my trembling Voice  
 Be to that God address'd by whom Kings reign,  
 Permit, that from my Soul I praise the Pow'r  
 That show'rs such Blessings on your sacred Head.  
 Virtuous *Potier*, prudent *Villeroi*,<sup>114</sup>  
 To you, among your Foes, have kept their Faith.  
*Harlai*, the Great *Harlai*, whose fearless Zeal  
 Still struck into this faithless People Dread,



Knows, while in Prison, to unite all Hearts,  
To serve their Sov'reign, and confound the *League*.  
God, who rejects the Mighty and the Wise,  
Oft sets the Poor and Weak upon his Work,  
And Me, mean Instrument, was pleas'd to guide  
To that illustrious Sage, from whom I learnt  
Secrets of high Importance to my Prince,  
And flew to tell him, as this Letter shews,  
By *Harlai* put into my faithful Hands,  
Which lowly I deliver into yours.  
*Valois* receives it eager, and with Laud  
Blesses th'Eternal for this sudden Change.  
When shall I to my Will, he said, have Pow'r  
Thy Zeal and Services to recompence?  
Thus speaking gracious, forth he held his Arm,  
The Monster forth his hidden Weapon drew,  
And plung'd into his Royal Breast the Steel.  
Outflows the Blood, th'Attendants and the Guards  
In horrible Amazement and Surprise,  
Rush in, and crowd about the bleeding King.

They

They weep, they cry, and lifted's ev'ry Arm  
To sacrifice th'Assassin, who with Look  
Daring and firm, their Menaces disdains,  
Proud of his Parricide he meets their Swords,  
And kneeling waits for Death, his wish'd Reward.  
Martyr for *France* and *Rome* he thinks he dies,  
And sees Heav'n open, and the starry Seat  
Prepar'd to throne him with Celestial Pow'rs,  
Blessing the Hands that wound Him, as he bleeds.  
In Joy, or rather Rapture he expires.  
Dreadful Delusion! Blindness terrible!  
At once it Horror and Compassion moves.  
Perhaps less guilty of his Sov'reign's Death  
Than those base Doctors <sup>115</sup>, Traytors to their King,  
Whose Lessons poison'd his distemper'd Mind,  
And turn'd the rambling Head of a Recluse  
*Valois* already on the Verge of Life,  
Darkning his Eyes, and faint his failing Voice,  
His Courtiers circle Him, dissolv'd in Tears,  
While each his future Fortunes has at Heart,

Various their Schemes, but their Laments the same:  
The same their Sorrows, or sincere or feign'd.  
Those, that are flatter'd by their Hope of Change,  
But lightly for their Master's Danger grieve.  
Those, that are of their Interests afraid,  
Pretend the King, but mourn their Fortune past:  
Among their Clamours, and their Complaints confus'd  
Tears, unaffected, flow from *Henry* Eyes.  
*Valois* had been his Enemy, but Souls,  
As sensible as Great, are mov'd with Ease,  
And melt in Junctures, horrible like this.  
*Bourbon*, whose Int'rest gave to Pity Place,  
Remember'd only He was once a Friend,  
And hiding from Himself the Thought, that Death  
Plac'd *Valois* Crown upon his Head, griev'd on.  
The King his dying Eyes towards him cast,  
And joining Hand with his victorious Hands,  
Bespoke him thus, Refrain these Gen'rous Tears,  
Let an unworthy World lament your King.  
Fight, *Bourbon*, Reign, Revenge Me on Our Foes;

I die, and leave you in the midst of Storms,  
On a Rock seated cover'd with my Wrecks,  
My Throne expects you — 'Tis your Due, enjoy  
The Good so well defended by your Arms.  
But think, that Thunder still surrounds a Throne,  
The God who gives it fear, and may you know  
That God to worship in the Way he wills,  
And with religious Hands his Shrines rebuild.  
Adieu, Reign happy, and be Heav'n your Guard.  
Heav'n from th' Assassin's Sword defend your Heart:  
You know the *League*, you see these ebbing Veins,  
By Me the Murd'ers mean to come at You.  
The Time may be when a more barb'rous Hand —  
Spare such uncommon Virtue, Righteous Heav'n!  
Permit — He said, Death hung upon his Words,  
And clos'd his quiv'ring Lips and stiffning Eyes.  
Sightless, and silent in eternal Night.

At *Paris*, when their Sov'reign's Death was known,  
The *League*, to guilty Joy abandon'd, fill

With Shouts of Victory the troubled Air.  
The Shops are shut, the Fanes polluted op'd,  
And Wreaths of Flow'rs bedeck their giddy Heads,  
While to carouse they dedicate the Day.  
Thus madding, for themselves they dig th'Abyss,  
In whose dark Womb they will be soon absorpt.  
Foreseeing future Ills, if such Foresight  
Had been their Lot, instead of Songs of Joy,  
In Bitterness of Grief they wou'd have groan'd.  
The Conq'ror Prince, the Hero they defy.  
*Henry* comes thund'ring on them from the Throne,  
More dreaded by the Scepter in his Hand,  
And Ruin unavoidable's denounc'd  
To these Rebellious in Rebellion found.  
The Chiefs have all to *Bourbon* bow'd the Knee,  
And own'd him as their lawful King, secure  
Of Conquest, when he guides the War, they swear  
To follow him in Arms to both the Poles.



# H E N R I A D E.

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## C A N T O VI.

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### A R G U M E N T.

*The Duke de Mayne holds an Assembly of the States at Paris against Henry IV. The President Potier's Speech for Him, and against the Priests. Henry advances with his Army nearer Paris. The States breaking up, Henry attacks the Rampiers and beats the Leaguers. Effex and Aumale engage. As Henry gives the Word for Plunder St. Lewis appears to Him. His Speech to restrain his Fury. Henry's Reply. He follows the Vision to Vincennes.*



SAGE as sacred as antique in *France*,  
Impow'rs the People, when the Throne  
is void,  
In Heirs deficient, when the Royal  
Blood,

Dry'd up in its last Channel, flows no more,  
 To choose a Master, and to Change their Laws.  
 The States assemble, and the Voice of *France*  
 There names a Sov'reign, and confines his Pow'r. 116  
 Thus plac'd our Ancestors by high Decrees  
 The *Capets* on the Throne of *Charlemagne*. 117

The *League* audacious, restless, blind, presum'd  
 To summon this Assembly once august,  
 As if Assassination gave them Right  
 To choose a Master, and to change the State.  
 They thought th'imaginary Name of King  
 Wou'd baffle *Bourbon*, and deceive the Croud.  
 They thought a Monarch wou'd unite their Schemes,  
 That sacred Name give Sanction to their Claims,  
 And, tho' unjustly chos'n, the very Choice  
 Wou'd strengthen them, and whether wrong or right,  
 A Master they at least should give to *France*.  
 Strait from all Quarters with tumultuous Noise  
 The Chiefs, to form this mix'd Assembly, meet

Those

Those whose weak Minds had been seduc'd by Pride,  
And made obdurate by continu'd Crimes.

The *Lorrains*, the *Nemours*, the raging Priests,  
Th' Ambassador of *Rome*, and He of *Spain*, <sup>118</sup>

All to the *Louvre* march, and by new Choice  
Mean to insult the Manes of their Kings.

Proud Luxury of Publick Mis'ry born,——

Pompous these States Chimerical prepares.

No Princes there, no puissant Lords appear,

August Successors of our Peers antique,

Who near the Throne are seated, and by Birth

Are Arbiters of Right and Wrong in *France*,

And have th' Appearance still, but not the Pow'r.

No Deputies are there, discreet and bold,

Our poor Remains of Freedom to defend. <sup>119</sup>

The Lillies have not there their wonted Look,

The *Louvre's* frighted with this Foreign Pomp.

*Rome's* Nuncio in a Seat sublime is plac'd

Near *Mayne's*, o'er whom a Canopy depends.

And on this Canopy superb inscrib'd



These dreadful and these daring Words were read:

" You Kings, who rule the World, whose guilty

" Hands

" Dare ev'ry Thing attempt and Nothing spare,

" Learn by the Death of *Valois*, how to reign.

They meet, the Partics, and Cabals begin,  
 Debate, and as they various Votes opine,  
 The Room with their infernal Cries resounds.  
 Blinded by Error All, but One a Slave,  
 To favour his ambitious Hopes from Rome,  
 The Legate only courts in his Harangues,  
 And, Traytor to Mankind, declares 'tis Time  
 The Lillies shou'd to the *Tiara* yield.  
 'Tis time that fell the Tribunal to erect,  
 With Blood besmear'd, in *Paris* as in *Spain*,  
 That Monument accus'd of Monkish Pow'r,  
 Abhorr'd by the whole trembling Universe,  
 Dishonour to those Altars they revenge;  
 Furnish'd with Fires, and consecrated Swords

Mortals

Mortals to massacre by pious Priests.  
 As if in those detested Times we liv'd,  
 When the World worshipp'd unrelenting Gods,  
 Whose lying Prophets, as relentless, preach'd  
 They placable by Blood of Men became.  
 Another, by *Iberian* Gold debauch'd,  
 Wou'd sell to *Philip*, whom he hated, *France*.  
 But the most pow'rful Party were resolv'd,  
 And *Mayne* upon the *Capets* Throne had plac'd.  
 That Rank was only wanting to his Pow'r,  
 A Rank, sole Object of his secret Vows,  
 Already in his Heart had he devour'd  
 The dang'rous Honour, and the Name of King.

*Potier* <sup>112</sup> stands up, and to be heard demands.  
 Each solemn Silence held at his Aspect  
 Among these People, Criminal and Base,  
*Potier* was ever just, and yet rever'd.  
 Oft did his manly Eloquence prevail  
 O'er the licentious Fury of the League.

His

His old Authority he still maintain'd;  
 And Justice with Impunity explain'd.  
 I see, said he, you to the Rank supreme  
 Have destin'd *Mayne*; your Error I conceive,  
 And I myself excuse, for he has Worth  
 To all our Wishes equal: Had I Right  
 To choose a Sov'reign, *Mayne* should be my Choice.  
 But we have Laws, and that most worthy Prince,  
 As soon as to the Scepter he pretends,  
 Becomes unworthy—As he speaks these Words  
*Mayne* enters with th'Appearance of a King.  
 Him *Potier*, with unalter'd Look, beholds,  
 Yes, Prince, continues he, in steady Tone,  
 So highly I esteem you, that I dare  
 Against you in this dang'rous Question speak  
 For *France*, and for ourselves. What Right have we  
 To choose a Master, have we not *Bourbon*?  
 God plac'd you by your Birth, so near the Throne,  
 Not to usurp it, Sir, but to defend,  
*Guise*, who's no more, has nothing to pretend.

A Sov'reign's Blood's sufficient for his Dust.  
If by a Crime he dy'd, he's by a Crime reveng'd.  
Change you, as Heav'n has chang'd the State of *France*.  
Let your just Anger perish with *Valois*.  
Your Brother's Blood was not by *Bourbon* spilt.  
Just Heav'n, by whom you both are favour'd, form'd  
You Both too virtuous to be Enemies.  
But Murmurings I hear, and Clamours loud,  
The frightful Names of *Heretick*, *Relapse*.  
I see our Priests with Zeal impure inflam'd,  
The Dagger drawn——Ye Wretches hold your Hands,  
What Law, what Precedent, or rather Rage  
Can, as you wickedly assert, discharge  
Your Duty to th'Anointed of the Lord?  
Son of St. *Lewis* <sup>123</sup>, perjur'd does he come  
Those Altars to demolish at whose Feet  
He begs to be illumin'd of our God?  
He loves, he keeps those Laws yourselves renounce;  
Virtue, where'er he finds it, He respects,  
And ev'n that Worship you yourselves abuse.

He

He to th'Almighty leaves, who searches Hearts,  
 The Punishment of Men, which you usurp,  
 And will be more your Father than your King,  
 As he's a better Christian than yourselves,  
 Still ready to forgive. With him all's free,  
 And shall he only not be so? By what  
 Authority wou'd you your Master judge?  
 You, faithless Pastors, traiterous Citizens,  
 In what have you the Likeness of those Saints,  
 Those Christians Primitive, who ne'er did bow  
 The Knee to Gods of Metal, and of Mud? 124  
 Yet without Murmuring, Kings who did, obey'd,  
 And without blaming them on Scaffolds bled,  
 Blessing their Butchers with their latest Breath.  
 They only were true Christians, none but they  
 I own as such, they for their Sov'reigns dy'd,  
 You murder them, and if the God you paint  
 As jealous and implacable, delights  
 In Vengeance, He'll avenge himself on you,  
 Barbarians! At this bold Discourse a while

They all were hush'd, confounded, and abash'd,  
His Argument and Eloquence, so strong.  
In vain they strive to struggle with the Truth,  
And ward against its Wounds, their Hearts enrag'd  
Were agitated by Despair and Fear.  
When, on a sudden, in Confusion mix'd  
A thousand Voices rend the vaulted Skies.  
Arm, Citizens, To Arms, or we're all lost.  
Thick Clouds of Dust o'er *Henry's* Squadrons rise,  
And darken, as they nearer draw, the Day.  
The dreadful Sound of Trumpets, and of Drums,  
Dire Harbingers of Death, denounces Storm.  
As from the North outrageous Tempests break  
Thro' Caves of craggy Rocks, and Whirlwinds raise,  
Which upwards bear the Dust on rattling Wings,  
And thickning into Clouds obscure the Skies,  
Thunder before, behind them Lightning flies,  
And spread their Terrors o'r the trembling World.  
So *Bourbon's* Army breaks from hated Rest,  
Burning with Thirst of Vengeance on the *League*.

From

From far their formidable Shouts are heard,  
They fill the Field, and tow'rd's the City march.

*Henry* those useful Moments did not waste  
In rendring wonted Honours to the Corpse  
Of the late King, an Homage vain the Pride  
And Folly of the Living pay the Dead.  
He took not on Him in a Time of Woe  
The Pomp of rich Mausoleums to prepare,  
Vain Effort of the Great, in spite of Fate  
Or Waster Time to triumph over Death.  
*Bourbon* to *Valois*, in his dark Abode  
Tributes more worthy of his Shade will send.  
He'll punish his Assassins, rout his Foes,  
And when his Rebel Subjects are reduc'd,  
He'll make them happy in an equal Sway.

A sudden Rumour of Assault distracts  
The Council of the *League*, in haste they rise:  
*Mayne* in an Instant to the Rampiers runs.

As soon the Soldiers to his Standard fly,  
And with loud Cries, th'advancing Hero brave.  
All's ready for Attack, and for Defence.  
*Paris* was not in those tumultuous Times,  
Such as the *French*, too happy, see it now.  
A hundred Forts by Fear and Fury built  
Confin'd her Compass, then of less Extent.  
Those Suburbs, so magnificent and great,  
Held always open by the Hand of Peace,  
Proud Av'nues to a City now immense,  
Where now a hundred golden Palaces  
Uplift their glitt'ring Domes above the Clouds,  
Hemm'd in with Rampiers were long Hamlets then,  
From *Paris* parted by a *Fosse* profound.  
*Bourbon* determin'd, at his Army's Head,  
Makes his Approach on the Levantine Side.  
Death flies before him, and in either Host  
Destruction deals in Iron charg'd with Fire.  
By Hands of the Besiegers and Besieg'd.  
Their Rampiers menacing, their Tow'rs and Works



Fall at the Burst of *Bourbon's* burning Globes.  
Batallions broken and in Rout are seen.  
Far in the Fields the scatter'd Squadrons flye,  
Nothing can stand the fiery Tempest's Shock.  
And *Bourbon's* Troops and *Mayne's* with Lightning  
fight.

Mortals in Slaughter were less skill'd of old,  
And less was then the Furniture of War.  
The Sword was then sufficient for their Rage.  
Their cruel Sons with execrable Art  
Now rob the flaming Skies, and fling their Fires.  
The grumbling of those frightful Bombs is heard,  
Children detestable of *Belgick* Broils, <sup>125</sup>  
Sulphur prepar'd, and cram'd in Balls of Brass,  
Divides, heats, fires, and on a sudden bursts,  
Death in a thousand Flashes furious flies.  
Still with more Art, and more Barbarity,  
Have Mortals learnt in Caves profound to lay  
Fires Subterranean with a Touch to burst.  
Fearless the Soldier treads the faithless Ground,

And

And o'er the Deaths conceal'd to Carnage runs.  
Ope in an Instant break the sulph'rous Caves,  
And Clouds of fetid Smoke involve the Skies,  
Squadrons entire are tost up into Air,  
And dropping in the gaping Earth ingulph'd.  
Such are the Perils glorious *Bourbon* tempts,  
And such the Steps by which he mounts the Throne.  
His Warriours, like Himself, these Storms disdain,  
Hell under Foot, and Lightning o'er their Head.  
But Glory perches on the Royal Plume,  
On Her they look, and march without Difmay.  
*Mornay* <sup>129</sup>, among these rapid Floods of Flame,  
Grave, but intrepid, mingles with the War,  
Incapable of Fury and of Fear,  
Deaf to the Roar of Cannon and of Bombs,  
And calm amidst the Tempest of the Fight.  
He looks on Battles with a Stoick's Eye,  
As necessary Flails of wrathful Skies,  
Like a Philosopher, where Honour guides  
He marches, and condemning Fights, avoids

No Danger, pities *Henry* and attends.  
And now the dreadful Covert-Way they reach,  
Defended by a *Glacis* stain'd with Blood:  
Here Peril animates afresh their Toils.  
The *Fosse* with Fascins, and the Dead they fill.  
They march o'er bleeding Corpse, and gaining Ground  
By Sword and Fire alternate mount the Breach;  
*Henry* was first, a Buckler o'er his Breast,  
And in his conq'ring Hand a bloody Blade,  
His Standard's, where the *Leaguers* stood, display'd,  
And on the Rampier's Height his Lillies wave.  
The Rebels, in Amazement and Affright  
Seem to respect their Conq'ror and their King,  
And on the Walls give Way. But *Mayne* revives  
Their fainting Spirits, and by Word and Deed  
That Flame which to Rebellion wrought their Rage  
Rekindles, and recalls them to their Crime.  
Strait on all Sides their firm Battallions press  
The King's, whose Look they have not Heart to bear.  
*Discord*, who on the Rampiers guides her Sons,

Bathes in the Blood that in her Cause they spill,  
 Pleas'd, when in Combat close the Parties join,  
 And ev'ry Stroke they strike is surer Death.  
 Now cease the Thunders, that from brazen Mouths  
 Bellow'd amain, and terrify'd the World.  
 A savage Silence, Child of Fury reigns,  
 And Slaughter dumb around the Rampiers strides.  
 With desp'rate Hands, and Eyes that flame with Ire,  
 Each snows thro' deepen'd Files of Foes his Way,  
 They take, retake, they win, and lose by Turns  
 The Works, the bloody Theatre of Death.  
 Uncertain Vict'ry in her fatal Hands,  
 Still near the Lillies holds the Banner of *Lorraine*.  
 Th'Assailants every where surpriz'd, repuls'd,  
 Again press forward, and their Ground regain,  
 Victors and Vanquish'd thro' the doubtful Day.  
 Thus Ocean in an Instant driv'n by Storms,  
 Breaks o'er its Banks, and backwards rolls his Waves.  
 Ne'er was the King, his Rival ne'er so great,  
 As in this terrible Assault, they both

Firm in the midst of Slaughter and of Blood  
 Were Masters of their Reason and their Wrath.  
 Both counsell'd, order'd, acted, ev'ry where  
 Both had their Eyes, and guided with a Glance  
 The fatal Movements of that dreadful Day.  
 The formidable Band of *English* Aids  
 Was led by valiant *Effex* to the Storm.  
 This the first Time a Band of *English* fought  
 Under *French* Banners, strange to them it seem'd  
 In our once Hostile Fields to serve our Kings.  
 They come their Country's Honour to maintain,  
 Of Battle proud, and lavish of their Lives,  
 On the same Rampiers, and those Plains, where once  
 The *Seine* beheld their Ancestors enthron'd. 128  
*Effex* meets *Aumale* fighting at the Breach,  
 They both were gallant, young, and full of Fire,  
 Such as the Poets paint the Demigods.  
 Forward their bleeding Friends about them press,  
*French, English, Lorainers*, by Fury join'd,  
 Perish in Fight promiscuous on the Works,

Advance

Advance together, Combat, Fight and Dye.  
Thou, Angel, who their Rage and Arms dost guide,  
Thou, the Destroyer Angel, Soul of War,  
Say, on what Side thou art thyself engag'd,  
To which the Sky's Eternal Scale inclines.  
*Bourbon, Mayne, Essex*, and his Rival long  
Besiegers and Besieg'd an equal Carnage make.  
At length the juster Side prevails ; *Bourbon*  
Victorious on the Rampiers mowes his Way.  
The *Leaguers* tir'd, no more Resistance make,  
But quit the Walls, and in Confusion fall.  
Thus from the *Pyrenean* oft we see <sup>129</sup>  
A Torrent rolling down the steepy Cliffs,  
Threaten the Nymphs and Naiads of the Vales.  
A hundred Mounds oppose the furious Flood,  
And bear a while the loud impetuous Shock.  
But soon the feeble Barrier's overwhelm'd,  
And ruthful Inundation wastes the Plains.  
Noise, Death and Terror ride upon the Waves,  
Up-rooting as they roll the tow'ring Oaks

Which brav'd the Winter-Storms, and touch'd the Skies,  
Huge Rocks they from the Side of Mountains rend,  
And flying Herds with hideous Roar pursue.

Thus *Henry* with precipitate Descent  
The smoaking Walls that he had master'd quits.

Thus thund'ring on the Fugitives he drives,  
And opes his Passage to the guarded Gates.

Fast the *Sixteen* before th' Avenger fly  
Straggling, confounded and dispers'd by Fear.

At length within the City *Mayne* retreats,  
Abandoning the Suburbs to *Bourbon*.

The Conq'rors rove with Torches in their Hands  
From Place to Place, their Valour turn'd to Rage,  
And give themselves to pillage and to spoil.

This *Henry* sees not, but by Vengeance wing'd  
Pursues the routed Rebels to their Gates.

Conquest inflames, and Courage drives him on.

Come, Fellow-Soldiers, mount the Walls, he cries,  
And carry Sword and Fire where'er you come.

While thus he speaks, a shining Vision broke

From

From out a Cloud, Majestick was its Form,  
Descending on the Wings of gentle Winds,  
It stopt where *Bourbon* stood, like Rays of Light,  
Upon its Front immortal Beauties shone.

An Angel it confess'd, or Saint of Heav'n,  
His Eyes at once of Love and Horror full.

Hold, too unhappy Conq'ror, Hold thy Hand,  
He says, what is it thou wou'dst give to Fire  
And Sword? What is it but th'Inheritance  
Of thy great Ancestors, a Hundred Kings?



Is not the Country thou wou'dst waste, thy own?  
Are not the People thou wou'dst slaughter mine,  
And thine the Treasures, that to Spoil are giv'n?  
Hast thou not bid to cut thy Subjects Throats?  
Hold — At these Words more terrible than Claps  
Of Thunder, Fear the Soldiers Hearts posselt,  
Prostrate they fell, and left the promis'd Sack.

*Henry* of that Heroick Ardor full

Which heated him in Fight, and heats him still,  
Like Ocean calming, grumbles as he calms.

Thou Dweller of the World invisible,



The King reply'd, why com'st thou hither, say  
Didst thou from Hell's Eternal Night arise?  
Or from Eternal Day in Heav'n descend?  
What Message bring'st thou? What have I to do?  
Am I to worship thee or to abhor?  
Art thou my evil Genius, or my Good?  
Thus saying, he these tender Accents heard,  
Thou seest that happy King whom *France* rever'd,  
*Lewis*, who fought like thee in Days of Yore.  
That *Lewis*, whose Religion thou hast left,  
That *Lewis*, who compassionates, admires,  
And loves thee; God will guide thee to thy Throne.  
And Conq'ror shalt thou enter *Paris*. Heav'n,  
My Son, will give my Crown, which now is thine,  
Not to thy Courage but thy Clemency.  
'Tis God who tells thee this, 'tis God who sent me.  
The Hero at these Words shed Tears of Joy,  
Soft Peace, all Wrath extinguish'd in his Breast,  
He wept, he sigh'd, he fell upon his Knees,  
Ador'd the Vision; fain wou'd have embrac'd.

Thrice

Thrice to the sacred Shade he holds his Arms,  
And thrice his Father his Embrace illudes,  
Like a light Cloud, that's scatter'd by the Winds.  
Mean time at Night's Approach the Hero quits  
The Place, and follows *Lewis* to *Vincennes*. 130  
Thither the Vision hies, his ancient Haunt,  
Where in old Times beneath a branching Oak  
*Lewis* to dictate his just Laws was wont.  
How chang'd *Vincennes* from what she was of old!  
Now a detested Dungeon, Jail of State,  
Where Ministers, and mighty Men, when stript  
Of Pow'r, in Dearth and Darkness are immur'd:  
The Great, who in the midst of Tempests live,  
At Court, Oppressors and Opprest by Turns,  
Are proud and humble, supple and severe,  
By turns the People's Horror and their Love.





# H E N R I A D E.

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## C A N T O VII.

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### A R G U M E N T.

*Henry falls into a deep Sleep in the Forest of Vincennes. St. Lewis appears to him in a Dream, speaks of his Conversion, carries him up to Heaven. They come to the Place inhabited by departed Souls. A Discourse of various Religions and Safety in them all. Henry has a View of Hell, and of the Regions of Bliss. He arrives at the Palace of the Destinies, and is shewn the Kings and Princes, that are to succeed him. The Characters of Lewis XIII. Lewis XIV. Richlieu, Mazarine, Prince of Conde, Turenne, Catinat, Luxemburgh. St. Lewis's Speech to Cardinal Fleury, not to engage in Wars. St. Lewis anxious about the Spanish Succession. The late Duke of Orleans's Character.*



OD in his Goodness infinite to Man,  
The fav'rite Work of his Almighty  
Hands,  
To smoothe the rugged Paths of our  
short Life,

Two Beings plac'd beneficent on Earth,  
Sweet Sleep and flatt'ring Hope; one spreads his Wings  
Of Down, and one his golden Plumes o'er Care,  
And pours out Treasures in the midst of Want.  
Sleep lulls Affliction to Repose, and Hope  
Supports our Spirits, and our Wish confirms.  
*Lewis* to *Bourbon* calls this faithful Pair;  
Sleep heard his Voice, and from his secret Bow'r  
Soft marches to *Vincenne's* refreshing Shades.  
The Winds at his Approach their Whisp'rings cease,  
And happy Dreams come after led by Hope.  
They hover o'er the Prince, and on his Head  
Olive and Laurel mixt with Poppy place.  
*Lewis* then takes the *Capets* Royal Crown,  
And puts it on victorious *Henry's* Brow.  
Reign, conquer, and in all Things be my Son,  
He said; my Race no Hope has left but thee.  
Oh *Bourbon*, do not think a Crown enough.  
My Empire is the least of all my Gifts.  
To be a Hero, Conq'ror, and a King

Is nothing, if to Truth thou still art blind.  
If Heav'n illumines not thy Mind, a Throne  
And all those Honours are but barren Goods,  
The fragil Recompence of Worth humane,  
By Care accompany'd, by Death destroy'd,  
A transient Greatness, perilous and false.  
Empire more durable I come to shew,  
Much less to recompense thee, than instruct.  
Follow, obey me, and by Ways unknown  
Ascend to the most High, learn of Himself  
Thy Destiny, my Son. He said, and Both  
Mount in a Car of Light, and swift as Thought  
Traverse th'Ætherial Waste and reach the Skies.  
Thus glaring Light'nings in a stormy Night  
Cleave the thick Air, and flye from Pole to Pole.  
Thus on the Banks of *Jordan's* frighted Flood  
*Elijah* <sup>132</sup> in a flaming Cloud involv'd,  
Was rapt from his Disciple's wond'ring Look,  
And in a fiery Chariot born to Heav'n.

Among the Worlds <sup>132</sup>, which with a plenteous  
Hand

Th'Eternal first at the Creation fram'd,  
 Illustrious in the highest Heav'n was rais'd  
 A Globe not visible to Sight profane.  
 In his own Likeness there th'Almighty form'd  
 Immortal Spirits of his Essence pure.  
 These o'er his new created Worlds dispers'd,  
 Did Bodies animate in ev'ry Globe.  
 And thus the peopled Universe began,  
 Thither our Souls, as thence they came, return,  
 When from the Prison of the Flesh they're freed.  
 By God, who made and sent them, when recall'd,  
 Thither again with rapid Wing they flye.  
 As in wild Forests from the Tops of Oaks  
 Leaves faded fall away with Noise confus'd,  
 When, Harbinger of Winter, Boreas blows,  
 Brings back the Cold, and whistles in the Sky;  
 So daily to that *Empyrean*, Death  
 Innumerable Flights of Souls restores.

There rules a Judge upright with equal Laws,  
 Kings at his Feet, and Nations wait their Doom.  
 This is the Being infinite we serve,  
 This He, whom, tho' we know not, we adore.  
 A diff'rent Name in diff'rent Worlds he bears,  
 Thron'd in Effulgence high, he hears our Cries,  
 With Pity sees Us wand'ring from the Truth,  
 And in a Labyrinth of Errors lost,  
 Our pious Follies he with Pity sees,  
 The Pictures which our Ignorance invents  
 To represent his Wisdom infinite.  
 Death, at his Feet, to his Tribunal brings  
*Indians and Turks, the Jew and the Chinese.*  
 The *Mufti* in Amazement rolls around  
 His greedy Eye in Expectation vain,  
 At God's Right Hand to see his Prophet thron'd.  
 The *Brachman* with his meagre mournful Look  
 Vaunts of his Vows and painful Penitence.  
 Their Penitence, their Vows, their Ignorance,  
 Their Faith, without Reward, or Punishment.

God

God for not seeing, will not punish those  
From whom himself so far the Light has plac'd:  
He will not, like a cruel Master, judge  
Offending Souls by Laws, they never knew,  
By Christian Laws of which they never heard,  
Nor by Fanatick Zeal, nor Holy Rage,  
But the plain Law, that speaks in ev'ry Heart.  
Nature, his Daughter and our Mother, guides,  
Enlightens us, and teaches us his Name,  
The Virtues, in our Mind instinct, she moves,  
And learns us in our earliest Years to blush.  
Pure in our Infancy, in Age deprav'd,  
She for her Children weeps, who know her not.  
She weeps, and what we do not hear, her Cries  
Will rise against us in the Day of Death.

But hark! from whence, Great God, those horrid  
Howls,  
Those Floods of sulph'rous Smoke, those dreadful Flames  
Says Henry, in those Climes what Monsters fly?

And



And ah, what fiery Gulphs beneath me gape?  
To Him the Saint: The Great Abyfs you fee  
By Juftice dug's inhabited by Crime;  
Come follow Me, the Ways are ever ope.  
So faying, to the Gates of Hell they came.  
There gloomy Envy lay with Look askance  
And timid, pouring Poifon from her Lips,  
On Laurels, and on all the Poms of Life;  
Light wounds her Eyes, that sparkle in the dark.  
She loves the Dead, as ſhe the Living hates,  
Sees *Henry*, turns her Head afide, and fights  
Near her ſelf-loving, ſelf-admiring Pride  
And Weaknefs, with down Look and Viſage wan,  
Who ruins Virtue, and to Vice gives Way,  
Ambition bloody, reſtleſs, ſeldom right,  
With Thrones ſurrounded, Sepulchres and Slaves:  
There ſoft Hypocriſy, with Glances ſweet,  
Heav'n's in her Eyes, and Hell is in her Heart:  
False Zeal her barb'rous Maxims holding forth,  
And Int'reſt, Father of all Crimes, were there.

Theſe

These Tyrants, lewd Corrupters of Mankind,  
Appear'd at Sight of *Henry* in Affright.

They ne'er had seen him, ne'er their impious Rout  
Dar'd to approach his Soul, to Virtue bred.

What Mortal, by that Saint conducted, comes,  
They cry'd, our destin'd Dwellings to disturb,  
And persecute us in Eternal Night?

The Hero march'd amid those Sprights obscene  
With tardy Pace beneath those horrent Roofs,  
*Lewis* his Leader—Ah, What is't I see?

Th'Assassin of *Valois*, that Monster fell,  
Father, the bloody Weapon's in his Hand,

The same the Traytor took from the *Sixteen*.

While factious Priests the sacred Fanes pollute,  
And on their Shrines the Murd'ers Portrait place,

While *Rome* extols him, and the *League* invoke  
Hell disavows him, and in Torments here

He howls, whom factious Priests on Earth adore.

Son, replies *Lewis*, the severest Laws

Princes and Kings in these Abodes pursue.

L

Behold

Behold those Tyrants worship'd in our World,  
The loftier they were then, the lower now.  
God punishes their Crimes, the Crimes themselves,  
Committed, suffer'd, and left unreveng'd.  
Death robb'd them of their flitting Pow'rs and Pomps,  
Their Glare, their Joys, and Hireling Sycophants,  
Whose servile Complaisance, and artful Fraud  
Hid from their dazled Eyes the Face of Truth,  
And Truth severe is their Tormentor here.  
She's still before their Eyes, and still in View  
Their Vices sets in full Deformity.  
See how the Conq'rors tremble at her Voice,  
They're Heroes in the Peoples Eyes, in God's  
They're Tyrants. Flails he uses in his Wrath,  
Whom Fury sets a Fire, who self-inflam'd  
By their own Thunders in their Turn are crush'd.  
Next these are all those slothful Kings reclin'd,  
Who loll'd, meer Phantoms, on dishonour'd Thrones  
And near them *Henry* saw their Ministers  
Haughty with Height, and insolent with Pow'r.

Counsellor's corrupt of Manners and of Laws,  
Who sold the Dignities of Courts and Camps,  
Who the Rewards of Virtue, nobly won  
By our Forefathers, put to sordid Sale.

There, in that Place of Sorrow, they beheld  
Those, who in Luxury their Lives consum'd,  
And Multitudes of Mortals, who were drown'd  
In Pleasure, Idleness, and wanton Ease.

The Son of *Lewis* at this melting Sight  
Wept, and these Accents utter'd, mix'd with Sighs;  
Ah wretched Race of Men, if doom'd to dwell  
In Horrors everlasting for the Crimes  
Of a short Life, for temporary Faults  
To suffer an Eternity of Woe.

Were it not better they had never been,  
Had ne'er seen Light, nor breath'd the vital Air;  
Happy, if God so Great, and so severe,  
From Man, too free Alas! at least had ta'en  
The fatal Pow'r of Disobedience.

Think not the Sufferings of these condemn'd,

Says *Lewis* to his Son, surpass their Crimes.  
Think not that God, Creator of Mankind,  
Delights the Works of his own Hands to tear.  
No, if he's infinite 'tis in Rewards,  
Profuse of Gifts, but sparing of Revenge.  
On Earth he's painted like a Tyrant, here  
He like a Father punishes his Sons,  
And softly with his Hand avenging strikes,  
The Frailty of our Nature, Faults humane  
Sallies of Passion, hasty and unthought,  
False Pleasures, full of Trouble and Remorse,  
Such as from fated Imperfection flow,  
Brought not Perdition on these damn'd, for such  
None suffer Pains Eternal like Himself.

Mean time, pursuing still their wond'rous Way  
They reach the Realms of Innocence and Bliss,  
They see no more the dreadful Dark of Hell,  
But the pure Lustre of Immortal Light.  
*Henry* those happy Mansions sees, and feels

A sudden Joy within till then unknown.  
No Cares nor Passions there disturb the Soul.  
There peaceful Pleasure, still dispensing Sweets,  
There Love in full Extent of Empire reigns :  
But not the Love by Luxury inspir'd,  
That Torch Divine, that Holy Heav'nly Fire,  
Pure Infant of the Skies, on Earth unknown.  
Of him all Hearts are in those Regions full,  
Incessant they desire, and they enjoy ;  
And warm'd within eternal Ardor taste  
Joys without Grievs, and without Languor Rest.  
There Kings, once Fathers of their People, reign ;  
True Heroes there, and there true Sages live.  
There *Charlemagne* and *Clovis* sit sublime, <sup>133</sup>  
On Golden Thrones, and have their Eye on *France*.  
The greatest Enemies, the fiercest Foes  
Are there united, all are Brothers there.  
There the Twelfth *Lewis* <sup>134</sup>, Wife above all Kings,  
Above all Kings is thron'd, and gives them Laws.  
That King to our Forefathers giv'n in Love

By Heav'n propitious, Justice by his Side  
 Sate always, and her Ballance equal held.  
 Ready to pardon, in his Peoples Hearts  
 He reign'd, and, when in Sorrow, dry'd their Tears.  
*Amboise* <sup>135</sup>, his faithful Servant at his Feet,  
*France* as He lov'd alone, so She lov'd him.  
 A Fav'rite without Pride, who high in Pow'r,  
 Ne'er foul'd his Hands with Rapine or with Blood.  
 Oh Times! Oh Manners! worthy deathless Fame,  
 Happy the People, glorious was the Prince,  
 All tasted of his grateful Laws the Sweets,  
 And may another *Lewis* in the length  
 Of Time, another Age of Gold restore.  
 Our gallant Warriours farther off are seen,  
 Men by their Duty not their Fury fir'd,  
*Poix* <sup>136</sup>, *Montmerency* <sup>137</sup>, *Trimouille* <sup>138</sup>, *Cliffen*,  
 The virtuous *Bayard* <sup>139</sup>, *Guiscelin* <sup>140</sup> the Bold,  
 Who ruin'd Kings, and Kings by turns reveng'd.  
 There the redoubted Amazon they saw,  
*England's* Disgrace, and the Support of *France*.

These Heroes thou beholdest in the Heav'ns,  
Says *Lewis*, shone on Earth like thee, my Son,  
Virtue to them, as to thyself was dear.  
But Children of the Church, with filial Love  
They cherish'd her, and heard from her the Truth.  
Their Worship was the same with mine, and why  
Hast thou forsaken it? As thus he spoke  
With Voice lamenting; Lo, before their Eyes  
The Palace of the Destinies appears;  
He thither leads his Son: A hundred Gates  
Of Brass fly open at his Look, where Time  
Forwards and backwards keeps incessant Flight,  
And thence on Earth with plenteous Hand pours forth  
The Good and Ill the Sisters have in Store  
For humane Race, and without Waste dispense.  
A Book inexplicable they behold  
Plac'd on an Iron Altar, the Contents,  
The future in irrevocable Fate.  
There our Desires with God's own Hand are mark'd,  
Our cruel Sorrows and our feeble Joys.



There Liberty, that haughty Slave, is held  
A Prisoner, invisible her Chain.  
She bears, and is for ever doom'd to bear  
A Yoke unknown, by God himself impos'd,  
Who keeps her in Subjection unconstrain'd.  
The more obedient to the Laws divine,  
The more her Chain is hidden from her Eyes.  
Obedience is her Choice, or so she thinks,  
And that the Sisters have from her their Laws.  
My Son, says *Lewis*, thence 'tis Grace divine  
Benevolently works in human Hearts,  
And from these sacred Places in due Time  
Shall dart a Ray of Light to pierce thy Soul.  
Thou can'st not hasten nor delay, nor know  
That precious Time to God alone reveal'd.  
Far off, too far alas! 'tis yet to come;  
But come it will, and Goodness infinite  
Shall with her Children number thee at last.  
But Ah, What Trials art thou yet to pass?  
What shameful Weaknesses art yet to prove,

And

And yet in what mistaken Ways to walk?  
Shorten, Oh Gracious God, those evil Days,  
That at a distance from thee keeps this King.

But see what Crowds in long Succession press  
For Passage too and from this Place immense.  
Behold, says *Lewis*, in these blest Abodes  
Portraits of Mortals destin'd to be born,  
The various People of the future World,  
Imag'd as they in Times to come shall live.  
The Days of Men are counted e'er they pass,  
And ever present to th'Omniscient's Eye.  
Here Destiny the Moment of their Birth  
The Rise of some, the Fall of others marks,  
The several Changes incident to all,  
Their Vices, Virtues, and their Last of Life.  
Draw nearer, Heav'n permits thee to foreknow  
What Kings and Heroes from thy Root shall spring.  
The foremost in thy View's thy Son august, 14  
Who long our Lillies Glory shall maintain,

Triumph

Triumph o'er *Spain* and *Belgia*, but be still  
Unequal to his Father and his Son.

That Moment *Henry* near the Throne observ'd  
Two Mortals with the Lillies in their Arms,  
And at their Feet a Nation lay enchain'd,  
Both with the Roman Purple cloath'd, and Both  
With Guards surrounded and a Warriour-Train,  
For Kings He takes them. You are not deceiv'd,  
Says *Lewis*, Kings they are without the Name.  
*Richlieu* <sup>143</sup> and *Mazarine*, both rule the Prince  
And People, Fav'rites of Immortal Fame.

Both from the Shade of Altars rose to shine,  
High-seated near the Throne of *Charlemagne*.  
Children of Chance and Policy, who made  
Large Strides, advancing to Despotick Pow'r.

*Richlieu*, sublime, implacable, and grand,  
Supple, and crafty *Mazarine*, and false.

One flies with Art, and to the Storm gives way;  
The other resolutely stems the Tide.

Both to the Princes of our Royal Blood

Are Enemies avow'd, and both at once  
Are hated by the People, and admir'd.  
Thus they become, by Industry and Art,  
To their Kings useful, to their Country Plagues.  
Heav'n, what a Crow'd of Slaves are on their Knees  
Before that King <sup>44</sup>, and tremble at his Nod ?  
What Honour, what Respect they pay, no Prince  
His People e'er in such Obedience kept.  
By Glory, He, like You, I see's inspir'd,  
More fear'd, and more obey'd, but less below'd.  
The Good of Fortune and the Bad he knows,  
In that too haughty, resolute in this.  
Himself, a hundred Nations leagu'd, defies,  
Great in his Life, but greater in his Death.  
Happy this Age, an Age by Nature blest,  
Immeasurably with her choicest Gifts.  
Thou, *Lewis*, brought'st the finer Arts to *France*,  
On thee Futurity shall cast her Eyes,  
The Muses Empire there by thee was fix'd.  
There moves the Marble, and the Canvas breathes,

A thou-

A thousand Artists there with curious Toil  
 Measure the various Orbs, and read the Skies.  
*Descartes* <sup>145</sup> took his Flight with hardy Wing  
 From Earth, and guided by his proper Light  
 Launch'd into Air, and other Worlds explor'd.  
 I hear on ev'ry Side enchanting Sounds,  
 Sweet Harmony of Verse, and Songs divine;  
 The Language of the Gods. And now, ye *French*,  
 You know to conquer, and your Conquests sing.  
 All Laurels now are for your Temples wreath'd,  
 A People of Heroick Mould are form'd,  
 And fated for these happy Climes. I see  
 The *Bourbons* foremost in the Chace of Fame,  
 And *Conde* <sup>146</sup> fighting midst a thousand Fires,  
 By Turns his Master's Terror and Support.  
*Turenne* <sup>147</sup>, his gen'rous Rival, seems less warm,  
 But wiser and his Equal, if not more.  
 In *Catinat* <sup>148</sup>, rare Hap, are reconcil'd  
 The Talents of the Warriour, and the Sage.  
*Vauban* <sup>149</sup>, a Compass in his Hand, surveys

From Rampier or from Tow'r th'approaching Foe,  
And laughs to hear a hundred Cannons roar.  
Thou, *Luxembourg* <sup>150</sup>, invincible in War,  
And fam'd Abroad, shalt find Neglect at Home.  
Couragious *Villars* <sup>151</sup> in *Denain* behold  
Disputing Thunder with the Bird of *Jove*,  
Worthy his Master to support, and be  
Great *Eugene's* Rival, on his Laurels waits  
The Peace so wish'd, so wanted by the World.  
What Royal Youth <sup>152</sup> is that in whose fair Front  
Sweetness and Majesty together shine?  
With Look indiff'rent He regards the Crown.  
Heav'n, in what sudden Night is He involv'd?  
Death hovers o'er his Head, and see He falls  
At the Throne's Foot as he to mount it moves,  
And with him <sup>153</sup> fell the justest Man in *France*,  
Of your own Blood, my Son; ye righteous Pow'rs!  
Why did you only shew him to Mankind?  
That Flow'r of your own forming why so soon  
To fade? If longer it had flourish'd, *France*

Had

Had been too happy, but alas ! 'tis lost.

What wou'd not such a virtuous Soul have done ?

Plenty and Peace had been his sov'reign Care,

Like Children, He his People wou'd have lov'd,

And counted by his Benefits, his Days.

But ah, What dire Alarms have seiz'd the *French*,

What loud Laments I hear, what Weeping see ?

In the same Grave at once, hard Fate, are laid,

The Husband, Wife, the Mother, and the Son. 154

Among these Royal Ruins springs a Sprig

That branches from the Tree, the Root cut off,

The Sons of *Lewis* in their Tombs inclos'd,

Have left to govern *France* a cradled King. 155

Sweet, but frail Hope of an unsettled State:

Oh prudent *Fleury* ! watch his Infant Years,

Guide his First Steps, and cultivate with Care

Thy precious Charge, the purest of my Blood

As much as He's a Sov'reign. Let him learn

To know Himself, and what few Kings are taught,

To know, that tho' he's Master, He's a Man.

Teach

Teach him to love his Subjects: In his Mind  
Imprint this Truth, that but for them He's King,  
And but for them was born: And thou oh *France*,  
See under him thy Majesty restor'd.  
Break thro' the Darkness, that has veil'd thy Light,  
And let those Arts that to have left thee seem,  
Return and crown thee with their useful Hands.  
Old Ocean in his Cave profound demands,  
Where do the Lillies in thy Flags appear.  
Commerce from *Nile*, from *Euxine*, and from *Ind*,  
Calls thee, and opens to thee all her Stores.  
Keep Peace and Order, and seek War no more,  
Be Arbitrator of Kings, let that suffice.  
Thy Glory, thou hast lately paid too much  
For having been their Terror and their Haze.

Near the young King in Royal Splendor shines  
A Hero, much by Calumny pursu'd;  
Easy not weak, industrious and warm,  
With Pleasures, and with Novelties in Love,

Himself



Himself in Luxury's Embraces sets  
 The World in Motion, *Orleans* his Name,  
 All, *Europe* his consummate Policy  
 Keeps in Suspence, divided and tranquil.  
 Arts under his Protection thrive once more.  
 For various Toils, with various Talents born,  
 Always unhappy He, in nothing more  
 Than the vast Genius he receiv'd from Heav'n.

Then in the Blaze of Lightnings and a Storm  
 The Banner of the *Bourbons* wave in Air.  
 Before it stand a bold *Iberian* Band,  
 Who brave the *German* Eagle's haughty Head.  
 Father, says *Henry*, What new Sight is this?  
 To Him the Saint—In ev'ry thing there's Change,  
 And ev'ry thing that's mundane has its Grave.  
 Adore We Heav'n, whose Ways to Us are hid,  
 The Line of the Fifth *Charles* <sup>157</sup> is now cut short.  
*Spain* on the Knee comes now to beg a King,  
 And one of our own Lineage gives her Laws.

*Philip*

*Philip*—This Sight affected *Henry's* Soul,  
Sweet the Surprise, and ravishing the Joy.  
This first Emotion moderate, my Son,  
Says *Lewis*, still there's Room enough for Fear.  
Th'Event is grand, the Consequence the same,  
*Paris* will give a Master to *Madrid*,  
An Honour, which may fatal prove to both.  
Kings of my Blood, Oh *Philip*, Oh my Sons,  
Can you the *Spaniards* with the *French* unite?  
How long will last the Fuel you provide  
To feed the Fire of Discord in your Race?

He said, and in an Instant *Henry* saw  
Nothing but Objects in Confusion lost.  
Fast shut the Destinies their brazen Gates,  
And Heav'n, and the whole Vision turn'd to Shade.

*Aurora* rising in the rosy East,  
Opes now the Golden Palace of the Sun,  
Night her black Mantle spreads o'er other Skies ;

Dreams flye with Darkneſs at th'Approach of Day,  
When *Bourbon* waking felt within his Breſt  
New Vigour, and ceſtial Ardor glow.  
His Looks more Fear, and more Reſpect inspir'd,  
And on his Brow ſate Majeſty divine.

Thus, when th'Avenger of the choſen Tribes  
Of *Iſrael* on the Mount with God conferr'd,  
The frighted *Hebrews* proſtrate in the Duſt,  
Durſt not look up, but of his alter'd Eyes  
Th'intolerable Brightneſs trembling ſhun'd.





# H E N R I A D E.

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## C A N T O VIII.

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### A R G U M E N T.

*The Leaguers declare the Duke de Mayne Lieutenant of France. Discord promises them Succours from Spain. Count Egmont brings them Assistance from the Netherlands. The Battle of Ivry. The Leaguers beaten, and Discord flies to Love to implore his Aid.*



H E States at *Paris* frighted and confus'd,

Tho' swoln, so late, with Arrogance  
and Pride,

Forget they had been call'd to chuse a King.

Distraction seizes them at *Henry's* Name,

Their Fury's puzzled, and their Pride perplex'd.

Nor dare they or degrade their Chief, or crown;  
 But yet they firm their infamous Decrees,  
 And give him Pow'rs and Honours, not their own.  
 Thus *Mayne* becomes a King without a Crown,  
 And without Captain a Lieutenant, still  
 Preserving o'er his Party Pow'r supreme,  
 He calls himself their Prop, and they obey,  
 Promise to combat for him, and to die.  
 Full of fresh Hopes he summons them to sit  
 In Council, and they come; *Lorrains, Nemours,*  
*Canillac* <sup>158</sup>, and *St. Pol*, presumptuous Peers,  
*La Chartre*, giddy *Joyeuse*, and *Brissac*,  
 Pride, Fierceness, Vengeance, Fury and Despair  
 Are painted on their Fronts, some scarce have Strength  
 To move, by Loss of Blood in Fight brought low.  
 But neither Fights, nor Loss of Blood, nor Wounds  
 Have quench'd their Thirst of Vengeance; *Mayne*  
     presides,  
 And all, agreed in Faction, vow Revenge.  
 Thus on *Olympus* Top the Poets paint

The Sons of Earth in War against the Skies.  
Rocks upon Rocks they pile, and Hills on Hills,  
And proudly menace to dethrone the Gods.  
*Discord* at th'Instant breaking thro' a Cloud,  
Presents herself before them in a Car  
Blazing with Light, and thus bespeaks the States :  
Courage, my Children, Succour comes, 'tis now  
The Time to conquer or to die. *Aumale*  
Rose at her Words, and from th'Assembly ran.  
Far off he sees the *Spanish* Lances shine.  
There, there, he cries, the promis'd Succours come  
So long demanded, and delay'd so long :  
At last has *Spain* Assistance sent to *France*.  
He said, and *Mayne* advancing to the Gates,  
Sees from the Walls th'*Iberians* on the March.  
Near where the breathless Bodies of our Kings  
In consecrated Monuments consume,  
That formidable Blaze of burnish'd Arms,  
Helmets and Harness glittering with Gold,  
Defy'd the beamy Brightness of the Sun.

To meet them flye the factious Crowd with Joy,  
And bleſs the Leader ſent them by *Madrid*,  
Young *Egmont* <sup>160</sup>, Warriour obſtinate and fierce,  
Th' ambitious Son of an unhappy Sire.

In *Brussels* he firſt breath'd the vital Air,  
His Father blinded by his Country's Love,  
Dy'd on a Scaffold to maintain her Right,  
And free the *Flemings* from a Foreign Yoke.  
His Son, a fawning Courtier, bold in Fights,  
Long kiſs'd the Hand, by which his Father bled,  
And for Court-Benefits his Country ſold,  
Oppreſt the *Flemings*, and reliev'd the *League* ;  
By *Philip* to the *Seine's* fair *Borders* ſent,  
A Tutelary God to ſuccour *Mayne*,  
Who joyn'd with *Egmont* in his Strength excels,  
And jnly menaces the Royal Tents.  
With Slaughter in his Turn and Fright to fill  
Deſiance in their Looks, they both advance.  
Well pleas'd, the King, that Air audacious ſees.  
His Vows anticipate a Fight, ſo like

To prove decisive to the Fate of *France*.

Near *Eure*, and *Itton*'s silver Streams, a Vale,  
The Love of Nature, spreads her flowry Lap.  
*Flora* their Banks with beauteous Hand adorns,  
And *Zephyrs* with their balmy Breath perfume.  
The Shepherds, happy in these peaceful Shades  
Liv'd undisturb'd amid the Din of War,  
And long from hostile Ravage had been free,  
Their Poverty protected by kind Heav'n,  
Seem'd to defy the Rapine of the Sword.  
Safe in their haulmy Huts they sweetly slept,  
Ne'er by the Noise of Drums or Trumpets wak'd.  
Here the two Hosts adverse extend their Wings,  
And Desolation marches in their Front.  
Frighted the Floods of *Eure* and *Itton* creep,  
And to the Woods the trembling Shepherds flye,  
The dear Companions of their Loves and Lives,  
Lamenting in their Arms their Children bear.  
Ah wretched Dwellers in these charming Fields,



Impute not to your King this Flow of Tears,  
 He seeks not War but for the sake of Peace ;  
 Happy ye *French*, he'll make you, end your Woes.  
 When forc'd to fight, he pities you, and loves.  
 But precious are his Moments, swift he rides  
 From Rank to Rank upon a fiery Steed,  
 Flitter than Winds, and of his Burthen proud,  
 He champs the Golden Bit, and neighs for War.  
 Near him his Warriours rang'd in shining Arms,  
 Flush'd with his Fame, and with his Laurels wreath'd,  
*D'aumont* <sup>162</sup>, who serv'd five Monarchs in the Field,  
*Biron* <sup>163</sup>, whose Name compels the trickling Tears:  
 His Son then young, impetuous, warm and bold,  
 Who since—But then in Virtue's Paths he trod.  
*Sulli* <sup>164</sup>, *Grillon* <sup>165</sup>, *Nangis*, whom, Foes to Crime,  
 The *League* at once detested and esteem'd.  
*Turenne* <sup>166</sup>, who since *Bouillon* breath'd his last,  
 Deserv'd his Name and Puissance in *Sedan* ;  
 Puissance unhappy, and but ill maintain'd,  
 Destroy'd as soon as rais'd by *Armand's* <sup>167</sup> Hate ;

Amidst

Amidst these Chiefs ambitious *Essex* thone;  
As in our Gardens lifts the lofty Palm  
His tow'ring Head above our tufted Elms,  
And in his Foreign Beauties seems to pride,  
Sparkling his Helmet as the brightest Fire,  
Where Gold and Gems the Mastery dispute,  
Dear, precious Presents by his Mistress given  
In Honour of his Courage, or his Love.  
Thrice happy, and renown'd of Mortals thou,  
Illustrious *Essex*, to be thus at once  
The Lover of thy Queen, and the Support of Kings.  
Farther are *Tremouille*, *Clermont*, *Feuquieres*,  
Th'Unhappy *Nele*, and happy *Lesdiguieres* 168.  
*Daily*, to thee was this a fatal Day.  
These Heroes wait the Signal for Attack,  
Impatient, and on *Henry's* Visage read  
Hope and Presage of glorious Victory.  
*Mayne* anxious and dejected, fought in vain  
His wonted Valour in his restless Heart.  
Or, conscious of th' Injustice of his Cause,

Forbidding

Forbidding animating Hope from Heav'n,  
Or, as 'tis often in the Soul, there rose.  
Thoughts, ill presaging, in his lab'ring Breast.  
Mean Time, the Heroe hid his high Concern,  
Disguis'd his Trouble with the Mask of Joy,  
Awakes the sleepy Courage of his Troops,  
And strives to warm them with that gen'rous Hope  
Himself affects, but has not of his own.  
*Egmont* in Confidence of Conquest dares  
The Danger, heated by that youthful Blood  
Which breeds Imprudence, and in Rashness ends.  
Eager to put his Valour to the Proof,  
*Mayne's* dilatory Motions he condemns.  
As a proud Courser feeding in the Fields  
Of *Thrace*, the Trumpet's warning Clangor hears  
Indocile, fierce, and full of Martial Fire,  
He lifts above his Head his waving Mane.  
Runs, bounds, curvetts, and rages like a Storm.  
A noble Fury so did *Egmont* seize,  
In his Eyes sparkle, in his Bosom burn ;

Conceiving vain, that Victory had wove  
The Garland for his Brow, with ardent Voice  
He presses Battle, thoughtless that his Pride  
In *Ivry's* sanguine Plains prepares his Grave.

Great *Henry* tow'rds his Foes advancing, thus  
Bespeaks his Soldiers, whom his Presence fires:  
*French* Men are you by Birth, and I'm your King;  
Your Enemies are there—March—follow Me.  
Keep in the hottest of the Fight in Ken  
This Plume, and see it o'er my Helmet wave.  
The Way to Honour, where it shines, is there.  
These Words with a victorious Air pronounc'd,  
His Troops afresh with martial Fire inflam'd,  
Marching, the God of Armies he invok'd,  
The Combatants of either Party flew  
To combat, as their Chiefs inspir'd and led.  
Thus where *Alcides* cleft the Mountain Crag,  
The blust'ring North breaks furious thro' the Chasm,  
Sudden the foamy Waves from double Seas

Meet and shoot upwards with impetuous Shock.  
Earth groans from far, Day flies, and growl the Skies,  
While trembling *Atlas* fears a falling World.

The Musket with the Sword for Slaughter join'd,  
Death from all Quarters flies with double Wings.  
The Demon, that o'er War presides, contriv'd  
The Weapon at *Bayonne* <sup>169</sup> in elder Times  
To sweep from Earth the living Race of Man,  
At once resembling Product fit of Hell,  
What is in Thought most dreadful, Sword and Fire.  
Both Sides Dexterity and Courage shew,  
Tumult and Fear, blind Fury, Cries and Groans,  
Carnage, Despair, an ardent Thirst of Blood,  
A mingled Mass of Horrors both confound,  
Here one pursues to Death a Kindred Foe,  
And there a Brother 's by a Brother slain.  
Horrent to Nature is the bloody Strife,  
And Fields, reluctant, drink the Crimson Flood.  
Great *Henry* presses on, and mows his Way,

Forests

Forests of Spears in vain impede his Course,  
Before him bleeding Squadrons flye and fall,  
The faithful *Mornay* follows him serene,  
And calm amidst the Tempest of the War  
Waits on, and watches o'er him thro' the Field,  
Like his good Genius in that dreadful Day.  
See there, says he, that shock'd Battalion flies,  
*Mayne's* Troops are in Arrest near yonder Wood.  
*Aumale* advances, let us meet his March.  
Thus he assists him in the Fight, and guards;  
More than one Blow, while yet he speaks, wards off,  
But Stoical, will not permit his Hand  
To slay, or shew the Stain of human Blood.  
His Soul is only for his King concern'd,  
He only to defend him draws his Sword.  
Combats he hates, but knows not what is Fear,  
Dares Death, and never gives the Death he dares.

*D'Aumont* as valiant as superb, to Rout  
Puts *Nemours'* frighted Troop; where'er he comes;

Horror

Horror and Slaughter *Dailly* with him bears,  
The *Leaguers* flye before him in Dismay  
Daring a thousand Darts, a sudden Check  
From a young Arm disdaining he receives,  
Fast on each other fall the sounding Strokes,  
And o'er them hover Victory and Death.  
Incessant is th'Attack, and the Repulse;  
Keener their Courage grows, and blunt their Swords;  
Their Helmet and their Buckler ward off Wounds,  
And bear the Batt'ry of the dreadful Steel.  
Surpriz'd at such Resistance, each respects  
His Rival, and his Gallantry admires.  
At length old *Dailly* by a Stroke ill-hap'd,  
Fell'd the young Warriour breathless at his Feet.  
Off flew his Helmet, and his Visage bar'd,  
The Father saw, a killing Sight, his Son.  
He takes him to his Arms, and bathes with Tears,  
Then turning to his Breast his bloody Sword,  
Wou'd on himself his Parricide revenge.  
His Hand is held; in Agonies of Grief

He quits the Place, detests his Victory,  
And takes eternal Farewel of the Court,  
Of Glory and Mankind; himself he flies  
In distant Defarts from the World to hide  
His Woe. And whether in those Wilds he dy'd,  
Or in the Bosom of the Deep was lost,  
As long as he had Life, his moanful Voice  
Taught Echo to repeat his Son's dear Name.

Heav'n, what dread Cries strike ev'ry where the Ear!  
What Torrents of *French* Blood o'erflow the Fields!  
Who scatters thus the *Leaguers*, and confounds,  
What Hero, or what God this Havock makes?  
Young *Biron*, with resistless Fury breaks  
Their stun'd Battalions, and in Flight pursues.  
*D'Aumale*, his Choler boiling, sees them flye.  
Stop, stop, ye Cowards! Whither wou'd you run,  
He cries, Are you Companions worthy *Mayne*  
And *Guise*? Are you Avengers of the Church,  
Of *Paris*, and of *Rome*? — Stop — Follow Me,  
And



And fight by my Example——Fight and Conquer,  
 Soon to his Succour flye *Beauveau*, *Fosseuse*,  
 The fierce *St. Pol*, and fickle *de Joyeuse*,  
 Rally their broken Troops, and bid a second War.  
*Aumale* reanimates, his fiery Look  
 Infects them with his Fire, swift Fortune turns  
 Her Face, and to the Forward makes her Court.  
*Biron* in vain the reflux Torrent stems,  
 And with intrepid Courage toils in vain.  
 He by his Side sees *Parabere* expire,  
 Among the Crowd of Dead he sees *Feuquieres*,  
*Clermont* and *Nele*, and *Angenne* bite the Ground.  
 He's ready, all o'er Wounds, to drop himself.  
 And thus, Ah *Biron*! thou shou'd'st thus have dy'd.<sup>170</sup>  
 A Fate so famous, and so fair a Fall,  
 Immortal had thy glorious Mem'ry made.  
 Do's not thy Master come to thy Relief?  
 He knows the Peril that involves thy Life,  
 And flies to thy Assistance, quits Pursuit  
 To Conq'rors grateful Labour; like a God

Wrath

Wrath menacing, *Aumale* avoids his View,  
Trembling recoils, and *Biron* leaves with Life,  
All give to *Bourbon* way; thy King, brave Youth,  
Thy King has snatch'd thee bleeding from the Hands  
Of butch'ring Soldiers, by his Aid thou liv'd'st,  
And to be faithful to him is the least  
That Gratitude demands, and thou can'st pay.

Soon were to *Mayne* the grievous Tidings born,  
And where most bloody was the Field he runs,  
Where *Henry* spreads Disorder, Fear and Death:  
Who can the Slaughter of the Day express,  
Which stain'd with Blood the flow'ry Banks of *Eure*,  
The Blows, the Wounds, and shining Feats of Arms?  
Who can the Dying and the Dead relate,  
Now hidden in the darksome Night of Time?

Oh Thou, the Manes of a bleeding King,  
The Greatest in the World, th'Eternal Shade,  
Thy sacred Dwelling for a Moment leave,

Enlighten my dark Mind, and guide my Voice.

Prest on all Sides, his formidable Sword  
In *Spanish* Blood and *French*, is deeply drench'd,  
A thousand *Leaguers* by his Arm expire,  
While *Egmont* rashly tempts his prosp'rous Rage.  
Long had that Alien of his Valour vain,  
Sought *Henry* where the Carnage deepen'd most.  
The Glory of a Combat with the King  
Inflames him, and precipitates his Fate.  
Come, *Bourbon*, heighten thy Renown, he cries,  
Fight We. 'Tis ours the Victory to fix.  
He said, and forward striking reach'd his Side,  
No Mortal Wound, but such as swell'd his Pride,  
To steep in *Henry's* Royal Blood his Blade.  
The wounded King his Peril unappal'd  
Beholds, and with redoubled Fury fights.  
It flatters his Great Heart amongst his Foes,  
To find a Warriour worthy his Renown.  
Far from retarding him, his Wound provokes,

He

He falls on *Egmont* with amazing Force,  
And whelms him to the Ground; his glittering Sword  
Deep in his Breast immerging rives his Heart.  
He's trampled under Horses bloody Feet,  
And in Death's Shades his swimming Eyes are wrapt,  
Thither in angry Mood his Soul takes Flight,  
Smit with Remorse at th'Aspect of his Sire.  
Wet'ring in Blood his breathless Body lies,  
And onward *Henry* pressing reaches *Mayne*,  
Assaults him, and with strong up-lifted Arm  
O'er his plum'd Head the brandish'd Death suspends.  
Wax wan the *Leaguers*, in his Fate is theirs.  
*D'Aumale*, *St. Pol* to his Assistance fly,  
Surround Him, and from *Bourbon's* Sword defend,  
Whither, Oh *Essex*! dost thou furious run?  
And whither bear the Tempest of the Field?  
The routed *Flemings* He to Slaughter gives,  
While *Daumont*, *Joyeuse* and *Nemours* pursues  
There *Barbazan* by valiant *Nangis* fell,  
And ev'ry where the *Leaguers* fall or fly,

Abandoning their Banners, and their Arms.  
 Some yield without Resistance, and on Earth  
 Suppliant the Conq'rors easy Chains implore.  
 Others to scape Pursuit, by rapid Flight  
 Are hurry'd to the Banks of *Eure*, and plunge  
 Precipitate into the Flood, whose Waves  
 Choak'd by the Crimson Carnage reflux run,  
 And thus they meet the Death they wou'd avoid.  
 A thousand hideous Cries far off resound,  
 And *Mantes* <sup>171</sup> and *Anet* frighted shake with Fear.

To *Paris Mayne* retreats, within her Walls  
 Shut up he strives in vain to hide his Shame,  
 While on all Sides victorious *Henry* sees  
 The *Leaguers* at his Feet imploring Grace.  
 Opes in that Instant the high Vault of Heav'n,  
 The Shades of the *Bourbons* descend in Air ;  
 Amidst them *Lewis* from th'Ætherial Skies  
 Surveys Great *Henry* with Parental Love,  
 To see what Use of Victory He makes,

How

How worthy of his Glory in this War.  
His Soldiers on the Vanquish'd gaze with Ire;  
The Captives in his Presence trembling wait  
Their Doom suspended, by their Guilt made dumb;  
In their wild Looks, Shame, Terror and Despair  
Image their perfect Mis'ry to *Bourbon*,  
Who gracious tow'rds them turns his Eyes, where reign  
Sweetness at once, and Boldness temper'd sweet.  
Be free, he cries, and now 'tis in your Choice  
To live my Subjects, or remain my Foes.  
A Master you must have, or *Mayne*, or Me;  
See, which of Us to be so, merits most.  
Choose which to be yourselves, the *Leaguers* Slaves,  
Or the Companions of a King; with Me  
To triumph, or beneath their Yoke to tremble.  
These Words from Him, so late with Conquest crown'd,  
Spoke on the Spot, while scarce the Battle's spent,  
Struck with Astonishment the Captive Bands.  
Content with their Defeat, they bless their Chains;  
Their Eyes are open'd, softned are their Hearts,

His Valour conquers them, his Virtue charms.  
Now of the Name of *Bourbon's* Soldiers proud,  
They mingle with his Troops, and march with Joy.  
The King, relenting, bids the Slaughter cease,  
And strait his Warriours drop their lifted Arms;  
He's now no more that Lion smear'd with Blood,  
Who carry'd Fear and Death from Rank to Rank.  
He's now a God beneficent, who throws  
His Thunder by, and sinks into a Calm.  
The Vanquish'd with Heart-healing Words he wins,  
The Victors with endearing Praise confirms,  
Comforts, Rewards, and binds them all in Bonds  
Of Love; to such as on the Verge of Life  
Stood tott'ring, He Support and Succour sends.  
O'er all their Dangers, and o'er all their Wants,  
He like a Father kind extends his Cares,

The ready Messenger, that thro' the World  
Flies with light Wing, encreasing in her Flight,  
With daily Traverse passes Hills and Seas,

And

And sounds in ev'ry Ear the Deeds of Kings,  
Fame, in the Rebel-City Tidings spreads  
Of *Bourbon's* mighty Deeds and *Mayne's* Disgrace ;  
Who, vanquish'd as he was, seems full of Hope,  
And practises his Craft to hide his Shame.  
A hundred false Reports he feigns to raise  
The drooping *League*, and rekindle their Zeal.  
But maugre all his Pains the cruel Truth  
Bely'd, ev'n in his View, th'Imposture vile,  
And flew from Mouth to Mouth, and froze their  
Hearts.

*Discord* affrighted, all her Rage collects,  
I will not see my Work destroy'd, She cries,  
Within these wretched Walls. I have not pour'd  
So many Poisons, lit so many Fires,  
Of Blood so many Rivers stream'd to fix  
My Pow'r, at last to leave on *Henry's* Head  
The Crown of *France*; as fierce as he appears,  
If I can't break his Spirit, I'll dissolve.



Resisting such try'd Valour is in vain,  
No Conq'ror will he ever have but Me.  
His Heart is what I fear, and I'll to Day  
Attack it, Combat, Conquer by Himself.  
She said, and sudden from the Banks of *Seine*  
Flies in a bloody Chariot, drawn by Hate,  
In a thick Cloud, at whose Appearance, Day  
Turns pale, and swift to Love she wings her Way.





# H E N R I A D E.

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## C A N T O IX.

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### A R G U M E N T.

*The Temple of Love describ'd. Discord's Speech to Love. Love flies to her Aid, and leading Henry to Anet, captivates him with Gabriele d'Estree, Daughter of the Marquis d'Estree, and he abandons himself to Pleasure. St. Lewis sends the Genius of France to recover him, and that Genius employs Mornay to bring him from Anet to the Army. Henry's Discourse with Mornay, and their Departure from Anet.*



N Old Idalia's <sup>173</sup> Borders, happy  
Climes,

Where Europe's End, and Asia's Bounds  
begin,

An antique Palace stands, by Nature's Hand

With

With simple Architecture first erect,  
Since heighten'd by the hardy Toils of Art,  
It shines with Beauties not in Nature's Stores,  
With Myrtles peopled are the neighb'ring Plain,  
Strange to the bitter Blasts of Winter Winds,  
The mellow and the budding Fruits are there,  
At once the Gifts of Autumn, and the Spring.  
Nor Seasons regular, nor humane Vows,  
Wants Earth to feed the vegetative World,  
And with rich Harvests bless th'industrious Swain.  
Man tasted there in Peace profound, or seem'd  
To taste, whatever Nature gave when young,  
With Hand beneficent in happiest Times;  
Repose eternal, pure unclouded Skies,  
The Pleasures of Abundance, and the Sweets,  
The Blessings of the Golden Age, save one,  
Save Innocence, the greatest of them All.  
Soft Instruments to charming Voices tun'd  
In ev'ry Bow'r, in ev'ry Shade breath'd Love ;  
The Chants of Lovers, and the Songs of Nymphs,

Who

Who boast their Shame, and in their Weakness pride,  
 Are daily seen with flow'ry Garlands deckt,  
 Imploring Favours of their Infant-God.  
 They croud his Fane to learn the dangerous Arts  
 Of pleasing and seducing tender Hearts.  
 Hope flatters them with ever fair Aspect,  
 And leads them to Love's Altar by the Hand.  
 Not far the Graces to their Voices join,  
 The lively Motions of their lovely Limbs,  
 In Dance half-naked, such as charm'd the Gods.  
 Soft Pleasure on the verdant Turf supine  
 Lies listning to a thousand Melodies;  
 Silent sits Myst'ry by her Side, her Train,  
 Denials tempting, Cares, Complacence mild,  
 Tender Desires, and am'rous Joys, less sweet.

Such the gay Entrance to this Temple fam'd.  
 But when beneath its inner Vault you come,  
 And with bold Steps the Sanctuary reach,  
 What hateful Sights assault the frightened Eye?

No more soft Pleasure, and her playful Train,  
The Melodies, the charming Dance no more.  
The Scene to Plaints, Disgusts and Fear is chang'd,  
This fair Abode becomes th'Abiding foul  
Of Horror. There dark Jealousy of pale  
And livid Hue by dim Suspicion's led.  
Faithless her Foot, before her Hate and Rage,  
Poignard in Hand, and shedding Poison march.  
Malice beholds them, and with treacherous Smile  
Their Homicides applauds; Repentance next  
Sighing and with dejected Look appears,  
Their Fury She abhors, and weeping wails.

Here in the midst of this detested Crew  
Companions horrible of Joys humane,  
Love his eternal Dwelling chose to fix.  
Child dang'rous he, so tender, so severe,  
In his weak Hand the Fate of Mortals holds,  
And only with a Smile gives Peace or War.  
He quickens the whole Universe, and lives

In ev'ry Heart; upon his shining Throne  
 His Conquests contemplates, and under Foot  
 Tramples the proudest Heads; himself more proud  
 Of Cruelties, than Kindnesses to Man,  
 Seems, when he's doing Mischief, to be pleas'd.

*Discord*, by Rage conducted, sudden comes,  
 Scatters the Train of Pleasure, and to Love  
 Free Passage makes, her Torches in her Hand,  
 Her Forehead foul with Blood, her Eyes on fire,  
 She shakes her flaming Torches fierce, and says,  
 Where now, my Brother, are thy dreadful Darts?  
 For whom these Arrows in thy Quiver kept?  
 Ah, if thou e'er didst kindle *Discord's* Brand,  
 If ever mix my Poison with thy Rage,  
 If I, full oft, all Nature have for thee  
 Disturb'd, Come, take with me thy Flight, revenge  
 My Wrongs, a Victor King my Snakes has bruis'd.  
 Olive and Laurel in his Hands are join'd,  
 Mercy with him walks smiling and tranquil.

Amid the Tumult of intestine Broils.

Go then, and where thou seest his Ensigns wave,  
Enshare those Hearts, that are from me estrang'd.

Another Victory, my Throne's in Dust.

*Paris* upon her Rampires views *Bourbon*,

Who fights for Peace, and conquers to forgive.

For me he has a hundred brazen Chains

Prepar'd, and only thou can'st stop his Course.

Go then, his Glory poison in its Source.

Humble and fix him in thy Fetters fast.

Go, pierce this Enemy in Virtue's Arms,

And what I try in vain, his Courage tame.

Thou, as thou well remembrest, once compell'dst

*Alcides* at *Omphale's* <sup>175</sup> Feet to fall.

Did not *Mark Anthony* <sup>176</sup> by Monarchs serv'd

The conquer'd World abandon for thy Charms,

And, Slave to thee, before *Augustus* fly,

Preferring *Cleopatra* to a World?

*Henry*, thy greater Labour, still remains;

Kill thou his Laurels in his conq'ring Hand :

With

With am'rous Myrtle bind his haughty Head,  
And lull his Courage in thy Arms asleep.  
Thine is my suffering Cause, thy Kingdom mine.

Thus spoke the Monster, and the trembling Vault  
Her Voice resounded thro' the Court of Love.  
The God upon his rosy Bed reclin'd,  
With Kindred Pity hears his Sister's Complaint,  
And answers with a Smile, severe and sweet. 177  
His Quiver he with golden Arrows fills,  
And cleaves th' Ætherial Waste, before him fly  
The Sports, the Graces, and ten thousand Joys,  
And Zephirs bear him on their Wings to *France*.

Well pleas'd beneath him in his Flight he sees  
*Simois* 178, and the wasted Fields of *Troy*.  
He smiles as he that Waste renown'd surveys,  
The Palaces in Dust his Hands consum'd.  
In the same Moment offers to his View  
The famous City founded in the Sea,

*Venice*



*Venice* <sup>179</sup>, whose Fate the wat'ry Pow'r admires,  
 Fair Mistress of his tributary Waves.  
 And soon he sees the living Stream Himself  
 Has eternis'd in *Petrarch's* <sup>180</sup> happy Song,  
 When in his Spring of Life upon its Banks  
 He *Laura* sung, more beautiful than the Spring.  
 The Walls of *Anet* on the Banks of *Eure*.  
 He sees, himself the stately Structure rais'd:  
 Wrought by his Hand, and interwove with Art;  
*Diana's* <sup>181</sup> Cypher there may still be trac'd,  
 The Graces and the Joys in passing shed  
 Flow'rs on her Tomb, up-springing as they pass.

Now in the Plains of *Ivry* Love arrives,  
 As *Henry* <sup>182</sup> on some grand Design was bent,  
 Semblance of War is in his Sports preserv'd,  
 He, for a Moment, lays his Thunder by,  
 And in wild Forests hunts the butting Hind.  
 A thousand valiant Youths attend their King,  
 Companions of the Chace, Him Love surveys

Amid his Warriours with inhumane Joy,  
And whets his Arrows, and prepares his Chain.  
Around him th' Elements he raises, arm'd,  
And vexes as he late had calm'd the Skies.  
From both the Poles he calls the wand'ring Storms,  
He bids th'obedient Winds collect the Clouds,  
And down the Floods in Air suspended pour,  
And Thunders, Lightnings, and thick Night bring on,  
The North his all-commanding Voice obeys,  
In the dark Heav'ns displays his heavy Wings,  
The dreadfull'ft Night succeeds the brightest Day,  
Shakes Nature, and confesses Love her Lord.  
O'er the wet Furrows of the washy Field,  
The King in doubt without or Guard, or Guide,  
Strays in the Storm, unknowing where he goes.  
Love in that Moment lights his fatal Torch,  
Which shines before him like a guiding Star.  
The Monarch unattended shapes his Way  
By that false Glitter thro' the starless Gloom;  
As oft bewilder'd Travellers in Night

Follow the livid Fires from Earth exhal'd,  
Those Fires that flitting and malign alike  
Light, and at once to Precipices lead.

Late to that lonely Place had Fortune brought  
A Nymph distinguish'd by her Birth and Charms.  
There in a solitary Castle, far  
From the loud Noise of War, she waits her Sire,  
Who, faithful to our Kings, and old in Arms  
Had follow'd *Henry's* Ensigns in the Field ;  
Her Name *D'Estree*, by Nature's Hand adorn'd  
With ev'ry Beauty of the beauteous Sex.  
Not *Helen* was so charming, nor the Queen,  
Who glory'ng in her Pow'r, at *Tarsus* shew'd  
The Master of the *Romans* at her Feet,  
When down the *Cydnus* row'd in all the Shine  
Of Love and Empire, she for *Venus* past.  
This Fair was in her Bloom, an Age to Youth  
So dang'rous, so resistless then the Charm.  
Her Heart was form'd for Love, but had not yet

Receiv'd a Lover's Vows, or known its Pow'r.  
Thus a sweet Rose new-budded in the Spring  
Within herself her native Beauties keeps,  
From am'rous Winds her Bosom Treasures hides,  
But opens to a Sun serene and warm.

Love, who to take her by Surprize prepar'd,  
Approach'd her under a fictitious Name,  
Without or Torch, or Quiver, or a Dart,  
He comes, in Figure and in Voice a Child.  
The Conqueror of *Mayne*, he cries, draws near,  
And to this Castle bends direct his Course.  
So saying, fly into her Heart he slid.  
A strong Desire to please so great a Prince,  
Desire till then unknown, which flush'd her Face,  
And painted with a rosy Blush, her Cheek.  
Love with Delight beheld a Form so fair.  
What mayn't he hope, assisted by such Charms?  
To *Bourbon* he conducts her willing Steps.  
The Graces to her Looks and Air, he gives,

With Eyes seduc'd, for Nature's Presents pass.  
 The Golden Ringlets of her flowing Hair,  
 The Play of wanton Winds do sometimes hide.  
 The Snow that on her Breasts begins to swell,  
 And sometimes in their Flow those Beauties bare,  
 That Fancy cannot form, nor Words express,  
 Made still more beauteous by her modest Mien.  
 Nor a wild Modesty, or Look austere,  
 Forbidding Love, and less'ning Beauty's Charms:  
 But soft and harmless like an Infant's Smile,  
 It spreads Vermilion on the bashful Front,  
 Inspires a tender Awe, inflames Desire,  
 And swells to Rapture happy Lovers Joys.

More still does Love, What is't he cannot do?  
 The Place, and all around it, he enchants,  
 And sudden, branching out, the Myrtle grows,  
 Mingles in all the Groves her leafy Boughs,  
 And sets the Lovers in their blissful Walks,  
 Unpassable the Way, by secret Stops,

Pleasing Impediment, not seen but felt.  
It pleases, and it troubles, still detains.  
Amidst these Shades a Stream enchanted flows:  
Here Lovers, thirsty in their am'rous Fits,  
Oblivion of their Duty, deeply drink.  
Love in all Places here exerts his Pow'r,  
All here is chang'd, here fighting ev'ry Heart,  
All poison'd with the Charms he breathes around,  
All here speaks Love. Th' Infection in the Birds,  
Their Kisses they redouble, and their Songs.  
The lusty Lab'rer, bred to patient Toil,  
Walks on, Heart-heated, where his Labour calls,  
Stops, wanders, sighs, is restless and amaz'd,  
New to the Pains and Pleasures of Desire,  
Under Love's Power he loiters in the Woods,  
And leaves th' imperfect Harvest in the Fields.  
The Shepherdess, forgetting Sheep, seems stun'd,  
And drops the Spindle from her trembling Hand.  
How cou'd *D'Efree* resist a Pow'r like this?  
Invincible the Charm, and she at once

Had Youth, her Heart, a King, and Love to cope.  
Sometimes the Hero feels his Valour flame,  
And then to lead his conqu'ring Troops he longs,  
But soon that Fire is, as it kindles, quench'd,  
And he, by Hand invifible, detain'd,  
Seeks in his wonted Virtue vain Support.  
Virtue forfakes, Intoxication finks  
His Soul, and now he nothing fees, nor hears,  
Nor loves, nor knows, nor wifhes but *D'Eftree*.

Mean time his Chiefs, far off, demand their Prince,  
And miffing, Confternation chills their Hearts.  
They tremble for his Life. Who fo cou'd think?  
They rather ought to tremble for his Fame.  
Fruitless their Search, dejected, all the Camp  
Seem vanquish'd when they have not him to head.

But the good Genius that prefides o'er *France*,  
His dang'rous Abfence wou'd not long endure.  
At *Lewis* Call, defcending from the Skies,

To his Son's Succour, swift as Light he flew.  
When in our Hemisphere he stretch'd his Wings,  
Earth, he, with Eyes inquisitive survey'd,  
To find a Sage to minister his Will.  
He search'd not gloomy Halls, nor Cells rever'd  
For Study, Silence and affected Fast.  
He speeds to *Ivry*, and amidst the Rage  
And Riot of licentious conq'ring Troops,  
Watchful o'er *France*, this Angel fixt his Flight  
Divine among the Tents of *Calvin's* Sons <sup>185</sup>.  
To *Mornay* he addresses, thus to shew  
That Reason's oft sufficient for our Guide,  
As she the Pagans guided, *Romans*, *Greeks*,  
*Marcus Aurelius* <sup>186</sup>, *Plato* <sup>187</sup>, Shame to Christians.  
A Friend discreet, Philosopher severe,  
At once knew *Mornay* to reprove and please.  
More than his Lessons his Example taught.  
He knew no Loves but solid Virtues ; Toil  
To him was Pleasure, and Fatigues, Delights.  
Firm was his Foot on Precipices wild,





Not the Court Air, a soft infectious Breath,  
 E'er chang'd or touch'd his Purity of Mind.  
 Fair *Arethusa* <sup>188</sup> thus her happy Waves  
 To wond'ring *Amphitrite's* Bosom rolls ;  
 Her Crystal Waters, pure as at her Spring,  
 Corruption never from the Sea receive.

Soon gen'rous *Mornay*, Wisdom's self his Guide,  
 Departs, and to those Woods enchanted flies,  
 Where Pleasure in her Arms the Conq'ror holds.  
 Mistress, in *Henry*, of the Fate of *France*,  
 Love ev'ry Instant there victorious proves,  
 And *Henry* ev'ry Instant happier makes.  
 His Glory more to blemish, more debase,  
 Those Pleasures, oft so shorten'd in their Course  
 Divide his Moments, and fill up his Time.

Amidst them Love descries, and is enrag'd,  
 Wisdom severe by faithful *Mornay's* Side,  
 A Dart avenging at his Heart he aims,

To lay it ope to his alluring Baits.

*Mornay* contemns his Choler and his Charms.

And blunted from his Armour falls the Dart.

He secret waits the Coming of the King,

And contemplates with irritated Eye

The various Beauties of th'enchantèd Place.

Far in the deep of those delicious Shades,

On the green Margin of a Silver Stream,

Beneath an am'rous Myrtle, fit Retreat

For Lovers, fit for Love's mysterious Rites,

*D'Estree*, on *Bourbon* lavish of her Charms,

In Languishment around him twines her Arms.

But who can paint what happy Lovers know,

The Cooings, the Caresses, tender Vows,

And all the soft Societies of Love,

The Tears, loose hanging on their humid Eyes,

Grateful to Lovers, their alternate Fits

Of Fury, Languishing, Confusion sweet.

Here wanton Pleasures and the playful Loves

Disarm'd

Disarm'd the Hero, one his Carcass took  
 Still stain'd with Blood, another seiz'd his Sword,  
 And smiling, brandish'd in his feeble Hands  
 The Throne's Support, and Terror of Mankind.

*Discord* far off insults the Love-sick King,  
 And grins and grumbles with Delight obscene.  
 She manages those Moments he mispends,  
 Her Snakes again she lashes o'er the League,  
 And while *Bourbon* is melting in Repose,  
 Or on *D'Estree's* Love-breathing Bosom sleeps,  
*Discord* awakes the Rage of all his Foes.  
 Lost in a Labyrinth of Love, at length  
*Henry* sees *Mornay* in those tempting Groves,  
 And seeing blushes, in Confusion both,  
 And of each other's Presence both afraid.  
 Nearer the Sage in sullen Silence draws,  
 Enough that Silence, and his down-cast Look  
 Explain his Thought, and *Bourbon* knows it well.  
 In his stern Countenance, where Sadness fate,

His

His Master reads his Weakness and his Shame.  
Ill had another taken *Mornay's* Care,  
For few in Faults love Witnesse, and least  
In Faults of Love: Dear Friend, says *Henry*, Come  
Thy Prince's Heart's still worthy thee, 'tis done.  
I see thee, that's enough, I'm now Myself,  
The same I was before th'Inchanter Love  
On my unwary Heart had laid his Spells.  
Let's fly the Shame of these two charming Shades;  
Let's fly this pleasing Place, where still I hug  
The Chain that held me——Let it henceforth be  
My greatest Victory myself to vanquish.  
Hence, let us Love, in Glory's Arms defy,  
Strike Terror into *Paris*, and efface  
My fatal Error in *Iberian* Blood.

To gen'rous *Mornay* there his Master spoke,  
He heard him and he knew——'Tis you, he cries,  
I see again, 'tis you yourself I see,  
Th' august Defender of the Throne of *France*,  
King of your Heart, and Master of yourself.

Love a new Lustre to your Glory adds ;  
Who knows not Love is happy, who subdues,  
Illustrious — Pass this Sally like a Dream.

He said — The King prepares to part, ye Pow'rs,  
How tender, and how many his Adieus?  
Full of the Beauty he adores and flies,  
He blames himself for weeping, but weeps on.  
This Way by *Mornay* drawn, and that by Love,  
He goes, he stops, and in Despair departs.  
He goes, and in that Moment swoons *D'Estree*,  
Faints without Motion, Colour, Speech or Life ;  
In sudden Night her swimming Eyes are veil'd,  
And Love, who sees her swoon laments aloud.  
Her lovely Eyes he fears for ever clos'd,  
A Nymph so charming from his Empire rapt,  
A Nymph, who might have lit so many Fires  
In *France*, and done such Mischief to Mankind.  
He takes her in his Arms, and soon the Fair  
Opens her dying Eyes at Love's sweet Voice,

Calls on her Lover, but she calls in vain.  
In vain she looks to see him, and then shuts  
Her Eyes, as hating ev'ry other Sight.  
Love bath'd in Tears recalls her as she flies,  
Both Light and Life, and with seducing Hope  
Sweetens her Sorrows, he himself the Cause.

*Mornay*, whose stubborn Virtue nought could bend,  
Draws after him the King, still loath to leave  
Those dear Abodes, but still more loath to stay.  
Courage and Virtue shew the Hero's Track,  
And Glory leads with Laurels in her Hand.  
Love in Disdain that Duty had prevail'd,  
To *Paphos*<sup>x89</sup> hies, and hides his Wrath and Shame.





# H E N R I A D E.

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## C A N T O X.

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### A R G U M E N T.

*The League in Confusion. Aumale defies Henry's Army. Turenne accepts his Challenge and kills him in single Combat. Henry out of Compassion to the Citizens resolves not to assault Paris, but to reduce it by Famine. The Famine described. Henry offers them Supplies. They incline to submit, but are dissuaded by the Priests. St. Lewis addresses to the most High for his Son's Conversion to the Church of Rome. He is miraculously converted. The Saint comes to him, and conducts him to the Walls of Paris, which open a Way for his Entrance. The Leaguers submit, and Mayne becomes his good Subject.*



HOSE dang'rous Moments, lost in wanton Ease,  
Gave the League Leisure to recover Strength.

And

And for new Action, and new Crimes prepare.

*Mayne* fails not to rekindle *Discord's* Fires,

And with fresh Hopes intoxicate the Croud.

Those Hopes deceive them, *Bourbon's* at their Gates,

Impatient to compleat his Victory.

Again is *Paris* in affright, and sees

His Banners waving o'er her batter'd Walls,

Himself is at the Rampiers Foot, where late

His Lightnings blaz'd, and still the Smoke remains,

When the good Angel of the *French* appears'd

His Wrath, high rais'd, and held his conqu'ring Arm,

And Rampiers and the Town from Ruin sav'd.

Already in the Royal Camp are heard

Victorious Shoutings and tumultuous Joy.

The Factious in their Fright to *Mayne* repair.

Their Leader, Master of himself, conceals

His Doubts, his Dread, and deep Anxiety.

To timid Counsels Enemy, *D'Aumale*,

Thus speaks, intrepid in his Words and Air.

We know not yet to hide ; our Foes advance,

And



And what have we to do then, but to march ?  
To meet and fight them coop'd within our Walls  
Our Valour, as we're *French*, will droop and die.  
Our Nation, fierce at Onset, flag in Fight,  
If first attack'd ; but if attacking first,  
They drive before them all the swarming Field.  
Despair has oft gain'd Battles ; from ourselves  
Much I expect, but nothing from our Walls.  
Heroes, who hear me, wing to War your Way,  
People who follow us, upon your Chiefs  
As your best Rampiers look: He said, his Speech  
As rash as bold the silent *Leaguers* shock'd.  
He blush'd with Shame, and in their Eyes confus'd  
Trembling he read their Fear and their Repulse.  
Well, since to follow me you all refuse,  
Said he again, too great is the Reproach  
To bear it, and to live, you Danger dread.  
The Danger I myself will tempt, and teach  
Your Chiefs and you to conquer or to die.  
Strait to the Gates he runs, the Gates are op'd,

And

And far behind him He his Followers leaves.  
 Then to the Royal Tents advancing nigh,  
 A Herald, Minister of War, he sends  
 Defiance to denounce in *Henry's* Camp,  
 And thus with Stentor Voice his Herald cries,  
 You, who love Glory, meet renown'd *Aumale*,  
 And on this Ground dispute the Victory.  
 He here attends you, Enemies, appear.

All *Henry's* Heroes fir'd with Thirst of Fame,  
 Against *Aumale* to try their Courage urge.  
 All press the Pref'rence in this high Contest,  
 All well deserve it, but *Turenne* prevails. 190  
 His Master by his Valour importun'd,  
 Knew not so brave a Servant to deny,  
 And trusted in his Hand the Fame of *France*.  
 Go, *Bourbon* says, abate the Boaster's Pride,  
 Fight for thy King, thy Country, and Thyself,  
 And use this Gift thy Sov'reign's trusty Sword.

The King thus speaking gives it, Thus *Turenne*  
Replies, Great Prince, you shall not of your Trust  
Repent, by this good Sword, by you I swear.  
He then embrac'd his Knees, and then receiv'd  
The King's Embrace, and flew to meet *Aumale*,  
Who waits impatient, and exulting sees  
A Combatant approach, the Royal Host  
Near *Henry's* Tent in Order meet are rang'd,  
And to the Rampiers the *Parisians* run.  
On the two Champions fix'd is ev'ry Eye,  
Each his Defender sees in This or That,  
And animates with Gesture and with Voice.

Soon the two Rivals in the Lifts are seen,  
And *Henry* open to their Entrance bold  
The Barrier of the Field of Honour lays.  
They cumber not with heavy Shields their Arms,  
Nor under Iron Helmets hide their Heads,  
Proud Ornaments of Chivalry antique,

Bright

Bright and impenetrable, fram'd to make  
The Combat longer, and the Danger less ;  
This Equipage of Battle they despise,  
Their Swords at once their Weapon and Defence.  
Other they scorn, and thus expos'd entire,  
Advancing fierce in mortal Combat join,  
As bidden by the Trumpet's martial Sound.  
Whatever Courage or Address cou'd do,  
Whatever Ardor, Resolution, Strength,  
Activity, these Combatants essay'd.  
In th' Instant on each Side a hundred Strokes  
Are aim'd and ward'd off, amazing Sight.  
The Camp, the City with Surprise behold  
Their Fall each Moment, and their Victory.  
More ardent is *D'Aumale*, more strong, more rash,  
*Turenne* more dex'trous, wary, more Himself,  
Warm without Rage, and Master of his Mind.  
Intent to tire his Adversary proud ;  
*D'Aumale* in Efforts vain his Vigour drains.

His weary Hand no more can help his Heart.  
*Turenne*, who watches him, his Weakness sees,  
And quickning his own Courage with fresh Flame,  
He pushes, presses him, he takes sure Aim,  
And pierces with a mortal Stroke, his Side.  
Down falls *D'Aumale*, and from his widening Wound  
Streams the warm Blood; a lamentable Cry  
Ensues, upon the sanguine Sand he rolls,  
And threatens with his dying Eyes *Turenne*,  
But threatens now in vain. He drops his Sword,  
Wou'd speak, but in his Mouth all Utt'rance dies;  
Abhorring to be conquer'd, wild his Look,  
He rises, falls again, his Eye, scarce ope,  
He casts tow'rds *Paris*, fighting, and expires.  
Thou saw'st, unhappy *Mayne*, thou saw'st him die;  
Thou shak'st thyself, and thy approaching Fall  
Was in that Instant present to thy Soul.

And

And now the Soldiers to the City bear  
In solemn March unfortunate *Aumale*.  
This bloody Spectacle, this fatal Pomp  
Enters amidst a People in Despair.  
Stupid with Grief they gaze upon his Corpse,  
His Forehead smear'd with Blood, his gaping Mouth,  
His Head down-hanging, and his ghastly Eyes  
With Dust all cover'd, terrible to Sight.  
No Wailings do they hear, no Weepings see,  
Shame, Pity, Sorrow, Fear possess their Souls,  
Stifle their Sighs, and inly keep their Complaints;  
Mute all, and trembling: Soon a horrid Noise  
Still added to that dreadful Silence Dread.  
The Shoutings in the Royal Host they hear,  
By Clamour for Assault and Vengeance rais'd;  
But *Bourbon* tempers with fair Speech their Heat,  
Ingrate his Country, yet he loves th' Ingrate.  
From her own Rage to save her is his Wish,

Tho' hated by his Subjects, prompt to spare,  
They wou'd be lost themselves, he feign wou'd win.  
Happy, if he by Clemency cou'd melt  
Their harden'd Hearts, and bring them to implore  
The Mercy he so readily wou'd grant.  
Secure of Conquest he suspends the Storm,  
And, circled by his Troops, invests the Town,  
To leave them Time to cool and to repent.  
Famine and Hunger, keener than the Sword,  
Forbid the Slaughter and the Toil of Siege;  
And promise, bloodless to reduce the *League*.  
For what can Men, made Dastards by Disgrace,  
To Plenty, and to Lux'ry us'd, endure?  
Vanquish'd by Mis'ry, tam'd by Indigence,  
What can they do, but suppliant on their Knees  
For Pardon to their injur'd Sov'reign sue?  
False Zeal, fast Friend to Discord, who n'er yields,  
Teaches to suffer as to hazard All.  
The King's forgiving Temper, they miscall;

With

With them 'tis Weakness; the Rebellious spar'd  
By *Bourbon's* Arm avenging, scarce are freed  
From their just Fears, but insolent and vain,  
They dare their Conqueror insult, and brave  
His idle Vengeance, from their Head withheld.  
But when at last the Captive *Seine* forbore  
To bring the neighb'ring Harvests to their Home,  
And with his wonted Tribute load his Waves;  
When in the Streets of *Paris* Famine pale  
And fierce, with grisly Death behind her, stalkt,  
Then hideous was their Howling, proud and starv'd,  
With trembling Hand, and hollow Voice, they begg'd,  
But begg'd in vain, the lowest Wants of Life,  
Raging for Scraps, not worthy, late, their Dogs.  
The Wealthy were not then by Famine spar'd,  
But felt amidst their Store the Vultur's Gnaw.  
Where now the Feasts, the Revels and the Sports,  
When, crown'd with Myrtle and the Rose, they drank  
The richest Wines, and gorg'd delicious Food,



Lolling, luxuriant, under gilded Roofs,  
And irritating Taste, with Arts refin'd.  
Lo these Voluptuous, frightful now to view,  
Wan, walking Skeletons with craving Maws,  
Perish, while wallowing in Gold, by Want,  
And curse th' Abundance that denies them Food.  
The Father, driv'n by Famine to his Grave,  
In Cradle, famish'd, leaves his dying Son.  
Here a whole Family convulsive dye,  
And Wretches, farther groveling on the Ground.  
In the last Moments of their Lives, contest  
The vilest Refuse pickt from Kennel Filth.  
The Famish'd outrage Nature, search the Tombs,  
And feed upon the Relicks of the Dead.  
Bruis'd Bones of Carcasses to Gellies boil'd,  
With horrid Gust, they greedily devour.  
What will not hunger in its Rage attempt?  
Sons on their Father's sacred Ashes feed.  
Death, forwarded by this detested Food,

Comes

Comes quickly after ; and this Meal's their last.

Mean time the Doctors, and Fanatick Priests,  
 Have in the Common Mis'ry no Concern.  
 Their Care Paternal 's to themselves confin'd,  
 They riot in abundance at the Foot  
 Of Altars, and grow fat with Sacrifice.  
 To keep the People's Courage warm, they praise  
 The Mercy of the God whom they offend.  
 To some expiring they with liberal Hand  
 The Joys of Paradise dispense. To some  
 They shew Heav'ns Thunder aim'd at *Henry's* Head,  
 Ready to crush a Prince Heretical :  
*Paris* by mighty Armies they relieve,  
 Armies descending from Confed'rate Skies.  
 These steril Promises, these flatt'ring Dreams,  
 Abuse their easy Faith, a Prey to Priests,  
 By them seduc'd, and scar'd by the *Sixteen*.  
 Submiss, and almost satisfy'd, they die,

Their

Their Life, poor Off'ring, to their ghostly Guides.

Of mingled Nations *Paris* then was full,  
Tygers our Fathers in their Bosom bred.  
Some from the *Belgick* Plains, some from the Rocks  
And Mountains of *Helvetia*, thither swarm'd,  
Barbarians! War's with These, their only Trade,  
To the first Purchaser they sell their Blood,  
Greedy of Rapine, as they list, they live,  
Force ev'ry House, and what they find is Spoil;  
But not in Quest of useless Treasures now,  
Not in the trembling Mother's Arms to seize  
The shrieking Daughter with adult'rous Hand,  
They menace Death by cruel Famine prest,  
All other Lust but Aliment is lost.  
Their Search is for a Morsel, haply hid,  
No Rack, no Torture does their Fury spare  
To force their Hosts to bring their Offals forth.

A Woman: Heav'n, must such a Tale be told  
In future Times? A Woman had been rob'd  
By these Barbarians of her last of Food.  
Hard Fate had left her Nothing but a Son,  
A Child, for lack of Sustenance, as near  
As She herself to Death; this harmless Babe  
She seizes with a Dagger in her Hand.  
The Boy to meet her fond Embrace held out  
His little Arms; his Tenderneſs, his Voice,  
His Smiles, his Hunger, and his Infant-Charms,  
Dissolve her Fury in a Flood of Tears.  
She gazes on him with distracted Eye,  
Mixture of Love, Regret, Compassion, Rage;  
Thrice dropt the Dagger from her fainting Hand,  
But Rage prevail'd at last, with trembling Voice,  
Detesting Hymen and his Fruit, She said,  
Dear wretched Babe, whom in my Womb I bore,  
Vain was the Life I gave, if lost so soon,

A Sacrifice to Famine or the Sword.

Why shou'dst thou live to wander in the Streets  
Of *Paris*, and amidst her Ruins cry ?

Dye e'er my Misery and thine thou know'ft ;  
The Being and the Blood I gave give back,  
And let my Body be thy Birth and Grave ;  
At least let *Paris* a new Crime behold.

Thus speaking, in the Babe's dear Breast She plung'd  
The Steel, with Fury and with Famine mad,  
Then to the Chimney bore the bleeding Corpse,  
And greedily prepar'd the dreadful Meal.

The Soldiers, whom the Scent of Food attracts,  
Swift to research the guilty House return,  
Contesting by their Speed, who first shall eat.

In Joy as cruel as a rav'nous Bear,  
Or hungry Lion bounding on his Prey,  
Again they force the Door. But Oh Surprise !  
Oh Horror ! near the bloody Corpse they spy  
A Woman, with wild Look, devouring Flesh.

Yes,

Yes, 'tis my Son, ye Monsters, my own Son,  
She cries, and in his Blood you steep'd my Hands,  
Be Son and Mother both your Food, ye Fiends!  
What fear you more than I, was I so deaf  
To Nature's Call, and do you hear her Voice?  
What Horrors, Me beholding, seize your Souls?  
Tygers, such Feasts for such as you are fit.  
Thus speaking, furious in her Breast she strikes  
The Dagger; in a Fright the Soldiers flye,  
Nor longer on that House accurst dare look.  
They fear the Heav'ns will on their Heads rain Fire,  
The People frighted at this Woman's Fate,  
Lift up their Hands, and beg of Heav'n to die.

Soon did the Rumour reach the Royal Tents,  
Touch the King's Heart, his yearning Bowels wound,  
And o'er the miserable Town He weeps.

Oh Thou, he cries, the Searcher of all Hearts,  
And what I can, and what I dare, who know'st;

Divide,

Divide, Oh God; the *Leaguers* Cause from mine.  
 Bemoiling these Calamities, to thee  
 I can in Innocence lift up my Hands.  
 Thou know'st, to these Rebellious I have oft  
 Held out an Arm of Peace, and do not thou  
 To me impute their Cruelties and Crimes,  
 To me the Victims to their Fury vow'd.  
 If *Mayne, Nemours, Pelleve, Mendoza* send  
 My People without Pity to their Graves,  
 By Famine, Sword, by ev'ry Pest of War,  
 Tyrants are they, their Father I shou'd be.  
 I am their Father; and 'tis mine to feed  
 My Children—But shou'd they against me turn  
 My Benefits? Shou'd I to save them lose  
 My Crown? Cost what it will they must be sav'd  
 Spite of themselves, from these devouring Wolves,  
 Their real Foes, I must my People save.  
 If Empire is in too much Pity lost,  
 Let this at least be read upon my Tomb:

“ *Henry*

“ *Henry* to Rebel-Subjects Gen’rous Foe,

“ To save them rather chose, than over them to reign.

He said, and at his Word the Royal Host  
Approach without Alarm the famish’d Town.  
They menace not the *League* with new Assault,  
But come as Fellow-Subjects, and as Friends.  
So wills the King, and so his Troops obey.  
They talk no more of Vengeance, but with Mien  
Complaisant, sooth the Citizen’s Despair.  
With livid Lips and trembling Limbs they crowd  
The Walls, amaz’d to see th’ Assailants march  
In Pace and Aspect mild, Presage of Peace.  
To these, like Spectres, are the lifeless Crew,  
Such as Magicians in old Times were wont  
To raise, reluctant, from the Realms of Night.  
When from the Banks of *Lethe’s* pitchy Lake,  
The wandering Ghosts with Voice abhor’d they call’d.

How



How did Astonishment and Joy transport  
These dying Wretches, when they saw their Foes  
Offer, instead of starving them, to feed?  
Their Leaders rack them as they pleas'd, and rob,  
Their Persecutors pity and relieve.  
Scarce can they trust in what they see and hear.  
Before them they behold those dreaded Spears,  
Those Swords, and various Instruments of Death,  
Inverted in their Use, and moving now  
To bring them Life, to bring them Food and Friends.  
Are these, say they, those Monsters, Is *Bourbon*,  
That Enemy to God, so painted by our Priests?  
Ah, He's like Heav'n beneficent and Kind,  
The shining Image of the King of Kings,  
A Model for all Monarchs; worthless We  
Under the Laws of such a Prince to live,  
Triumphant he forgives, offended he relieves.  
Ah, cou'd we with our Blood his Pow'r cement,

Too

Too worthy of the Death, from which we're sav'd  
By his compassionating Heart and Hand,  
Can we for him, who do's so much for us,  
Refuse to sacrifice the Lives he gives?

Such was the Language of their Hearts, but who  
Can of the Many fix the fickle Mind?  
Their Friendship in vain Words evaporates,  
Weak in its Birth, as soon as born it dies.  
The Priests, whose lewd Harangues an hundred times  
Have set their Country in a Blaze, appear  
In solemn Pomp against the Palm of Peace.  
Why bear you Arms without a Heart to use,  
Why without Virtue are you Christians call'd?  
By what base Arts seduc'd, what fleshly Veil  
Hides from your Eyes the Martyr's glorious Crown?  
Are you not Soldiers of the Living God?  
And fear you for your heav'nly King to die?  
Fear you not rather to defy his Wrath?

Q

Will

Will you renounce the Joys of Parádice,  
 And for a Tyrant's Pardon, forfeit Heav'ns?  
 He'll force you to confess his impious Faith.  
 Take you his Gifts, but to destroy him use,  
 Let us the Rights of Mother-Church defend,  
 And save her from the Rape of Hereticks.  
 Thus spoke the Priests, and their Fanatick Voice,  
 The Rabble's Mistress, and the Dread of Kings,  
 Silenc'd the Voice of *Bourbon's* Benefits,  
 And some resuming their suspended Rage,  
 Condemn'd themselves for holding Life of Him.

Maugre their Clamours, and their odious Cries,  
*Henry's* transcendent Virtues reach'd the Skies.  
*Lewis*, who from his Seat celestial ey'd  
 The *Bourbon's* springing from his Root divine,  
 Knew that the Accomplishment of Time was now  
 To bring, lost Sheep, within the Shepherd's Fold,  
 His Son, adopted by the King of Kings,

His

His Heart from Fear deliver'd and Alarms,  
His Eyes, by Sorrow moisten'd, dry'd by Faith,  
Full of sweet Hope, and of Paternal Love,  
His Steps were guided to th' Eternal's Feet.

Amid a Blaze of pure and lasting Fire,  
The Highest fix'd before the Birth of Time  
His starry Throne, Stability the Base.  
Beneath his Feet is Heav'n; th'Æthereal Orbs.  
Declare him to the wond'ring Universe,  
By radiant Circles regularly whirl'd.  
Puissance, Love and Knowledge infinite  
United and divided form his Essence.  
His Saints with beatifick Vision blest,  
In sweet Fruition of Eternal Peace,  
Are born away with Torrents of Delights.  
Full of his Glory and Himself, they hymn  
His Praise, their Pleasure, and their sole Employ.  
This God, his Majesty offended, oft

Vials of Vengeance upon Nations pours,  
But always on the Just propitious looks,  
His Arm out-stretches to him, when he walks  
On Precipices, and forbids his Fall,  
His Virtue by Adversity refines,  
He fights for his Defence, and marches by his Side.

The Sire of the *Bourbons* presents himself  
Before him, and with trembling Utt'rance speaks.

Father of th' Universe, if e'er thou deign'st  
To cast thy Eyes on People, and on Kings,  
Behold the *French*, rebellious to their Prince,  
Who, to be faithful to thee, break thy Laws,  
Who disobey thee, blinded by their Zeal,  
And think, when they betray thee, they revenge.  
Behold that King triumphant, Great in War,  
The Terror of Mankind, and the Delight.  
With so much Virtue hast thou form'd his Heart,

In

In Error's Labyrinth to let it stray ?  
 Must the most perfect Work thy Hand e'er wrought  
 Bring thee no Sacrifice but criminal ?  
 Ah, if thy Worship's to *Bourbon* unknown,  
 Who then shall worship thee ? Oh King of Kings !  
 Deign to illuminate a virtuous Heart,  
 Created for the Knowledge of thyself.  
 Give *France* a Master, and the Church a Son.  
 Confound the vain Devices of the League.  
 Render the King his Subjects, render them  
 Their King, united let all Hearts adore  
 Thy Justice, in one Worship all unite.

Th' Eternal Gracious heard his pious Prayer,  
 And with a Word the suppliant Saint assur'd.  
 Tremble the Stars at his tremendous Voice,  
 Earth leaps, the *Leaguers* shudder, and the King,  
 Who puts his Trust in Heav'n, is full of Faith,  
 That Heav'n will be his Help in all his Needs.

Sudden

Sudden the long-expected Blessing, Truth;  
So dear to Men, and oft so little known,  
Descended from the Skies to *Henry's* Tents,  
Hid in a Veil at first, but by Degrees  
That Veil withdrawn, before his Eyes She stood,  
Confest, and with Celestial Beauty charm'd.  
Ne'er had his Eyes such Brightness seen till then,  
He saw, he knew, he lov'd th' Immortal Light.  
The Lessons of Seducers he renounc'd,  
Their new delusive Dogmes sincere abjur'd,  
The Church acknowledg'd, militant on Earth,  
The Church one always, in all Places fix'd,  
Free, but subjected to a sovereign Chief,  
Adoring in the Happiness of Saints  
The Greatness of her God, whose Son belov'd,  
Christ, for our Sins a willing Sacrifice,  
The Living Food of his Elect, descends,  
And on an Altar to his wond'ring Eyes

In Bread a God discovers, but 'tis Bread  
No more — The King's obedient Heart submits,  
And Faith receives what Reason cou'd not reach.

*Lewis*, the peaceful Olive in his Hand,  
From Heav'n revivits his enlighten'd Son,  
And leads him to the Rampiers. At his Voice  
The shaking Rampiers open Passage free.  
He enters in the Name of God, by whom  
Kings reign, Amaz'd the *Leaguers* quit their Arms,  
Fall at their Sov'reign's Feet, and bath them with  
their Tears.

The Priests are mute, and frighted the *Sixteen*,  
Who fain wou'd hide their Heads in distant Caves.  
The People are no more the same, All now  
Their King, their Conqueror, their Father own.  
Above all Reigns is blest his happy Reign,  
Too late as it begins, it ends too soon.  
*Spain* trembles, *Rome* disarm'd adopts *Bourbon*.

*Rome*



*Rome* is at last, where hated once, belov'd.  
*Discord* re-enters in eternal Night,  
*Mayne* is reduc'd to own his Rightful Prince,  
And yielding, with his Provinces, his Heart,  
Proves the Best Subject to the Best of Kings.

F I N I S.





# NOTES.



## *SING the Hero*

*Henry IV. of France, Son of Anthony King of Navarre, who descended in a direct Line from Robert Count de Clermont, youngest Son of Lewis IX. or St. Lewis, King of France. The Posterity of his eldest Son Philip the Bold, failing in Henry III. King of France, three hundred Years after the Death of St. Lewis, Henry of Bourbon became Heir to the Crown, as descended from the abovemention'd Count de Clermont, who married Beatrix, Daughter of Agnes de Bourbon, Heir of Archembaud, Lord of Bourbon, in the Middle of the thirteenth Century.*

*Who Mayne, the League, and proud Iberia tam'd.*

*Charles Duke de Mayne, Brother of Henry Duke de Guise, who form'd the League, a Faction in France; who under Pretence of the Danger of the Church, made Head against Henry III. King of France, and after that King's Death*

R

against

against *Henry of Bourbon*, who obtain'd great Advantages over the *Spaniards* or *Iberians*, in Confederacy with the League.

3 *Goddeſs ſevere! Thee, Truth, I Now implore.*

I doubt not the *Now* there will be taken for a *Cheville*, as the *French* term it, something to fill up the Line, like *Straw* or *Paper* in *Package*; but it is in the *Original*, *Je ſ'implore aujourd'hui*, which I obſerve to caution the Reader not to be too rash in cenſuring me for my Author.

4 *Then reign'd Valois,*

*Henry III.* of *France* deſcended from *Charles* Count *de Valois*, younger Brother to *Philip the Fair*, King of *France*. *Philip VI.* of *France*, ſurnam'd of *Valois*, was the firſt King of this Branch; and his Succeſſion occaſion'd the long Wars in the Reign of *Edward III.* King of *England*, who in Right of his Mother *Iſabel*, Siſter and Heir to *Charles the Fair*, claim'd the Crown of *France*, and the Houſe of *Plantagenet* were kept out of their Right by the Houſe of *Valois*, who reign'd from the Year 1326, to 1589; in all, 263 Years.

5 *When the North call'd him*

*Henry de Valois*, or *Henry III.* of *France*, had made himſelf ſo famous before he was King, and before he was twenty Years of Age, that the *Poles* thought him worthy of their Crown; but, ſays *Bayle*, they ſoon repented.

6 *Quelus, St. Maigrin, Joyeuſe, Eperton,*

Favourites to *Henry III.* of *France*, who was ſo much govern'd by them, that *Mezerai* calls his Reign, the *Reign of Favourites*.

*Quelus,*

*Quelus, Marquis de*, of Note chiefly for being Favourite to *Henry III.* and for a Duel he fought with the Marquis *d'Entragues*, whose Second was Monsieur *de Schomberg*. And this was the first Time, *Anno 1578*, that Seconds fought.

*St. Maigrin, Caussade de St. Maigrin*, a Gentleman of *Bourdellois*. He became one of the King's greatest Favourites, purely on account of his Beauty. He was so impudent, as to boast he had lain with the Dutcheſs of *Guise*, to revenge which Affront, the Duke *de Mayne*, and other Kindred and Friends of the Duke of *Guise*, fell upon him one Night as he was coming out of the *Louvre*, and murder'd him. The Duke *de Mayne* was said to be known by his Hand, like a Shoulder of Mutton.

*Joyeuse*. The Duke *de Joyeuse*, on whose Wedding, *Varillas* says, this King spent four Millions of Livres to do him Honour, and shew how much he lov'd him. We shall speak more of him in the Sequel.

*Epernon*. So great a Favourite, that he was stil'd simply *Monsieur* at the Court of *Henry III.* notwithstanding that King's Brother the Duke *d'Alencon* was then living, and the Stile of *Monsieur* belong'd only to the Son or Brother of the King. He was the first of his Family, *La Valette*, that had the Title of *Epernon*, from the Place which he purchas'd. He was haughty, covetous, and ostentatious, and escap'd so many Hazards, that the Vulgar believ'd he was assisted by some Demon.

#### 7 *Mean while the Guises*

*Francis Duke de Guise* and his Sons, *Henry Duke de Guise*, the Dukes *de Mayne*, and *d'Aumale*.

<sup>8</sup> *To his Face*

*A ses yeux* in the Original.

<sup>9</sup> *Now to the Walls of Paris*

Henry III. of France, and Henry King of Navarre, laid Siege to Paris, which the Leaguers held out against them.

<sup>10</sup> *Europe interested. L'Europe intéressée.*

I quote the *French* here, and in other Places, to shew that if the Phrase is *Prosaick*, Mr. *Voltaire* is to answer for it.

<sup>11</sup> *Sett, Protestants, and Papists.*

<sup>12</sup> *The Father of the Bourbons,*

St. Lewis, or Louis, the ninth King of France.

<sup>13</sup> *Pitying his Errors.*

Mr. *Voltaire* is pleas'd so to term the Protestant Religion, notwithstanding he was so well received in a Protestant Kingdom. Upon which see what a *French* Author, or an *English* Man who wrote in *French*, writes: *On le recoit a bras ouverts. He was receiv'd here with open Arms; the Court made him Presents, and Persons of the greatest Quality encourag'd the Impression of his Book, it was who should contribute most towards it, from the highest to the lowest. I think after this, no body should charge the English with being inhospitable to Strangers. Suppose an Englishman should go to France with a Book against Popery, wherein he treated the Romish Religion as erroneous, Can one imagine, that the Cardinal de Fleury would take him into his House? This Critick was a Hugonot, or pretends to be so, in other Places.*

<sup>14</sup> *When*

<sup>14</sup> *When Valois to Bourbon*

He calls *Henry III. Valois*, and *Henry IV. Bourbon*.

<sup>15</sup> *Mornay's his sole Companion, his best Friend,*

*Monsieur de Plessi Mornay*, one of the greatest Men of his Times, whether with regard to his Piety, his Virtue, his Learning, his Capacity or Courage. The Poet here breaks in terribly upon the Truth of History. *Henry of Navarre* never came to *England*, but he did indeed send *Monsieur Mornay* to *Queen Elizabeth*, to desire Succours during the Siege of *Paris*. *Mornay* did not then succeed in his Negotiation; and the *Baron de Maurier*, in his History of the Princes of *Orange*, gives a very odd Reason for it, that *Monsieur Mornay* having carried to *England* with him one *Mr. Bazenvall*, the latter took the Liberty to rally the Queen for speaking ill *French*, particularly *paar Dieu*, and *paar ma Foi*, instead of *par*: Which being told the Queen, she took such an Aversion to *Bazenvall*, that on that Account only the Negotiation miscarried at that Time, which probably is not true. But this Circumstance confirms what we read in other Histories, that *Queen Elizabeth* wou'd swear, when provok'd to Passion. *Monsieur Mornay* was sent by the King of *Navarre* to *Henry III. King of France*, to procure Favour for the Protestants. He wrote several learned Tracts against the *Papists*; particularly against the famous *Coefeteau*, whom he refuted. His Book of the *Eucharist* is reckoned unanswerable by the *Hugonots*. He had a very fine Library, which at his Death he gave to the University of *Saumur*. *Vassor* says of him, *je ne scay s'il se trouve un Gentilhomme comparable a celui-ci*.

I know no Gentleman to be compar'd to him.  
And indeed the *French* Critick is of Opinion,  
that *Mornay* is properly the Hero of the *Henriade*.

<sup>16</sup> Dieppe offers to his Eyes,

A Port of *France* opposite to *Rye* in *Suffex*. It  
was almost destroy'd by Bombardment, in King  
*William's* War with *France*.

<sup>17</sup> *Ev'ry where* will be thought another *Cbeville*,  
or Botch, but it is the literal Version of *par tout*.

*Thus, but less Gen'rous, did the Roman Chief.*

When *Cæsar* was posted at *Apollonia* in *Epirus*,  
waiting for his Forces from *Brundisium*, he enter'd  
on a dangerous Enterprize to go in a Vessel  
of 12 Oars to that Port, though the Sea was cover'd  
with *Pompey's* Fleet. He embark'd in the Night-time  
in the Habit of a Slave, and throwing himself down  
like some inconsiderable Fellow, lay along at the Bottom  
of the Vessel. The River *Linus* was to carry them down  
to Sea; and there us'd to blow every Morning a gentle  
Gale from the Land, which made it very calm towards  
the Mouth of the River, by driving the Waves forward;  
but that Night there blew a strong Wind from the Sea,  
which over-power'd that from the Land; so that betwixt  
the Violence of the Tide, and the Resistance of the  
Waves against it, the River was very rough, and so  
dangerous, that the Pilot could not make good his  
Passage, but order'd his Sailors to tack about. *Cæsar*  
upon this discovers himself, and taking the Pilot by  
the Hand, who was surpriz'd to see him there, said,  
*Go on boldly, my Friend, and fear nothing; thou  
carriest Cæsar and his Fortune along with Thee.*

<sup>18</sup> *Its very being owing to Caprice.*

*We saw it born, and we shall see it dye.*

The Criticks condemn Monsieur *Voltaire* for putting a false Prophecy in the Mouth of this popish Hermit, when there was no Occasion for it, and a Poet who wrote 150 Years after the Thing prophesied of, should have foretold nothing but what had come to pass, as the Perversion of *Henry IV.* He was to be a true Prophet there. *Cela n'estoit pas difficile a deviner ; il changeoit de Religion comme de Maitresse.* That was not difficult to foretel ; he chang'd his Religion as he did his Mistress. As to the *Caprice* of the *Reformation*, he says, *J'applique ces Vers au Papisme, &c. I apply these Verses to Popery.* For neither *St. Paul*, nor *St. John*, nor *St. Peter*, ever said *Mafs*, nor pray'd to the Dead, nor had Images, nor knew auricular Confession, nor Transubstantiation, &c. all which owe their Being to Man's Caprice. But the Being of the reform'd Religion is owing to the Simplicity of the primitive Times, which is prov'd at large in my *History of Christianity*, now ready for the Press.

<sup>19</sup> *That bloody Theatre*

Alluding to the Wars between the Houses of *York* and *Lancaster* for the Crown of *England*, as well as to the Civil Wars, so finely delineated in *Clarendon's History*.

<sup>20</sup> *By Interest divided,*

*Divisés d'Interet, reunis par la loy.*

A Year and Half was not long enough, it seems, for Monsieur *Voltaire* to know the Nature of our Constitution, by which the three Estates of Parliament have such a Dependency one upon



the other, that their Interests are inseparable, and indeed are but one Interest, which in other Words is that of the *Commonwealth*. The *French* Remarker thinks this Image of *England* the finest in the first Canto; and it may be so, without being admirable, as he terms it, that of the Hermit having many Defects in it; and there is no other Painting in the Canto.

<sup>21</sup> *He sees the Tow'r by Britain's Conqu'ror built.*

It is fabled by some, that *Julius Cæsar* built the Tower of *London*; others say, he only built the *White Tower*, which is equally false: Nor is it more certain that *William* the *Norman* built that *White Tower*, as some Authors write. But it is suppos'd that he first built a Citadel where the Tower now stands. Queen *Elizabeth*, and other Princes before her, made it often the Place of their Residence.

<sup>22</sup> *Ab! Madam, must I call to Mind*

Taken from *Virgil*;

*Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem.*

Thus translated by Mr. *Dryden*,

*Great Queen, what you command me to relate,  
Renews the sad Remembrance of our Fate.*

Which does not seem to have in it the Spirit of the Original, no more than *Segrais's* Version.

*Que ton Commandement, incomparable Reine,  
Renouvelle en mon cœur une cruelle peine.*

A cruel Pain, incomparable Queen,  
What you command does in my Heart renew.

*Virgil* literally,

*Great*

*Great Queen, you bid my cruel Grief renew.*

The Liberty of the two other Versions warrants all that I have taken in the Translation of the *Henriade*.

<sup>23</sup> *What was this Medicis, you may demand.*

*Catharine de Medicis* was Daughter of the Duke of *Florence*, and Niece to Pope *Clement VII*. She was married to, *Henry* then Duke of *Orleans*, afterwards *Henry II.* of *France*, at the Interview of *Marseilles* in 1533. That Pope met *Francis I.* there on this Occasion. *Henry* his Son being but fourteen Years old, his Father would have had the Consummation of the Marriage deferr'd two or three Years, but the crafty Pope fearing if the Duke died before the Marriage was consummated, the King of *France* would send his Niece back to *Italy*, so manag'd it, that there were sufficient Proofs of the Consummation. *Des Marques certaines*, says *Varillas*, and *Paulus Jovius*; *ex Virgine mulierem prima nocte reddiderat*. The Duke of *Orleans* and *Catharine de Medicis*, were of the same Age, about fourteen Years, with only fourteen Days Difference.

<sup>24</sup> *Her Husband dying in his Prime of Life.*

Her Husband *Henry II.* was kill'd by the Count *de Montgomery* in a Tournament, *June 13. 1559*. Almost all Accounts given of this Queen, except *Brantome's*, agree in her Character, that she was vicious, cruel, intriguing, ambitious. *Brantome* begins her Eulogy with saying, that the House of *Medicis* was one of the most illustrious in *Chriſtendom*, and tells us the Origin of it in a Manner that cannot but divert the Reader. When *Brennus* the *Gaul* over-ran *Italy* and *Greece*, about 500  
Years

Years before Christ, he had in his Army two *French Gentlemen*; they are Monsieur *Brantome's* own Words, the one nam'd *Felonius*, the other *Bono*, who abhorring *Brennus's* Design to rob the Temple of *Delphos*, left him, and pass'd into *Asia* with their Ships and Men, where they carried on their Conquests as far as the Countries of the *Medes* and *Persians*; after which, they return'd to *Europe*, and coming into *Italy*, on their Way home to *France*, *Felonius* stopp'd in that Part of it, where now stands *Florence* on the River *Arno*; and having obtain'd many great Victories in the Country of the *Medes*, his Companions call'd him *Medicus*; just, says *Brantome*, as *Paulus* was call'd *Macedonicus*, for conquering *Perseus* King of *Macedon*, 300 Years after; and from that very same *Medicus* descended the Family of *Medicis* at *Florence*. *Bono*-built *Benomia*. Such History as this is made as well in a Dream, as out of it; and notwithstanding it was gravely mention'd by an Archbishop in a Funeral Sermon on this Queen, 'tis hardly good enough for School-boys or their Masters.

<sup>25</sup> *A Slave to Pleasure, to Ambition more.*

She kept young Girls about her on purpose to tempt the Princes, and by that Means to get out of them their Designs. She brought some of them with her to the Conference at *St. Bris*, where asking the King of *Navarre* what *he would have*? *Nothing there*, said he, pointing to her Maids; though he did not want Love for the Ladies at other Times. Two of her Maids of Honour were brought to Bed in two Years. *Madam de Luneville* was delivered in her Wardrobe. A *French* Author says of this Queen, " Her Maids of Honour had the best Time in the World. They  
" enjoy'd

“ enjoy’d all the Pleasures of Matrimony with  
 “ as much Credit as if they abstain’d from them,  
 “ provided they had the Dexterity or Industry to  
 “ prevent being with Child. As the *Lacedemo-*  
 “ *nians* did not punish the Theft, but the Disco-  
 “ very of it; so this Queen did not turn away  
 “ her Maids for being with Child, but for letting  
 “ it be known.

<sup>26</sup> *A Bigot to the Sect which she betray’d.*

The Colloquy of *Poissy* was held by her Com-  
 mand, and she, her Son the King, the Princes of  
 the Blood, and the great Court Lords, assisted at  
 it. *Theodore Beza* was the chief Speaker for the  
*Protestants*, and he spoke with great Force and  
 Eloquence, as may be seen in *Ramus’s* Account of  
 that Colloquy. *Beza*, among other Things, said,  
*That Christ’s Body was as far from Bread and*  
*Wine, as Heaven is from Earth.* The Bishops  
 made a great Noise, crying out, *be blasphem’d*;  
 and Cardinal *Tournon*, Dean of the Cardinals, de-  
 sir’d the Queen to silence *Beza*, which she would  
 not do. And probably this is what is referr’d to  
 here. *Maimbourg* says, *Heresy* enter’d in Tri-  
 umph the Palaces of the most Christian Kings,  
 to establish there the Throne of her Empire; and  
 one may say, it was then that she exercis’d a full  
 and entire Dominion, supported by the Authori-  
 ty of the two first Princes of the Blood, *Navarre*  
 and *Conde*, and the Favour of the Queen, who  
 however had as deep a Hand as any one, in the  
 Massacre of *Paris*. *Maimbourg* adds, “ The  
 “ Queen not only permitted the Ministers to  
 “ preach in the Royal Apartments of the Prin-  
 “ ces, whither the Country crowded to hear  
 “ them; while the poor Monks preach’d to the  
 “ Walls; But she her self, with the principal  
 “ Ladies

“ Ladies of the Court, assisted at the Sermons of  
 “ the Bishop of *Valence*, who preach’d the Doc-  
 “ trines of *Luther* and *Calvin*.” This was about  
 the Year 1561. when the Colloquy of *Poissy* was  
 held. *Varillas* says it was procur’d by means of  
 the Cardinal of *Lorraine*, who did it out of Vani-  
 ty to shew his Learning and Eloquence; in which  
*Theodore Beza* was, however, more than a Match  
 for him: Yet the latter fail’d not to extol the Car-  
 dinal in an extraordinary Manner, and was him-  
 self extoll’d by the Cardinal, with whom he con-  
 ferr’d privately.

*John Caraciol*, Bishop of *Troye*, Son of the  
 Prince of *Melpbi*, Mareschal of *France*, assisting  
 at this Colloquy, was so well convinc’d of the  
 Truth of the Protestant Religion, by what he  
 heard there from *Beza*, *Martyr*; and other re-  
 form’d Divines, that he quitted his Bishoprick,  
 and retain’d only the Character of a *Presbyter*.

27 *The second Francis*

Succeeded his Father *Henry II.* of *France* in the  
 Year 1559. While he was Dauphin, he marri-  
 ed *Mary*, Daughter and Heir to *James V.* King  
 of *Scotland*, and *Margaret* of *Lorrain*, Sister to  
*Francis Duke de Guise*. He reign’d two Years,  
 and then died of Poison, as was said, given him  
 a long Time before.

28 *The Guise’s were his Gods.*

Sons of *Francis Duke de Guise*. The *Dukes de*  
*Guise*, *de Mayne*, and *d’Aumale*, before-mention-  
 ed, govern’d all Things in this short Reign.

29 *Charles more a Child,*

*Charles IX.* Son of *Henry II.* and *Catharine de*  
*Medicis*, succeeded his Brother *Francis II.* Anno  
 1561,

1561, when he was about twelve Years of Age, his Mother being Regent during his Minority. *Brantome* says a great many fine Things of him in his Life, but it is impossible to give Credit to them, when he owns the deep Concern he had in the Butchery of St. *Bartolomew*. I use his own Expressions, *y fut plus ardent que tous*. “ He “ was the hottest of them all, insomuch that as “ soon as it was Day-light, he open’d the Win- “ dow of his Chamber, and seeing the *Hugonots* “ in the *Fauxbourg St. Germain* running away from “ the Murderers, he took a Fowling Piece, load- “ ed it, and shot at them, *as if they had been* “ *Game*; crying, as loud as he could, *tuez, tuez,* “ *kill, kill*. Some Days after Admiral *Coligny* “ was massacred, and carried to *Montfaucon* by “ the Mob, who hang’d him on the Gallows “ there, by the Feet, the King went thither “ to see that detestable Spectacle; and the Body “ beginning to corrupt, some of the Courtiers “ held their Noses, on Account of the Smell: “ *Charles* observing it, said, *I don’t, like you, hold* “ *my Nose, for nothing is so fragrant as the Smell* “ *of a dead Enemy*. Having caus’d Monsieur “ *de Brunquemant*, and Monsieur *Cabagnes*, to be “ hang’d in the Night-time, he stood near the “ Gallows, and had *Flambeaux* held up to the “ Faces of the dying Gentlemen, that he might “ delight himself with their Looks in the Ago- “ nies of Death.” All that *Brantome* says to it is, *Et que plusieurs ne trouverent beau*; which se- veral thought was not handsomely done: Indeed nothing could be more brutal and base.

Though this King had several Concubines, par- ticularly *Mary Touchet*, an Apothecary’s Daugh- ter of *Orleans*, and though we are assur’d he died of a Distemper contracted by amorous Embraces,

yet *Mezerai*, the best Historian the *French* have, affirms, he had an Aversion to Women. *Bayle's* Reflections upon it are just and pleasant: " So  
 " that we find he had three Mistresses besides his  
 " wedded Wife; and considering he died before  
 " he was twenty-four Years of Age, and after a  
 " long Sickness, and left two natural Children  
 " behind him, one can't very well comprehend  
 " on what Bottom *Mezerai* founded that Saying  
 " of his, *That he had an Aversion to Women.*  
*Brantome*, who knew better, tells us, that ha-  
 " ving Commerce with his Queen during his Sick-  
 " ness, *il s'y eschauffa tant qu'il en abregea ses jours.*  
*He beated himself so that he shorten'd his Life by*  
*it."*

30 ————— and War

*As fierce as Civil always is ensu'd.*

The very next Year after the Colloquy of *Poissy*. *Brantome* informs us, that the Dukes *de Guise* and *Nemours* left the Court soon after it broke up, because they saw *la nouvelle Religion entrer en fleur*, the new Religion flourish'd there, upon which the Duke *de Guise*, the Constable *Montmerenci*, and the Marechal *de St. André*, who were stil'd the *Triumvirate*, rais'd a Popish Army, and fell upon the Protestants in the Year 1562. when the first War, on Account of Religion, commenc'd in *France*.

31 *Dreux first beheld their fatal Ensigns spread.*

The Battle of *Dreux* was fought in the Year 1562. the famous Minister *Theodore Beza* was in it. The Town of *Dreux* is situated on the River *Blaise*, in the *Chartrain* or Neighbourhood of *Chartres*, about thirty Miles from *Paris*. 'Tis said to be older than *Chartres*; and *Robbe* pre-  
 tends

tends it takes its Name from the *Druides*, but that is not the only Dream in his Geography of *France*. The Mareſchal *de St. André*, one of the Triumvirate, was kill'd at this Battle of *Dreux*. *Bran-tome* ſays he was taken Priſoner, and afterwards kill'd by one *Aubigny*, probably a *Scotſman* originally, who thought he had been injur'd by him in a Proceſs at Law.

<sup>32</sup> *Old Montmerency, near the Tomb of Kings,  
A Leaden Death, a Warriour's Preſent, met.*

*Anne de Montmerency*, another of the Triumvirate. He was Conſtable of *France*, and ſo zealous againſt the Proteſtants, that he in Perſon demolish'd their Temples, and took Pleaſure in making Bonfires of the Pulpits and Benches, for which they call'd him Captain *Burn Bench*. He was very active in the firſt Wars againſt the *Hugonots* in the Regency of *Catharine de Medicis*. He was kill'd in the Battle of *St. Denis*, a Town near *Paris*, where the Kings of *France* have their Burying-Place, and Monuments, in the Abbey-Church. He was kill'd by one *Stuart*, of one of the nobleſt Houſes in *Scotland*, who afterwards was barbarouſly murder'd in cold Blood at the Inſtance of the Marquis *de Villars*.

*The Leaden Death*, the *Plomb mortel*, refers to the Circumſtance of his Death's Wound. 'Tis ſaid this Mr. *Stuart* had Bullets of a particular Make, that would pierce Armour, which other Ball could not penetrate; but this Story is, doubtleſs, thus told, to do Honour to the Conſtable, who was not to be kill'd by any common Means. The Conſtable *de Montmerency* had been a great Favourite of *Henry II.* King of *France*; but he loſt his Favour by the Loſs of the Battle of *St. Quentin*; and 'tis thought he would never have reco-



recovered it, had it not been to set him up against the *Guise's*, who were grown intolerably insolent. However, he join'd with *Guise* in the *Triumvirate*, for the Destruction of the *Hugonots*.

33 ——— *At Orleans Guise was slain*

*Francis* Duke of *Guise* was Son of *Claude* Duke of *Guise*, Son of *Rene* Duke of *Lorraine*. He was Uncle to *Mary* Queen of *Scots*, and began his intended Destruction of the Protestants in *France* with the Massacre at *Vassy*, where he fell upon them as they were singing Psalms in their Temple, and cut them to Pieces, notwithstanding an Edict had been lately publish'd in their Favour. This bloody Attempt was about the latter End of the Year 1561. and open'd the first tragick Scene of the Wars and Slaughters in *France* on Account of Religion. Several loyal Papists sided with the *Hugonots*, when they perceiv'd that this Duke of *Guise*, and his Son after him, made the Church only a Pretence. Their true Design being to usurp the Kingdom, and set aside the right Heirs in *France*; and they were in a fair Way to succeed in it, if the Father, *Francis* Duke of *Guise* had not been assassinated by *Poltro* at *Orleans*, in the Year 1563. and the Son *Henry* Duke of *Guise* had not been put to Death at *Blois*, by Command of *Henry III.* Anno 1588.

34 *My wretched Father,*

*Anthony* King of *Navarre*, Father of *Henry IV.* King of *France* and *Navarre*. He married *Jeanne d'Albret*, in whose Right he was King of *Navarre*. She was a Lady of great Wit, from whom 'tis thought her Son *Henry IV.* King of *France*, inherited the same Talent, his Father *Anthony de Bourbon* being not endow'd with it. He was a weak

weak inconstant Prince, sometimes favouring the Protestants, and sometimes fighting against them. He receiv'd his Death's Wound in the Trenches before *Roan*, then in Protestant Hands, when the Papists besieged it, *Anno 1562.*

<sup>35</sup> *Conde, Myself, his Brother's only Son,*

The Prince of *Conde* was Brother to *Anthony de Bourbon*, King of *Navarre*, Father of this *Henry de Bourbon*, a Prince of a very ordinary Character.

<sup>36</sup> *Ab I still mourn, and ever shall I mourn  
His Murder by a vile Assassin's Hand.*

'Twas at the Battle of *Jarnac*, *Anno 1569.* where the Prince of *Conde* was taken Prisoner by Monsieur *d'Argentée*, to whom he surrender'd himself, as he was about being taken by one *Rozier*; soon after came up the Baron *Montesquiou*, Captain of the Duke *d'Anjou's* Swiss Guards, who asking who the Prisoner was, and being told the Prince of *Conde*, he cry'd, *Kill him, kill him*; and with a horrible Oath fired his Pistol, and shot him dead; for which good Service, he was, not long after, made a *Mareschal of France*, though he deserved a *Halter* much more than a *Batoon*, Quarter having been given to the Prince, by *Rozier* and *Argentée*.

*Ab I still mourn. 'Tis literal,  
Je pleure encore, & pleurerai toujours.*

<sup>37</sup> *I owe him, Madam, All, the Debt I own;*

If this is Prose, *Voltaire* is accountable for it.

*Je luy dois tout, Madame, il faut que je l'avoue.*

- <sup>38</sup> *Whatever Rome has in my Deeds esteem'd,  
Si Rome a souvent estimé mes exploits.*

The Esteem he met with at Rome, did not hinder *Anathemas* being denounc'd against him there, and this Verse might very well have been omitted.

- <sup>39</sup> *Most Grand, and most redoubted in Defeats,  
He speaks of Jasper de Coligny, Admiral of France, the greatest, but not most fortunate, Captain of the Age he liv'd in. It was remarkable in him, that he had scarce lost one Army before he had another ready to oppose his Enemies.*

- <sup>40</sup> *Which neither Gaston nor Dunois cou'd boast*

Two famous Warriors of France, *Gaston de Foix* General of the French Army in Italy, in the Reign of *Charles VIII.* the Count de *Dunois* signaliz'd himself in the Wars against the *English*, in the Reign of *Charles VII.* His Character is so illustrious, that he is one of *Chapelain's* chief Heroes in his Poem *La Pucelle*: He makes him in Love with *Joan d'Arc*, the Maid of Orleans, the Heroine of his Poem, as by these miserable Verses:

— *Consumons nous d'une Flame si belle,  
Brulons en holocauste aux yeux de la Pucelle.*

*Let us, consuming in so fair a Flame,  
Fall a burnt Sacrifice to her bright Eyes.*

- <sup>41</sup> *Ten Years in winning and in losing spent,*

The first War between the Protestants and Papists, broke out in the Year 1562. and the Massacre of Paris was in the Year 1572.

- <sup>42</sup> *His Sister I must wed,*

*Margaret*

*Margaret of Valois*, Daughter of *Henry II.* and *Catherine de Medicis*, Sister to *Francis II.* *Charles IX.* and *Henry III.* said to be the most beautiful, witty, and gallant Princess of her Time. She was married to *Henry King of Navarre*, a few Days before the *Massacre*; and the Celebration of that Solemnity was the Pretence to draw the Protestant Lords to *Paris*, where their Throats were cut in the midst of their Security and Joy.

This Princess *Margaret* was a great Enemy to the *Hugonots*; and as we find very few of their Enemies to be Persons of good Morals, so this most excellent Catholick is thus describ'd by *Mézerai*. There, at *Fauxbourg St. Germain*, she kept her little Court. This was after she had been divorc'd from *Henry IV.* by her own Consent and Request, at least in Form, where her Life was a whimsical Mixture of Voluptuousness and Devotion, a Love of Letters and Vanity, of Christian Charity and Injustice. For as she valu'd her self upon being often seen at Church, on her discoursing with learned Men, and giving the Tenth of her Revenues to the Monks, so she gloried in Gallantry and Intrigues, inventing new Sports and Diversions, and in not paying her Debts.

#### 43. My Mother's Death

*Jeanne d'Albret*, Queen of *Navarre*, a Princess of great Piety, Wisdom, and Zeal, endow'd with all royal and virtuous Qualities, and a steady Protestant.

#### 44. With Horrors, such as Hell could furnish, wing'd.

This introduces a Description of the *Massacre* in *Paris*, an Action which renders the French Name odious and abominable to all Nations, and will so render it to the End of Time; for no Na-

tion in the World has the like Infamy in History. It was contriv'd by the Queen Regent, the Duke of *Guise*, and the chief Popish Lords at *St. Clau*, a Palace about six Miles from *Paris*. Of latter Years it has belong'd to the Dukes of *Orleans*. In the same Palace, seventeen Years after, was murder'd *Henry III.* of *France*, whose Hands were deeply dipp'd in the Blood of that Butchery.

\* *Teligny, Gallant Youth,*

His Grandfather, *Monsieur de Teligny*, was Governour of the Dutchy of *Milan*, when it was in the Possession of the *French*, in the Reign of *Lewis XII.* His Father was Guidon to the Duke of *Orleans*, and this *Monsieur de Teligny* was reckoned one of the most accomplished Gentlemen of his Time, both in Letters, and in Arms. *Brantome* owns there were few of his Rank surpass'd him; but he adds, he became a zealous Protestant, which, however, was to his Advantage: For being a Person of great Honour, and valued as such by Admiral *Coligny*, he took him under his Tuition, and so well tutor'd him, that he was alike qualified for Action and Counsel. He also gave him his Daughter, a very fine young Lady, in Marriage, who might have match'd higher, but the Admiral consider'd Merit more than Fortune. *Brantome* adds, "He was slain at the Massacre of *St. Bartholomew*, and his Death was a publick Loss, as was the Death of others there murder'd." His Widow married afterwards the Prince of *Orange*, and she has the Honour to have been Great-grandmother to *William III.* King of *England*, of glorious Memory.

\* *Before waiting for the Victim in the Court,*

Thi

This *Russian* was a *German* by Nation, bred up by the Duke of *Guise*; and one may, without being uncharitable, imagine that he was so bred to be ready for such bloody Work. 'Twas this *Besme* who broke open the Admiral's Chamber Door, and seeing him, cried, *Art thou the Admiral?* *Coligny* saying, *I am*, he ran him through the Body, and afterwards cut him cross the Face with a Back-sword. *Guise*, who waited in the Court below, cried out, *Is the Business done?* *Besme* said, *Yes*; and to prove it, flung the Body, that had still some Breath in it, out of the Window; but it hung by the Legs, till the Murderer and his Associates loosen'd it, and let it fall to the Ground, where the Duke of *Guise* waited to feast his Eyes with so horrid a Spectacle. A Popish Author writes, *To tell what foul Language and Insults his Corpse met with, is too shocking for an honest Man to read. Those call'd him villainous Names, and insulted him when dead, who durst not look him in the Face when he was living, and trembled only at Sight of him.* His Head was immediately cut off, and sent to the Pope, or King of Spain. *Besme*, the Assassin, was taken two or three Years after in *Poitou*, by a Party of *Hugonots*, who cut him to Pieces. He was related to the House of *Guise* by his Marriage with the Bastard Daughter of the Cardinal of *Lorraine*, a Popish Bishop.

I affect to insert only such historical Passages as are most rare, and not to be met with in general Histories; as what follows.

*Henry Duke d'Anjou* being chosen King of *Poland*, in his Journey thither stopp'd at the Court of the Elector Palatine in *Germany*, the Year after the Massacre, where he met with a most royal Entertainment. One Day the Elector took

the King, and two or three of his Followers, into his Cabinet, where was the Picture of Admiral Coligny at full Length, drawn after the Life, and very natural; the Elector said, *You knew that Man very well, Monsieur; you caus'd the greatest Captain in Christendom to be slain when he was massacred; which should not have been done, for he did you and the King great Service.*

Henry went about to palliate the Murder as well as he cou'd, saying, *If we had not killed him, he would have killed us, and we only prevented him.* The Elector replied, *We know the Story, Sir;* and so went out of the Cabinet. Brantome writes, *I had it from good Hands that the King was very much surpriz'd at Sight of the Admiral's Picture,* and so he might well be, considering the monstrous Wickedness of the Action, and that he was in the Power of a Prince who took it so heinously.

48 *Guise at their Head,*

Henry Duke of Guise, Son of Duke Francis, was a Prince endow'd with great Qualities, both for Peace and War, but of a Temper fit to form an Usurper, being equally cruel and deceitful. He was so popular, that coming once from Champagne, of which he was Governor, to Paris, as he made his Entry through the Gate St. Antoine, the People did not only cry, *Vive Guise*, but sung *Hosanna Filio David*, and that the States intended to dethrone Henry III. and put the Crown on his Head, is not questioned by French Historians. In order to it, a Genealogy was publish'd, making him Heir to the Descendants from Charlemagne, who were wrong'd by Hugh Capet and the House of Valois, whose Heir was Henry III. to prevent which, the King order'd him and his Brethren to be put to Death in the Castle of Blois, where

where the States were then assembled, *Anno 1588.* His Widow *Catharine de Cleves*, second Daughter to the *Duke de Nevers*, delivered a Petition to the Parliament of *Paris*, as it was modelled by the Faction of the *Guises*, praying for Justice; and the Parliament condemn'd the King by an *Arret* dated *January 31, 1589.* to make Amende honorable in his Shirt, bare-headed and bare-foot, to have a Rope put about his Neck by the common Hangman, and holding in his Hand a Torch of 30 Pound, to declare in the Assembly of the States, upon his Knees, that he did causelessly and wickedly commit Murder on the Persons of the Duke and Cardinal of Guise, and demanded Pardon for it of God, of Justice, and the States; and that as a Criminal Convict he shall forfeit the Crown of France, and renounce that Right he might pretend to it, be banish'd and confin'd during Life in the Convent of Hieronymites, near the Wood of Vincennes, there to live on Bread and Water.

With what Impudence can the *Papists* after this, pretend to be the only loyal Subjects, and to value themselves on the Adoration they have paid crown'd Heads, whether Tyrants or others? Our Republicans were modest, compar'd to the *Papists* and *French Regicides*. This holy Duke of *Guise*, to whom the *Parisians* sung *Hosanna to the Son of David*, lay with a Court Lady the Night before he was assassinated, which was the Reason of his coming so late to the Council the next Day, that those who came to kill him were afraid of missing their intended Blow.

<sup>49</sup> *The Manes of his Father to revenge.*

*Francis* Duke of *Guise*, Father of Duke *Henry*, was slain by *Poltro* at *Orleans*, as beforementioned. The *Papists* would have extorted a Confessi-



on from *Poltrót* by the Rack, that Admiral *Côligny* set on the Assassin, and the Torture made him use some Tergiversation, which the *Papists* wrested to a Charge; but the Admiral insisted upon it that he might be examined in his Presence, and prov'd that he was so far from approving this Assassination, that hearing a Whisper of a Design against the Life of the Duke *de Guise*, he sent him Word of it, that he might be on his Guard. The Persons who instigated *Poltrót* to commit this Murder, were the Baron *Aubeterre*, and, as *Poltrót* said, the Seigneur *de Soubise*, who help'd him to Money to buy a swift Horse to make his Escape after the Blow was given, which was, as *Brantome* says, severely reveng'd at St. *Bartolomew*. After all, Monsieur *Bayle* tells us, that the Duke of *Guise's* Hatred to the *Hugonots* was at first Grimace only, and if he could have made his Fortune better by them than the *Papists*, he would without Doubt have embrac'd that Party. *Varillas* denies this, and other Authors confirm it.

<sup>50</sup> *Nevers*.

Duke of the House of *Gonzaga*. He and *Henry* Duke *de Guise* beforemention'd, married two of the Sisters and Heiresses of *Jaques de Cleves*, Duke *de Nevers*.

<sup>51</sup> *Gondi*.

Originally of *Florence*, from whence the first of them came with *Catbarine de Medicis*. His Brother or Uncle was at that Time Bishop of *Paris*, and always stuck close to *Henry III.* against the Leaguers. The Family of *Retz* descended from the *Gondi's*, and has produc'd three Cardinals.

<sup>52</sup> *Tavanne*.

He

He had been a bloody Persecutor of the Protestants in *Burgundy*, of which he was Governor. They sent Complaints against him to Court, but had no Redress. He was cruel and proud, a great Enemy to the Marechal *de Biron*, insomuch that by his and the Count *de Retz's* Procurement, Monsieur *de Biron* was put in the List of the proscrib'd at the Massacre of *Paris*, though he went to Mass; but the *Papists* look'd upon him as an *Occasional Conformist*, and on that Account would have murder'd him, if he had not shut himself up in the *Arsenal*, of which, as grand Master of the Ordnance, he was Governour. He drew several Pieces of Artillery to the Gates and Avenues, and appear'd so well prepar'd for Resistance, that when the *Parisians* came to attack him, as they were order'd to do, upon his threatening to fire upon them, they retir'd.

<sup>53</sup> *Renel*, Marquifs of.

He was kill'd by *Buffy d'Amboise*, to revenge a Process he had against him at Law.

<sup>54</sup> *Pardaillan*.

Son of *Segui Pardaillan*, who had been the King of *Navarre's* Ambassador in *England*, *Holland*, and *Germany*, to procure Assistance to support his Succession to the Crown of *France* in case it was disputed. One *Roger de Pardaillan de Gendris*, Marquifs *de Termes*, died in the Year 1704.

<sup>55</sup> *Guerchi the Brave*,

The Marquifs *de Guerchi* was Lieutenant to Admiral *Coligny*, and murder'd in the Admiral's House.

<sup>56</sup> *Lavarlin*

<sup>56</sup> *Lavardin the Wife,*

A brave Officer, who had behav'd gallantly in the Service of *Charles IX.* and had Pretensions to the Post of Colonel of the King's Guards, but was refus'd on Account of his being a Protestant. We suppose the Marquis *de Lavardin*, Ambassador from *Lewis XIV.* to the Pope, when the Dispute happen'd about the *Franchises*, which had like to have occasioned a Rupture, was his Descendant.

<sup>57</sup> *Marfillac and Soubise.*

The former was of the House of the Princes *de Marfillac*, the latter *Charles de Quillenex*, Baron *de Pont* in *Bretagne*, married *Catharine de Parthenai*, only Daughter of *John de Parthenai*, Seigneur *de Soubise*. When the Massacre was at *Paris*, he defended himself valiantly against the Massacrers, but was at last overpower'd and butcher'd near the *Louvre*, where his dead Body was expos'd naked.

<sup>58</sup> *Her cruel Fav'rites with delighted Eye.*

*Ses cruels Favoris, d'un Regard curieux.*

In *French* 'tis with *curious Eye*, and had not the Favourites been *Female*, I should have thought it related to a filthy Circumstance in the Fate of *Soubise*. There had been a Process against him for Impotence, and the Curiosity of *Catharine de Medicis* and her Court Ladies was so shameless, that his naked Corpse being laid before them, they very curiously survey'd it, bursting out into Laughter at so detestable a Spectacle, and taking great Delight in the pretended Discoveries they had made. She expos'd also the naked Body of a Woman who was kill'd in Man's Cloaths at the Siege

Siege of *Roan* ; such was the Religion, the Virtue, and Modesty, of this Queen and her Train. Of the Queen, however, *Brantome* speaks in Praise, with respect to Religion. *Among all her Perfections*, says he, *she was a good Christian, very devout, she went often to Confession, and never mis's'd divine Service, Morning or Evening ; she had excellent Voices, and the best Masters of Musick, in her Chapel. Her Ladies and Maids of Honour were Patterns of Discretion ; as has been sufficiently shewn in this and other Instances.*

59 *Tb' Adventure of Caumont an Infant then,  
From Mouth to Mouth in future Times shall pass.  
Ira de Bouche en Bouche a la race future.*

As bald as this Verse appears in the Translation, it is certainly equal to the Original.

There were four Brothers of the *Caumonts*, all Protestants, but they did not take Arms ; for which they were call'd *Hugonots-Royallists*, and by some, even of the Papists, *Poltronesques*, dastardly Fellows. The elder was this *Caumont*, the second Brother *Monsieur de Clerat*, the third the *Seigneur de Feville*, and the fourth *Monsieur la Force*, who was massacred at *Paris*, by means of their half Sister *Madam d'Archaut*, and his Son near him. Another Son was left for dead, but sav'd himself in the Arsenal, where the *Mareschal de Biron* hid him. He was afterwards preferr'd to several great Employments, and much in Favour with *Henry III.* and *IV.* The elder Brother *Caumont* was murder'd in his House by *Monsieur de Hautefort*, and Captain *le Pezil*, for a private Quarrel.

60 *But Death flew o'er the Bed with random Wing.  
Sur ce lit malheureux la Mort vole au hazard.*

Is

Is more profaick than the Translation.

<sup>61</sup> *Mean time, in these sad Moments, What did I?*

The Original is not better.

*Cependant, que faisois je en ces affieux Momens.*

<sup>62</sup> *If Storms arose to find a Port in Me,*

*Soit qu'enfin s'assurant d'un port durant l'Orage.*

<sup>63</sup> *And ev'ry Province was with Slaughter spread.*

A well-meaning Countryman of ours in the last Century, thank'd God with his last Words, that he was born a *Man, a Christian, and an Englishman*. It is enough for one to be thankful that one was not born a *Frenchman*, to escape a Portion of the Infamy which is fix'd upon that Nation above all Nations upon Earth, for this merciless diabolical Massacre, of which *Canibals* and *Hottentots* would be asham'd. News of it was immediately dispatch'd by *John Bourachio*, a Courier, to *Spain*, and the Courier made such Haste with his welcome News, that in three Days and three Nights he arriv'd at *Madrid* from *Paris*, seven or eight Hundred Miles. *Brantome* adds, that he never slept all the Way; and truly he had very little Time for it. The King of *Spain* would not believe him, till he had read the *French King's* Letter, informing him, that all the principal *Hugonots*, except the King of *Navarre*, the Prince of *Conde*, and the Count *de Montgomeri*, were murder'd. The King of *Spain* telling his Courtiers the News, said, the King of *Navarre* was sav'd for his Wife's Sake, the Prince of *Conde* for his Nonage, and the Count *de Montgomery* by a *Miracle of the Devil*, per grand Miraglo di diablo, no de Dios. The King order'd *Bourachio* to carry the News, and the *French King's* Letter, immediately

mediately to the Admiral of *Castille*, with whom was at Dinner the Duke de l'*Infantado*, a young Lord, who ask'd, when he had heard the News, *Whether the Admiral of France and his Followers were Christians?* And being answer'd *Yes*, he replied, *Como diablo puede ser que pues que son Franceses y assy Christianos se matan como bestias.* What a D—l, said he, if they were Christians, why did the *French* butcher them like Beasts?

The Papiſts cut the Throats of above two hundred thousand naked Protestants in the Massacre at *Paris*, and other Cities in *France*.

<sup>64</sup> *Struck by a Hand invisible He dy'd;*

Almost all impartial Writers agree that divine Vengeance was visible in the terrible Manner of this young Tyrant's Death. I will make use of *Echard's* Words on this Occasion, because being a Divine, one may be sure that he has not err'd in Decorum. *Immediately follow'd the infamous and execrable Massacre of Paris, and the terrible Slaughter of the Protestants throughout all the Cities of France; but the King, notwithstanding all his Shews of Piety, did not escape the Divine Vengeance; for before two Years were expir'd, he was seiz'd with unnatural Distempers, and strange Irruptions of Blood, and afterwards with long and grievous Torments, ended his Life A. D. 1574.*

<sup>65</sup> *Valois impatient pass'd thro' various Climes*

We have mention'd the Duke of *Anjou's* being chosen King of *Poland*, and he became King of *France*, *Henry III.* by the Death of his Brother *Charles IX.* of which, as soon as he had Notice, he left *Poland* very abruptly, and rather stole away than departed, *se deroba*, says the Bishop of *Meaux*, being apprehensive that the *Poles* would have

have stopp'd him to have Satisfaction for the Money they had been out upon him. He was debauch'd, superstitious, and cruel; his Life a Mixture of Lewdness and Devotion, like that of his Sister *Margaret*. In short, nothing could be more extravagant and whimsical. He gave himself up so entirely to his Minions, that all *France* was shock'd at it. The chief of them were the Dukes *de Joyeuse* and *d'Epemon*, whom he would have married to two of his Wife's Sisters, Nieces to the Duke of *Lorraine*. She whom he intended for the Duke *d'Epemon*, retir'd into a Monastery: The Duke *de Joyeuse* married the other, and the Marriage was celebrated with so much Pomp, that it is talk'd of to this Day in *France*. The Expence of it was four millions of *Livres*, as much as ten millions is now. Nor was he less prodigal of his Affection and Favour to *St. Maigrin* and *Quelus*, as appear'd by his immoderate Grief when they were kill'd.

“ *His Glory vanish'd like a flitting Shade;*

*Mariana* writes of him, that in his elder Years he sully'd all the Glory he acquir'd in his younger, and adds, there was not more Difference between *Hector* victorious over *Patroclus*, and his Carcass dragg'd along at the Chariot Wheels, than between the Duke *d'Anjou* victorious at *Montcontour* and *Henry III.* beset with Minions, and forced by the Duke *de Guise* to quit *Paris*. In his younger Years he was so inclin'd to *Hugonotism*, that at the Colloqui of *Poissy* he importun'd his Sister *Margaret*, afterwards Queen of *Navarre*, to turn Protestant, as she says her self in her Memoirs. All the Court there was infected with Heresy, and I was daily importun'd imperiously by the Lords and Ladies, and even by my Brother *d'Anjou*, since King

King of France, who from his Childhood had receiv'd Impressions of wicked Hugonotism, and incessantly teaz'd me to change my Religion, throwing my Mass-Book into the Fire, and giving me the Psalms and Prayers of the Hugonots.

<sup>67</sup> Guise shows himself, and strait th'inconstant Crowd

This was in the Year 1576. when the League was form'd by him and his Accomplices, under Pretence of defending the Church, when it had a Defender on the Throne, and a very zealous one too, Henry III. than whom, no Man was more busy in the bloody Massacre.

<sup>68</sup> And in the Plains of Coutras bit the Ground.

The French Critick thinks the Description of this Battle a Master-piece. It was fought in the Year 1587. the King of Navarre beat the Leaguers, and lay the Night after the Battle in the same House where Joyeuse had his Quarters before it.

<sup>69</sup> Guise at Vimory

A Town in Champagne, where Guise fell upon some Germans marching to the Assistance of Navarre, and defeated them.

<sup>70</sup> Auneau, in Beausse.

The Duke of Guise had another Advantage over the Germans at that Place.

Room to fly.

This refers to his Flight to Chartres, (in the Year 1588.) He had attempted to have Satisfaction of the ~~sixteen~~ for their Insolence. These sixteen were so many Mutineers, chosen out of the sixteen Quarters of Paris, who finding the Royal Authority was like to be too hard for them, sent



to the Duke *de Guise*, then at *Soissons*, to come to their Assistance. Accordingly, he came, and was receiv'd with loud Acclamations by the People, who had set up the Barricades for their Defence. The Troops the King had caus'd to enter the Town in the Night-time, were kept off by them in every Street. Soon after this, he reconcil'd himself to the *League*, which indeed he had himself fallen in with at its Commencement out of Fear, though he fell from it afterwards. He order'd his Subjects to take an Oath that they wou'd never own as King an heretical Prince. 'Tis suppos'd that the Rumour of the *Spanish* invincible *Armada* dispos'd him to this Reconciliation.

71 ——— *When the Descendants of our Kings*

*Thierry Clovis III. Cbildebert Dagobert II. Cbilperic*, Kings of *France*, were meer Cyphers; the sovereign Power about the latter End of the seventh Century being usurp'd by the *Maire's* of the Palace *Ebroin*, *Pepin*, and *Charles Martel*; and from the last of these Usurpers descended *Charlemagne* and the *Carolingian* Line.

72 *To Blois, summon'd now the States of France :*

In the Year 1588. the *Leaguers* had such Influence on the whole Kingdom, that they carried the Election in so many Places, as to get a Majority.

73 *Expiring he preserv'd his haughty Air,*

An Imitation of what *Tasso* says of *Argantes minacciava morendo*. He threaten'd as he died.

74 *Valiant Mayne*

*Charles Duke de Mayne* was at *Lyons* when he heard

heard of his Brother's Death, upon which he retir'd into *Burgundy*, where he was Governor, assembled Troops, and march'd directly to *Paris*. He was receiv'd at *Troyes*, the Capital of *Champagne*, with the same Honours as the Kings of *France* were wont to be. He assum'd Sovereign Power, and gave out Commissions to the Creatures of the Duke of *Guise*, particularly *Rosne* and *St. Pol*, to command in *Champagne* and *Boie*. The *Parisians* had his Picture drawn with an Imperial Crown upon his Head, but he wou'd not be crown'd, contenting himself with the Title of *Lieutenant-General of the State and Crown of France*, &c. and as such, he made not only several Generals, but even *Marschals of France*, particularly *St. Pol*, and an Admiral of *France*. In one of his first *Arrets* he says; blasphemously, *Since it has pleas'd God to call us to the Direction of the Affairs of this Kingdom*. Indeed he usurp'd the entire Government; civil as well as military; and by his Letters, made a new Parliament in the Room of that which he broke for their Loyalty to their Sovereign. *Cromwell* did not act the Part of an Usurper more after the King's Death, than *Mayne* did while his King was alive; and yet with what Confidence have the *Englisb* Papists pretended to the Practice of superlative Loyalty?

75 *Young Aumale*,

I know not whether he was the younger Brother of the Dukes *de Guise* and *Mayne*, or their Nephew, Son of the Duke *d'Aumale*, Brothers to Duke *Francis*.

76 ——— *The King, who glories in his Craft,*

*Philip XI. King of Spain*, Son of *Charles V. Emperor of Germany*, but of a very unequal Character,

Character, *Philip* endeavouring to make Acquisitions by Cunning, as *Charles* did by Courage. He was proud and cruel, kill'd his Son *Don Carlos*, and poison'd his Wife, the beautiful Princess *Elizabeth* of *France*, who had been promis'd to *Don Carlos*. It was at this very Time that he assisted the *Leaguers* in *France*, equipping his *Invincible Armada* to invade *England*.

77 *Essex*

The famous Earl of *Essex*, Favourite of Queen *Elizabeth*, whose Story is well known, and is the Subject of a Tragedy written in *French* by *T. Corneille*.

78 *The Pride of Sixtus*

Pope *Sixtus V.* who from having been a Shepherd's Boy, rose to the Papal Throne. The Poet seems to err here against the Truth of History; for most Historians write, that this Pontiff did not favour the *League*, but the contrary Party, in *France*; infomuch that one of their chief Preachers, and the Preachers in *Paris*, were the chief Trumpeters to this Rebellion, said on News of his Death, *God has deliver'd us from a wicked and crafty Pope; if he had liv'd, we should have been astonish'd to hear preaching against the Pope in the Churches of Paris*. This is the Pope who wish'd for a Night's Lodging with Queen *Elizabeth*, that he might beget another *Alexander the Great*, and envied her the Glory of cutting off a Sovereign's Head. He also extoll'd the Murtherer of *Henry III.* of *France*.

79 *Nemours, Duke de,*

Son of *Jagues de Savoye*, Duke de *Nemours*, who married the Duke de *Guise's* Mother, in Breach of

of his Promise of Marriage to Mademoiselle de *Reban*, by whom he had a Child. He was Governor of *Paris* for the *Leaguers*, and was one of the last who submitted to *Henry IV.*

<sup>30</sup> *Boufflers, Bois Dauphin,*

By the Behaviour of the late Mareschal *Duc de Boufflers*, who forwarded much the dragooning of the Protestants of *France* in *Louis XIV's* Reign, we learn, that an implacable Hatred to the reform'd Religion was hereditary in that Family. There was a Mareschal of *France* nam'd *Bois Dauphin*, some Time after this, but we know not in what Relation he stood to this.

<sup>31</sup> *Brissac,*

*Timoleon*, Count *de Brissac*. He hated his Name *Timoleon*, and wish'd it had been *Cesar*, which gives one a Relish of the Affection the *French* Papists and Persecutors have for Liberty: *Timoleon* deliver'd a People from Slavery, *Cesar* enslav'd the World. One would have thought his Master *Buchanan* should have taught him better. He delighted so much in Massacre, that *Brantome* tells us, he wou'd stab the Enemy's Soldiers with a Dagger again and again, to make the Blood spirt up in his Face.

<sup>32</sup> *Canillac,*

The Marquis *de Canillac* intercepted the Queen of *Navarre* in her Flight from *Clerat*, and taking her Prisoner, shut her up in the Castle of *Usson*, where falling in Love with her, he gave her Opportunities to debauch the Garrison, with which she drove him out of the Castle.

<sup>33</sup> *Elbeuf, Marquis de,*

Brother to the Duke *de Guise*. He was seiz'd and imprison'd at *Blois*, when the Duke was killed, and given to the Duke *d'Epemon*, to make the most of his Ransom.

<sup>24</sup> *Aumale*,

The Chevalier *d'Aumale*, Son of the Duke *d'Aumale*, Brother to the Duke *de Guise*, killed by *Poltrôt*.

<sup>25</sup> ————— *A few in France*

The Parliament of *Paris*, before modell'd by the *Leaguers*. This Parliament, which is now a Court of Justice only, was instituted by *Pepin*, Father of *Charlemagne*, and was of greater Authority in former Times, especially upon the Disuse of the Assembly of the States General, the last of which was held *Anno 1614.* and the Assembly of the *Notables Anno 1624.* The Court of Parliament was moveable till *Philip the Fair* made it sedentary, in the Year 1302.

<sup>26</sup> *Into old Sorbonne's spacious Bosom works,*

The College of *Sorbonne* takes its Name from one *Robert*, Doctor in Divinity, of the University of *Paris*, in the Reign of St. *Lewis*. He was a Native of *Sorbonne*, near *Sens*, and very much in Favour with that monastick Monarch. He built this College, and call'd it *The poor Masters of Sorbonne*, which increas'd from Time to Time in Reputation so much, that it topp'd all the other *Schools*, and was sometimes nam'd for the University it self.

The Doctors of the *Sorbonne* favour'd the *League*, one of whom, *Boucher*, Curate of St. *Benoit*, in *Paris*, not only preach'd, but wrote for them. Their first Meeting was at his Chambers in the College

College de Fortes; and the alarum Bell to raise the *Parisians* against *Henry III.* was by his Order rung in his Church. *Tbuanus* speaks of this *Boucher* as a seditious Preacher. The *Sorbonne*, by a solemn Decree, *Nemine Contradicente*, declar'd, that the *French* were absolv'd from their Oath of Allegiance to the King, and might take Arms; and raise Money to oppose him. More Popish Loyalty: Yet how did they brag of it after the *Restoration*, because they happen'd to be against the *Republicans*, who would not let them be for them.

37 ——— *The Line of Capet* ———

*Hugh Capet*, King of *France*, was the first Prince of the third Race in that Kingdom. *Dante* says, his Father was a Butcher, and *Francis I.* the *French* King, fell into a violent Passion, when he first knew it. *Francis de Vellon*, a *French* Poet, says the same, as does *Agrippa*, in his *Vanity of the Sciences*; however, 'tis a notorious Falstiy.

38 ——— *Themis* ———

The Goddess of Justice, for the Parliament of *Paris*. The Motto on the Clock in their Hall of Audience is, *Sacra Themis Mores, ut Pendula dirigit Horas.*



*A blust'ring Fencer*

*Buffy Le Clerc*, who had been a Fencing Master, and turning Attorney, had got some Knowledge of Law Matters. He enter'd the Hall of Audience, and caus'd a List of those whom he said he had Orders to seize, to be read. The Names of *Acbilles de Harlay*, the first President, and ten or twelve other Presidents, being there, upon hearing them, the whole Assembly rose, and

accompanied them to the *Bastille*, but in a few Days *Buffy* releas'd some of them who were devoted to the *League*.

29 *Great Harlai's*

A Family who have long been eminent in *France* for their high Stations in the Law. This *Harlai* was first President of the Parliament of *Paris*, and about fifty Years ago, the Archbishoprick of *Paris* was erected into a Duchy with Peerage, in Favour of *Francis de Harlai*. *Toland*, in a Dedication to Speaker *Harley*, complimented him with an Acknowledgment of one of these *French Harlai's*, that the *Harley's* of the *Marches of Wales* were descended from them.

30 *Virtuous de Thou,*

*Jacobus Augustus Thuanus*, Son of *Christophorus Thuanus*, both Presidents of the Parliament of *Paris*. *Christopher* the Father died Anno 1582. six Years before the Assembly of the States at *Blois*, when the Duke of *Guise* was kill'd; so this must refer to the Son, who was the famous *Historian*, and whose Character is amply set forth in the following Epitaph on his Monument in the Church of *St. André des Arcs* in *Paris*.

Jacobo Augusto Thuano, Christopheri Filio, in regni Consiliis Assessori, amplissimi Senatus præfidi, Litterarum, quæ res divinas & humanas amplectuntur, magno bonorum & eruditorum consensu, peritissimo, variis legationibus summa sinceritate ac prudentia functo, viris principibus ævo suo laudatissimis eximie culto, Historiarum Scriptori quod ipsæ passim loquuntur celeberrimo, Christianæ pietatis antiquæ retinentissimo.

Vixit

Vixit annos 63

Menses 6 dies 29

Obiit Lutetiæ Parisiorum

Nonis Maii 1617. Parcissimè censuisse

videtur, qui tali Viro sæculum  
defuisse dixit.

92 *Mole,*

Another Family in *France*, illustrious in the Law. Monsieur *Mole le Barbon*, I know not whether the same, but it was about this Time, was Counsellor, Clerk, and a benefic'd Man, but, for sitting in Judgment on a Criminal, his Benefice was taken from him, after which, he renounc'd his Priest's Orders, married, and applied himself wholly to the Law. He was Father of Monsieur *Mole*, Keeper of the Seal in *France* in the last Age.

93 *Amelot,*

I take him to be *Amelot de la Houssaie*, a French Writer of Note, who wrote the *History of the Government of Venice*.

94 *To those dark Tow'rs,*

The *Bastille*, in *Paris*, a Fortrefs where State Prisoners are confin'd.

95 *No Senate is there Now,*

The Duke de *Mayne* dissolv'd the lawful Senate and by his Letters Patents erected a new one, than which, *Cromwell* never acted more the Part of a Traytor and Rebel.

96 *You, Briffon,*

*Barnaby Briffon*, a learned Lawyer, President  
T 4 of



of the Parliament of *Paris*. *Matthew de Launoy*, a Protestant Minister, expell'd the Church of *Se-dan* for Lewdness, was receiv'd by the Papists with open Arms, made a Canon of *Soissons*, and Curate of St. *Mederic* in *Paris*. He was so considerable in the Faction of *The Sixteen*, that he presided in all the Assemblies which sat for the Condemnation of *Brissson*, and the other Presidents who were condemn'd, for which the Duke *de Mayne* himself wou'd have hang'd him, had he not run away.

Some of those who condemn'd this and the other Gentlemen, were executed for it; upon which, Dr. *Boucher*, one of the seditious Preachers, said, they were *Dei Martyres*, Martyrs of God. M. *de Thou's* Words are, *Insigni Impudentiâ vocabat*; with singular Impudence he call'd them *Dei Martyres*. This was in the Year 1691. *L'Archer* was Counsellor of the Court *Tardiff*, of the Chatelet, a Court Criminal. The Bishop of *Meaux*, in his *Universal History*, says, the sixteen caus'd them to be put to Death to revenge their particular Quarrels. They were first strangled in Prison, and then their Bodies expos'd at the Place of common Execution, the *Greve*. This Action struck Horror into even the *Leaguers* themselves, and they wrote immediately to the Duke *de Mayne*, who was then at *Laon*, to desire him to hasten to *Paris*, and take Care of the Safety of the City. As soon as he return'd, he turn'd *Bussey le Clerc* out of the *Bastille*, which Fortress he had possess'd himself of, and condemn'd to Death nine of the most famous, of whom four only cou'd be taken, and they were hang'd. *Bussey* fled to *Brussels*, and liv'd there a long Time in Misery.

97 *Dominick*

Founder of the Order of *Dominicans*, or *Friars Preachers* establish'd first in *Spain*, where this prodigious Saint was born. The Blasphemy of the *Papists* concerning this *Dominick*, is so shocking, that 'tis scarce credible; but coming from one of their own Prelates, and no less a one than *Antonius*, Archbishop of *Florence*, we shall quote it, as follows, out of his *Historical Sums*. Christ, says he, rais'd Three only that were dead, but *Dominick* Three in the City of *Rome*; but what should we think of those Forty Strangers that suffer'd Shipwreck in the great River near *Thoulouse*, who having been a long Time under Water, by the Prayers of *St. Dominick* came all safe out of the River, and were restor'd to Life. Christ being immortal, enter'd twice among his Disciples, the Door being shut; but *Dominick*, whilst yet but a mortal Man, which is much to be admir'd, enter'd one Night into a Church, the Door being shut; and this he did only lest he shou'd waken his Brethren. There's a great deal more of it, and still more blasphemous and incredible; preferring, in every Article, this *Dominick* to *Jesus Christ*: But I have not Patience to insert it. *Clement* was a Monk of this most holy Order.

98 *Had Clement in her Bosom never lain.*

That the damnable Parricide committed by *Friar Clement*, was approv'd by the Duke de *Mayne*, and the whole Body of the *League*, appears by the Relation of the Commander de *Diou*, Ambassador from the *Leaguers* to the Pope *Pius V.* which was to this Purpose: A Religious of the Order of *St. Dominick*, of the Convent in *Paris*, nam'd *Friar James Clement*, aged about twenty-four

four Years, one of the youngest of three or four hundred Friars in that Convent, was divinely elected for so generous an Enterprize, which God has effected by his Hands, as *Clement* foretold some Time before to his Brethren, and that he was to be the Man who shou'd deliver them from their Oppressor; on which Account his Brethren were wont to call him *Captain Clement*. To accomplish it, he procur'd counterfeit Letters from some of the King's chief Friends in *Paris*, to inform him of Intrigues carrying on there for his Service, and obtain'd a Pass from the Count *de Brienne*, Prisoner in the Castle of the *Louvre*, to have favourable Access to the King's Person. Thus furnish'd, he departed for *St. Clou*, where the King lay, having taken Leave of the Religious, exhorting them to pray for him, who was young in God's Service, without Hope of Return; and he desir'd not to return if the Lord wou'd give him Grace to effect his Purpose.

Pray mind, this Speech was made to the Pope, the pretended Vicar of Christ, the infallible Head of the Church of *Rome*; and the accurst Wretch prays for the Grace of God to do an Act, that wou'd make even Devils tremble. The Ambassador went on. He told them they shou'd hear the Event of his Enterprize in twenty-four Hours. Coming to *St. Clou*, he cou'd find no Means of speaking to the King that Day, the thirty-first of *July*, but the next Day, the first of *August*, he address'd to the *Sieur de la Guesle*, the King's Proctor-General, and told him he had brought several Letters of the greatest Importance from his Majesty's faithful Friends in the City, and desir'd to be introduc'd to the King, that he might deliver them and some Messages he had from them by Word of Mouth. The King being inform'd  
of

of it, order'd he shou'd be admitted ; and taking him into his Clofet, talk'd to him above a Quarter of an Hour. *Clement* gave him his Letters, and when he came to the last, the King ask'd him if *that was all* ? The Monk replied, *I believe not, Sir ; I have still one more* : And putting his Hand into his Sleeve, he pull'd out a Knife he had hid there, and stabb'd him in the Belly. The King finding he was wounded, seiz'd the Knife in the Friar's Hand, with which he cut him over the Face ; and Attendants coming in, they immediately cut him to Pieces, *Clement* only saying, *I bless God, I die contentedly ; I did not expect so easy a Death as this is, and am glad I come off so well*. His Carcass was flung into the Street, and afterwards burnt. The King died the Night following, *August 2, 1589*. 'Tis said, he was kill'd in the same Room where he and others had a Consultation to determine the Massacre at *Paris*. It is incontestable that not only the Duke *de Mayne* and the *Leaguers*, but the Pope and his Bishops, approv'd this Assassination, by the panegyrical Account of it which *Dion* gave the Pope, and was receiv'd by him with Pleasure and Applause.

99 *In Rahab, where the limpid Arnon flows,*

*Arnon* is a River on the Frontiers of the Land of *Canaan*, mention'd *Deuteronomy*, Chap. xi. where we read, that the Sons of *Ammon* were excepted out of the Number of the Nations deliver'd over to the *Israelites*, *When thou comest nigh over-against the Children of Ammon, distress them not*. The more remarkable for that according to our Poem, they were most horrible Idolaters. But their Country was given to the Children of *Lot*. In the same Chapter we read also, that it was in old Time inhabited by *Giants*, call'd by the *Ammonites Zamzummims*.

<sup>100</sup> *Jeptha's*

<sup>100</sup> Jephtha's rash Vow He dictated,

The History is in the eleventh Chapter of Judges.

<sup>101</sup> ——— Chalcas's lewd Lips,

*Chalcas* a Priest, who attended the *Greeks* in their Expedition against *Troy*, and declar'd that the Fleet wou'd never sail from the Port of *Aulis* till *Agamemnon* had sacrific'd his Daughter *Iphigenia* to the Goddess *Diana*. He surviv'd the Siege of *Troy*, and died at *Colophon* in *Asia*, of Grief for being out-done by *Mopsus* in a Contest of *Divination*.

<sup>102</sup> *Teutates*

I know not why *Voltaire* calls *Teutates* *Affreux*, he being the *Mercury* of the *Gauls* and *Britains*. By *Livy* he is styl'd *Mercurius Teutates*, where he writes that *Scipio* turn'd up a Mount so call'd, because consecrated to his Honour, who was the God of Eloquence, and the Inventor of Letters, which are Qualities by no Means consistent with the Epithet *Frightful*. We are told, he was esteem'd above all the rest of the Gods by the *Druids*. *Cæsar* writes, that there was a great Number of Statues erected to his Honour, and that the Invention of all Arts and Sciences was attributed to him. *Hesus*, or *Camalus*, the *British* and *Gaulish* *Mars*, wou'd have serv'd *Voltaire's* Turn better; and better still wou'd the God *Taramis*, their *Jupiter*, have serv'd it: For both *Gauls* and *Britains* offer'd to him humane Sacrifices. *Lucan* writes of this God,

*Et Taramis Scythicæ non mitior ara Dianæ.*

<sup>103</sup> Strike, cut them all to Pieces,

Not

Not more profane than the *French*.

*Frappez, decirez.*

<sup>104</sup> *The Seditaries at London He inspir'd,*

I have taken the Liberty to leave out Mr. *Voltaire's Puritans*, whose Character he seems not to be acquainted with, there being as little *Phanaticism* in *Puritanism*, as in *primitive Christianity*.

<sup>105</sup> *In Lisbon and Madrid*

The *Autos de Fe*. The Executions of the Inquisition, by which many thousand *Jews* have been destroy'd for the Religion they receiv'd in a miraculous Manner from Heaven.

<sup>106</sup> *If Judith*

The Story is in the *Apocrypha*.

<sup>107</sup> *All Things are lawful to revenge the Church,*

That no Body may think a *Frenchman* cou'd not say what has been so often said by *Englishmen*, see the Original.

*Tout devient legitime à qui venge l'Eglise.*

<sup>108</sup> — *His Friends of his Intent inform'd,*

The *Leaguers* knew his Design to murder their Sovereign, as has been already observ'd; and there is no Instance of such a damnable Villainy in all Story. The Murder of King *Charles I.* wicked as it was, comes not up to the Wickedness of these Popish Priests. King *Charles* had wag'd a long War with those that put him to Death, and wou'd have suppress'd them, had it been in his Power. On the contrary, the *French* Priests and Rebels contriv'd the Murder of a King who had murder'd many innocent Christians in cold Blood for their Sakes, and who thought he cou'd

could never do enough for their Advantage and Honour.

<sup>109</sup> *And in the Roman Fasti place his Name,*

The Legends of the Saints, alluding to the *Fasti* of the old Romans; Calendars wherein were set down their Feasts, the Names of their Officers, &c. A Book of *Ovid's*, translated by my self, a MS in the Hands of J. T. was so call'd for that Reason.

<sup>110</sup> *Rascals for Saints and Worthies often pass.*

In the Original,

*Souvent les Scelerats ressembloient aux Grands hommes.*

<sup>111</sup> — Gelboa the mad Pithonefs

*Gelboa* is a Hill in *Galilee*, the North Part of *Jewry*. The mad *Pithonefs* is the Witch of *Endor*, of whom see the twenty-eighth Chapter of *Samuel*. *Voltaire* raises her Character above that of a common Witch, who by our Statutes is to be burnt to Death, and exalts her to a *Pythonefs*, a Priestess with a prophesying Spirit.

<sup>112</sup> *The lying Priests in high Samaria, thus*

This History is in the twenty-second Chapter of *Kings*, Verses 10, 23.

<sup>113</sup> *Tb'inflexible Ateius thus at Rome*

When *Crassus*, one of the first *Triumvirs*, was going on his Expedition against the *Partians*, in which he was supported by *Pompey the Great*, who accompanied him as he was setting out from *Rome*; this *Ateius*, Tribune of the People, who had no good Opinion of that War, intended to stop his Journey, and met him and *Pompey* as they were marching out of the City. *Ateius* at first

first conjur'd *Crassus* to desist, but that not prevailing, he, by his tribunal Power, commanded his Serjeants to seize him, notwithstanding the great *Pompey* was with him, and to detain him; but the other Tribunes not permitting it, releas'd *Crassus*; upon which *Ateius* running to the City Gate, kindled a Fire in a Cauldron, and as *Crassus* approach'd it, offer'd Fumigation and Sacrifices, calling upon and naming several strange and horrible Deities, and curs'd *Crassus* with most dreadful Imprecations; for which, says *Plutarch*, *Ateius* was to be blam'd: The Romans laying great Stress on such Execrations, after which, the Person that execrated seldom prosper'd.

The Incident of the Jewish Magician is condemn'd by the French Critick. Monsieur *Voltaire* himself declar'd openly against such Things, in his *Essay on Epick Poetry*; and it is a little odd, that he shou'd introduce this conjuring Scene in his *Henriade*, after having condemn'd it in the *Jerusalemme* of *Tasso*. His making *Henry IV.* so puissant, and so near a Conquest over the *League*, is contrary to the Truth of History, and lessens the Surprize.

\*\*\* *Virtudus Potier, prudent Villeroi,*

I take them to be Presidents of the Parliament of *Paris*, and the latter to be Father of Monsieur *Villarois*, who was Secretary of State in the Reign of *Louis XIII.* and from whom, I suppose, descended the Mareschal Duke de *Villeroy*, General of the French Armies against the Confederates in the last Wars.

\*\*\* *Than those base Doctors,*

*Maimbourg* confesses that *Boucher*, the very Day the King was wounded by *Clement*, and before

News



News of it was brought to *Paris*, preach'd that the *Leaguers* wou'd be deliver'd out of the Hands of their Enemy, that very Day, the first of *August*; as *Peter* was deliver'd out of his Enemy's Hands; it being the *Feast of the Chains*, in Commemoration of that Deliverance. *Boucher* added; it was an Act of great Merit to kill an heretical King, or a King that favour'd Hereticks; and, says *Maimbourg*, *Les autres Predicateurs agissant de Concert avec lui*, &c. Other Preachers acting in Concert with him, preach'd with greater Rage than ever, against *Henry de Valois*. *Boucher's* printed Sermons were burnt at *Paris* the next Day after the Surrender of that City to *Henry de Bourbon*. *Henry III.* sent for the Faculty of Theology before he left *Paris*, but contented himself with reprimanding them for preaching against him, particularly Dr. *Boucher*. *Montgaillard*, another great Doctor, wrote a Panegyrick on the Assassination of *Henry III.* of *France*. *Barclai*, a *Scotsman*, Father of *Barclai*, Author of the *Argenis*, answer'd *Boucher*, who had asserted that the Sovereignty was in the People, as did several other Doctors of the *Leaguers*, to pursue their deposing *Henry III.* as they intended to do, and to shut him up in a Monastery, as soon as they cou'd come at him. The *Duchess de Montpensier* is said to have carried a Pair of Scissars about her, which she was wont to shew, as provided to cut off the King's Hair when he was made a Monk: This Zeal of her's against him, was not imputed so much to her Concern for the Catholick Religion, as to Resentment for the King's Discovery of some bodily Defects of her's, which he became acquainted with in his Amours with her. Do not these Things shew us how vain the Pretences of the Papists are to immaculate Loyalty to the Crown? *Maimbourg*  
in

in his History of the *League* says, the Priests turned their *Sermons* into *Satyr*s against the sacred Person of the King, and pathetically describ'd the Death of the two Brothers, the Duke and Cardinal *de Guise*, whom they cried up as *Martyrs*; so that they drew Tears and Groans from their Auditories; but instead of proposing to them the Example of *St. Stephen*, they inspir'd them with an ardent Desire of Vengeance, inso-much that those who had no Mind to weep and to groan, and were scandaliz'd at such Abuse of the Ministry, were forc'd to counterfeit Tears, for fear of being torn to Pieces. One Curate said, *Is there not a Man in this Assembly who has Courage enough to revenge the Murder of the Duke by the Death of the Tyrant?* And to move them the more, he put into the Mouth of the Dutchess Dowager these Verses, in Imitation of *Virgil*.

*Exoriare aliquis vestris ex ossibus Ultor  
Qui face Valesios ferroque sequare Tyrannos.*

116 ——— *Confines his Pow'r.*

In the Original, *Limite sa Puissance.*

117 *The Capets on the Throne of Charlemagne.*

About the Year 987. *Lewis V.* King of *France*, the last of the second, or *Carlovingian* Race of Kings, died, and the Crown of *France* fell by hereditary Right to his Uncle *Charles* Duke of *Lorraine*; but the States of *France* set him aside, and chose *Hugh Capet* King, who, though not the Son of a Butcher, as *Dante* and others say, was certainly of a Family much inferior in Nobility to many other *French* Families; and from him has the Royal Line in *France* continu'd in the principal Branch, and the divided Branches of *Valois* and *Bourbon* to our Times; which proves that the

Royal House of *England* is more ancient and more honourable than that of *France*: For if you take it from *William the Conqueror*, his Ancestors, Descendants from *Rollo*, had been Dukes of *Normandy* above 100 Years before *Hugh Capet* was elected King of *France* in Wrong to the right Heir *Charles* Duke of *Lorraine*; but if we take it from *Henry II.* Son of *Maud* the Empress, Daughter of *Matilda*, Daughter of *Margaret* Queen of *Scotland*, Sister and Heir to *Edgar Etheling*, Heir of the *Saxon* Line, the Royal House of *England* is 4 or 500 Years older than that of *France*, and began with Princes, which the House of *France* did not.

<sup>118</sup> *Tb' Ambassador of Rome, and Him of Spain,*

Not only Cardinal *Cajetan*, Nuncio in *France* from Pope *Sixtus V.* was at *Paris* to advise and assist the *Leaguers*, but the renown'd *Bellarmino*, *Pancirole*, and other *Romans*, to throw Oil into the Fire, says *Drelincourt*, which the Pope ought to have extinguish'd with his Tears, or with his Blood. 'Tis certain, that though Pope *Sixtus* did not wish the *League* well at last, yet at his Accession to the Pontificate, he was so much their Friend, that he excommunicated the *French* King, *Henry III.* for calling the King of *Navarre* to his Assistance.

The *Spanish* Ambassador assisted at this Assembly of the States held by the *Leaguers* at *Paris*, Anno 1593. He was instructed to propose to them their making the Infanta Queen of *France*, which they not liking, his next Proposal was to marry her to a *French* Prince, with whom she shou'd reign jointly; and in a private Audience he had of the Duke of *Mayne*, he mention'd the young Duke of *Guise*, who after the Death of his  
Father

Father had been confin'd in the Castle of *Tours*, and thence made his Escape; but these Princes were so jealous of one another, that nothing came of this Proposal. The Bishop of *Meaux* says, 'twas in this Juncture that the King abjur'd the Protestant Religion in the Church of *St. Denis*, the Archbishop of *Bourges* performing the Ceremony; which makes it plain that he was frighted into it by an Apprehension that the States wou'd put the Crown of *France* upon some other Head.

<sup>119</sup> *Our poor Remains of Freedom to defend.*

This is very well explain'd by Mr. *John Hampden*, who in a Treatise publish'd *Anno* 1692. tells us, he was in *France* ten Years before that, and had Discourse with *Mezerai* the Historian, who having heard Mr. *Hampden* speak of the Constitution of *England*, broke out into these Expressions; *Ob Fortunatos nimium, bona si sua norint, Angligenas! We had once in France the same Happiness and the same Privileges, which you have. Our Laws were made by Representatives of our own choosing. Our Money was not taken from us, but by our own Consent. Our Kings were subject to the Rules of Law and Reason. But alas! we are miserable, and all is lost. Think nothing, Sir, too dear to maintain these precious Advantages, and, if there be Occasion, venture your Life, your Estate, and all you have, rather than submit to the wretched Condition to which you see us reduc'd.*

<sup>120</sup> *Tiara*

The Pope's triple Crown: though the *Tiara* is properly the Turbant worn by eastern Kings.

<sup>121</sup> — *That fell Tribunal*

The Inquisition.

<sup>122</sup> This Speech of the President *Potier*, is much admir'd by the *French* Critick.

<sup>123</sup> Son of *St. Lewis*,

*Lewis IX.* of *France*, was the Son of *Lewis VIII.* and *Blanche* of *Castille*, who was Regent during the Minority of her Son, to the great Dis-satisfaction of the Princes of *France*, Vassals to that Crown. *Theobald*, Count de *Champagne*, one of the chief of them, was drawn off from their Party by falling in Love with the Queen Regent, who either jilted or favour'd him; for she was very kind to him, as appears by the Count's *Sonnets*; for he was one of the best Poets of those Times. This King *Lewis* was a maudlin Sort of a Hero, superstitious and devout, according to his Religion, without any heroick Quality to make him the Subject of an Epick Poem, as the *St. Lewis* in *French*, and the *Luziada* in *Portuguese*, by *Camoens*. He made two or three foolish Expeditions against the *Turks* in *Asia* and *Africa*, and for that Folly of his was made a *Saint*, the first of the Kind, according to the present *Canonizations*. He was given in his Youth to Women, but cou'd not for that make the worse Saint in the *Roman* Calendar. His Mother govern'd him so entirely, that he denied himself the Company of his Wife, whom he lov'd, because his Mother did not love her; by which we may perceive what a Head and what a Heart he had. However, he had several Children. His eldest Son was *Philip the Bold*, his youngest Son *Robert de Clermont*, who married *Beatrice* of *Bourbon* about the Year 1270. and the House of *Bourbon* continu'd in the Royal Line 319 Years, before *Henry IV.* succeeded to the Crown of *France*, by virtue of that very old hereditary Right. This Saint order'd  
his

his Son, by his Will, not to raise Money by Taxes on his People, but his Orders were not obey'd.

124 ——— *Gods of Metal, or of Mud*

*Dieux de Metal ou de Platre.*

The Papiſts bow the Knee to Saints of *Metal* and of *Mud*, and that's as much Idolatry as to bow it to Images of *Jupiter* or *Hercules*.

125 *Children detestable of Belgick Broils,*

The Civil War began in the Low Countries, in the Year 1565. nine Years after the Renunciation of the Emperor *Charles V.* in favour of his Son *Philip II.* King of *Spain*, and was occasion'd by the Tyranny of that Prince, in imposing the bloody Inquisition on his *Belgick* Subjects. 'Tis suppos'd that he did not attempt it so much out of Zeal for Popery, as out of a Lust of Power, and to make his Government arbitrary by the Conquest of those People, who, he imagin'd, wou'd oppose that execrable Court, and be reduc'd by his Arms to his Will and Pleasure. But his *Craft* deceiv'd him, and he lost the Low Countries in the Attempt to enslave them. There is something extremely absurd, as well as wicked, in the Conduct of those Champions of Popery the Kings of *Spain* and *France* in these Times. The King of *France* massacred his Protestant Subjects for their Religion, and assisted the Protestants in the *Netherlands* against the Papiſts. The King of *Spain* caus'd his Protestant Subjects in the *Netherlands* to be inhumanly butcher'd, and assisted the *Hugonots* in *France*, against the Catholicks; which is sufficient to prove to us that *Tyranny*, and not *Catholicism*, was the chief Mover in the Troubles of *France* and the *Low Countries*; where, it is said,

*Bombs* were first made use of in the Siege of Cities. Some will have it, that the first that were us'd in *England*, was at the Siege of *Gloucester*, by King *Charles I.* but they had greater Effect in the Storm of *Bridgwater*, two Years after.

<sup>126</sup> *Mornay among these rapid Floods of Flame,  
Grave, but intrepid, mingles with the War.*

The *French* Critick upon the *Henriade* says, that as lively as this Assault is, it does not touch him. *Pour l'assaut, tout vif qu'il est, il ne me touche point. Je suis QUAKER en fait de Livres. I am a Quaker in the Matter of Books, Battles give me no Pleasure; but I love to see our great Mornay, who, in my Opinion, is the Hero of the Poem.*

Incapable a la fois de crainte & de Fureur, &c.

*Incapable of Fury and of Fear,  
Deaf to the Roar of Cannon and of Bombs,  
And calm amidst the Tempest of the Fight.  
He looks on Battles with a Stoick's Eye,  
As necessary Flails of wrathful Skies,  
Like a Philosopher, where-Honour guides  
He marches, and condemning Fights, avoids  
No Danger, pities Henry, and attends.*

<sup>127</sup> *The formidable Bands of English Aids*

The Queen of *England* not only supplied *Henry IV.* with Money, but sent 4000 choice Soldiers to *France*, who had the Port of *Havre de Grace* put into their Hands, and did good Service to that King, but were not well dealt with for it by him.

<sup>128</sup> *The Seine beheld their Ancestors entbron'd.*

*Voltaire* probably means *Normandy*, where the Dukes, Ancestors to *William the Conqueror*, reigned;

ed; and from them descended the Kings of *England*. It ought rather to refer to *Henry VI.* King of *England*, who was crown'd King of *France* in *Paris* 300 Years ago.

<sup>129</sup> *Thus from the Pyrenean oft we see*

This Simile is one of those Places mention'd in an Epistle concerning Versions of *French Poetry*.

*To rise may be more easy than to fall.*

<sup>130</sup> The Castle of *Vincennes* in the Forest so call'd, three Miles from *Paris*, has in the last Reigns been the Place where Princes and great Lords are confin'd.

<sup>131</sup> *Elijah in a flaming Cloud involv'd,*

This History is in the eleventh Chapter of the second Book of *Kings*.

<sup>132</sup> *Among the Worlds,*

The *French* Critick takes this to be one of the most beautiful Passages in the *Henriade*, and particularly admires the Divinity of it. *L' Auteur est mon Theologien; the Author is a Divine for me.* The following Verses, which are not the worse for the Translation, are very remarkable.

*There rules a Judge upright with equal Laws,  
Kings at his Feet, and Nations wait their Doom.  
This is the Being infinite we serve,  
This He, whom, tho' we know not, we adore.  
A diff'rent Name in diff'rent Worlds he bears,  
Thron'd in Effulgence high, he bears our Cries,  
With Pity sees Us wand'ring from the Truth,  
And in a Labyrinth of Errors lost.*

<sup>133</sup> *There Charlemagne, and Clovis sit sublime.*



My Author has plac'd *Clovis* after *Charlemagne*, though he reign'd 300 Years before him, for the Sake of the Metre, and I have done it because he did it. *Clovis* was the first Christian King of *France*, or of the *French*, and on that Account he has great Honours paid him in History, tho' he did not very well deserve them. His Wife *Clotilda*, Daughter of the *Arian* King of *Burgundy*, was a Christian, and endeavour'd to turn him to her Religion, which he did not do till he had made a Bargain with Heaven: For being at War with the *Germans*, he promis'd to be a Christian on Condition he gain'd the Battle of *Talbrai*, *Anno* 495. but he made no great Haste to perform his Promise, notwithstanding the repeated Solicitations of his Wife, and the great Pains *St. Vaast* took with him: For it was seven or eight Years after, that he was baptiz'd at *Rheims* by *St. Rémy*, Bishop of that Church. However, he still hanker'd after the Idols of the *Franks*, and the latter End of his Reign, says the Bishop of *Meaux*, tarnish'd the Glory of the rest of it. And why *Voltaire* has enthron'd him in Heaven, one can't well imagine. The *French* fable, that he founded the Church of *St. Genevieve* in *Paris*; but the Falsity is scandalously apparent: For they say he dedicated it to *St. Peter* and *St. Paul*, whereas the Popish Dedication of Churches was not then heard of in the Christian World.

*Charlemagne* was the Son of *Pepin*, Son of *Charles Martel*, Bastard Son of *Pepin Heristel*, Maire of the Palace, who usurp'd the Government of *France* about the Year 693. and his Son *Charles* continu'd the Usurpation, without assuming the Title of King, which his Father and he suffer'd the sluggish Kings, *Rois faineans*, Descendants of *Clovis*, to enjoy, without any Power.

er. *Pepin*, Son of *Martel*, did the same; but his Son *Charlemagne* took the Title of King, and the better to establish his Usurpation, engag'd the See of *Rome* in his Interest, as his Father and Grandfather had done before him, passing several Times into *Italy* to deliver the Pope out of the Hands of the *Lombards*; who, had it not been for the *Francks*, would have deliver'd *Italy* from the Tyranny of the Bishop of *Rome*. And on this Account it is, that *Voltaire* has form'd a Throne in Heaven for *Charlemagne*, a very great Destroyer of Nations and Countries, under Pretence of making them Christians, as he call'd his idolatrous *Franks*. The Bishop of *Meaux* tells us, that *England*, as well as other Kingdoms, was happy in the Effects of his Piety and Justice, of which we do not meet with one Instance in *English* History. He was crown'd Emperor by Pope *Leo III.* Anno 800.

<sup>134</sup> *There the Twelfth Lewis*

He was Grandson of *Lewis* Duke of *Orleans*, assassinated at *Paris* by the Duke of *Burgundy*, in the Year 1407. He was stil'd *Pater Patriæ*, the Father of his Country: However, as good as he was, he rebell'd against his Cousin *Charles VIII.* and repudiated his Wife *Jeanne de France*, because she was lame, to marry *Ann* of *Bretagne*, *Charles VIII.*'s Widow, whom he lov'd better. After her Death, he married the Princess *Mary* of *England*, youngest Daughter of *Henry VII.* a most beautiful Princess, and it is said, he kill'd himself with too much Use of the Marriage Bed.

<sup>135</sup> *Amboise,*

I know not whether this was *George d'Amboise*, Cardinal, who in this King's Reign was a Candidate

date for the Papacy, and lost it by the Dexterity of his Competitor *Julius II.* upon which a War succeeded, though under other Pretexts; and the Bishops of *France* declar'd that it was just. The King, *Lewis XII.* forbad all Application to the Court at *Rome*, for Benefices, and the sending Money thither. He carried his Resentment so far, that he order'd Medals to be struck with this Inscription out of *Isaiab*, *Perdam Babylonis nomen.* Thus we see the most Christian King himself calls the Pope's *Rome*, *Babylon*, which is not much softer than *Hugh Peters's Whore of Babylon*, the Subject of so many wretched Jestings from the Pretenders to Wit in the last Age.

<sup>136</sup> *Foix*,

There are so many of that illustrious Name in *French* History, that one knows not to which of them this refers.

<sup>137</sup> *Montmorency*,

Probably the same we have spoken of before,

<sup>138</sup> *Trimouille*,

The same may be said of this Name as of *Foix*. *Lewis de Trimouille* signaliz'd himself in the Battle of *St. Aubin* in *Bretagne*, where he obtain'd a glorious Victory for *Charles VIII.* and open'd a Way to a Treaty of Marriage with *Anne*, Heir of that Dutchy, by which it was annex'd to the Crown of *France* about the Year 1490. Of this noble House was the famous Countess of *Derby*, who so resolutely defended *Latham House* against the Parliamentarians, in the Time of the Civil Wars. *Lewis de Trimouille* is, as we suppose, the same who was stil'd *le Chevalier sans peur & sans Reproche*.

*Reproche.* The Knight without Fear, and without Reproach, as was also stil'd,

<sup>139</sup> *Bayard,*

A Warrior of so great Fame in *France*, that 'tis a Saying to this Day, *As brave as Bayard*; and he was as virtuous as he was valiant. He flourish'd in the Reigns of *Lewis XII.* and *Francis I.* and was so highly honour'd, that the latter receiv'd the Order of Knighthood from him, after the Battle with the *Swiss*.

<sup>140</sup> — *Guiscelin the Bold,*

*Bartrand de Guiscelin*, Constable of *France* in the Reigns of King *John* and *Charles V.* He was very successful against the *English* in *France*. 'Tis said, that as to his Person, it was little and ugly, but that his Virtue and Valour did more than make Amends for these Defects. He died *A. D. 1330.* before the Castle of *Randan*, which surrendring after his Death, the Keys were put on his Coffin, to shew that it submitted to him.

<sup>141</sup> *There the redoubted Amazon they saw,*

*Voltaire* gives her a Place among the Saints in Heaven, though the *English* burnt her for a Witch; and she confess'd Whoredom, pleading her Belly to save her Life. She is one of the top Hero's in the *French Faits*; and the gravest and most learned of their Authors are not ashamed of wasting many Words, and much Paper, in Panegyrics upon her. The Bishop of *Meaux* writes, " She offer'd her Service to the King, declaring " she had a particular Mission from God to raise " the Siege of *Orleans*, and to convoy him to be " crown'd at *Rheims*. In desperate Affairs the " most extraordinary Counsels seem the best. An " Army

“ Army was given to this same Girl; and the  
 “ Bastard of *Orleans*, and several other gallant  
 “ Officers, were associated in Commission with  
 “ her. She threw her self into *Orleans*, and made  
 “ several Sallies on the *English*, who cou’d not  
 “ stand before her, but were oblig’d to raise the  
 “ Siege, &c.” The Fanaticism of this Wench,  
 might very well have been taken Notice of by the  
 Poet, instead of that of the *Puritans* in *England*,  
*Venner*, the fifth Monarchist, and twenty or thirty  
 of his Companions, stood out against the  
 Guards and Militia of *London* two or three Days,  
 but he is not for that reckon’d any thing better  
 than a Madman.

142 ——— *Thy Son august,*

*Lewis XIII.* Son of *Henry IV.* and *Mary de Medicis*, and Brother to *Henrietta Maria*, Queen of *England*, Uncle to the Princess of *Orange*, and Great-uncle to *William III.* King of *England*. He was a Prince of a mean Character, and very far from deserving the Name of *august*. His being the Father of *Lewis XIV.* wou’d have added more to his Glory, if his Wife had not been brought to Bed of him, three or four and twenty Years after he was married to her, in the Decline of a very weak Constitution.

143 *Richlieu and Mazarine,*

*Richlieu* was a Politician of a prodigious Capacity; but however, ’tis more than probable that he wou’d not have aggrandiz’d the Monarchy of *France* so much as he did, had it not been for so favourable a Juncture, when the Princes who reign’d in *England* and *Spain*, who were most interested in giving a Check to that growing Power, were both weak and indolent, more given to Bi-  
gotry

gotry and Superstition, than to good Policy and the kingly Office. This *Richlieu* was from a small Bishoprick advanced to be a Cardinal and Prime Minister by the Favour of *Mary de Medicis*, whom he afterwards so ungratefully treated, as to reduce her almost to Indigence, and force her to wander up and down the last Year of her Life in foreign Countries, in a State of Disgrace and Poverty. A *French* Author says of this *Richlieu*, he was *L'un de Ministres le plus grand, le plus craint & le plus bai qui peutestre ait jamais été.* He was the greatest, the most fear'd, and the most hated Minister, that perhaps ever was; notwithstanding which, *Voltaire* rolls him among his Worthies. He died in the Year 1642. aged 57.

*Mazarine*, Cardinal, succeeded *Richlieu* in the Prime Ministry, in the Minority of *Lewis XIV.* He was by Birth an *Italian*, of no great Quality, and rose to that extream Height by his Dexterity and Application. He died in the Year 1661. aged 59.

<sup>144</sup> *Before that King,*

*Lewis XIV.* Grandson to *Henry IV.* His Character is too recent, and too well known, to need any Remark here. His History was begun to be written above forty Years before he died, by *Pelisson*, and the greatest Wits of *France*; and rare Work, no doubt, they have made of it, the Charge he was at upon it amounting to above three thousand Pounds a Year: But the Duke of *Marlborough*, by his Victories in the latter Part of this King's Reign, having reduc'd him to so low a Condition, that he submitted to send one of his prime Ministers to a Village in *Holland* to beg a Peace; the History that had recorded him as the *Victorious*, the *Conqueror*, the *Invincible*, the  
Immortal

*Immortal Man*, and little less than a God, must end his Life with Circumstances that prov'd him to be no more invincible than he was immortal.

<sup>145</sup> *Descartes*

*Renatus Descartes*, one of the most famous Philosophers of his Age. Part of this Character seems to be taken from the Epitaph over *Descartes's* Tomb in the Nave of the Church of *St. Genevieve* in *Paris*.

*Son Esprit mesurant Et la Terre Et les Cieux.*

*He measures by his Art both Earth and Skies.*

He liv'd some Time in the Court of *Christina*, Queen of *Sweden*.

<sup>145</sup> *You know to conquer, and your Conquests sing.*

Was not that very judiciously and modestly said, after the *French* had been beaten from one End of *Europe* to the other? But the Truth is, the *French* Poesy was more equal to their Feats of Arms in those Days, than in any other Times.

<sup>146</sup> *And Conde*

*Lewis* the Last, Prince of *Conde*, was a very great General, and obtain'd many glorious Victories. He left *France* in the Beginning of *Lewis XIV's* Minority, and return'd not till after the *Pyrenean Treaty*. That King never lov'd him; and *Conde* had a very contemptible Opinion of his Heroism, when he was almost suffocated with the Breath of Flatterers, who made him superior to *Alexander* and *Cæsar*.

<sup>147</sup> *Turenne,*

Monsieur de *Turenne*, second Son of *Henry de la Tour*, Vicomte de *Turenne*, Duke de *Bouillon*,  
and

and Prince of *Sedan*, one of the greatest Generals of his Time. He was very serviceable to *Lewis XIII.* and *XIV.* in their Wars, and continu'd in the Reform'd Religion till he was advanced in Age near Sixty. But *Lewis XIV.* telling him that it was his Religion only which hinder'd his Elevation to the Degree of *Constable*, it was very soon after rumour'd that he visited often the Church of the *Celestins*, where he conferr'd with the Fathers, in order to be enlighten'd in the Truth of Popery. After he had liv'd so many Years in the glorious Light of the Reformation, 'tis a Jest to imagine that Idolatry, Purgatory, Impossibility, and the Papal Tyranny, can convince a Man of Sense, who has long been conversant with the Verity and Purity of the Protestant Religion. A *Pagan*, a *Turk*, a *Jew*, who never heard of any other Christian Religion but Popery, may mistake that for Christianity, and embrace it; but a Protestant in his Wits never can embrace it from Conviction of Mind, however he may be sway'd by Passion or Prejudice, by Ambition or Interest. Some pretend he was converted by the Cardinal *de Bouillon*; but *de Buisson*, who serv'd under him as Major of the Regiment *de Verdelin*, and wrote his Life, says, he was converted by a Father of the Oratory, recommended to him by the Marquis *de Sillery*. Wou'd a Man that was not resolv'd to be an Apostate, throw himself into the Arms of Priests and Friars, to be satisfied of the Truth of their Religion, without consulting with those able Ministers whom he had so many Years heard with Pleasure and Edification? Wou'd he have stolen away from them to a clandestine Conference with those whom they and he himself look'd on as Enemies to the Gospel of Christ, which none of the *Papists* ever had the  
Impudence



Impudence to say is the Foundation of Popery, as it is most certainly of the reform'd Religion? But the Batoon of *France* had Charms in it which gave him more Light than all the Arguments of the Marquis de Silleris Priest, and he abjur'd primitive Christianity *between the Hands*, as the *French* say of the Archbishop of *Paris*, in the Presence of an innumerable Assembly of Persons of all Conditions. The Writer of his Life tells us, he went always a back Way through the Arsenal to the *Celestines* Church, and he imputes it to his Modesty and Simplicity; whereas a small Portion of Reason and Impartiality wou'd have imputed it to his being ashamed of what he was about. Be that as it will, he became an arrant Papist, and did all he cou'd to convert his Nephew the Count de *Roye*; so far he went with his Temptations as to get him an Offer of a Mareschal's Staff. But that noble Lord rejected it; the *French* said it was because his Father, the Count de *Rouffy*, a Protestant, had a great Estate, which he cou'd have given from him; and his Son was apprehensive he wou'd do so if he apostatiz'd from his Religion. But that was a *Papish* Scandal; for the Count de *Roye* continu'd a hearty Protestant after his Father's Death, and upon the tyrannous Revocation of the Edict of *Nantes*, he left *France*, and liv'd the Remainder of his Life in *England*.

The Desertion of the Mareschal de *Turenne*, was an irreparable Loss to the reform'd in *France*, and no Wonder he was highly caress'd for it by *Lewis XIV.* and the *Romish* persecuting Clergy; notwithstanding which, he never obtain'd the Dignity of *Constable*, but instead of it, was made *Mareschal General*, having enjoy'd the Honour of *Mareschal* ever since the Year 1643. and it

was

was doubtless that Honour which prevail'd with the Duke *de Duras* and his Brother the Duke *de Lorge*, to turn Papists. Their younger Brother, Monsieur *Duras*, Earl of *Feversham* in *England*, did not indeed turn downright Papist, but he commanded King *James's* Popish Army against the *English* Protestants, not only when the Duke of *Monmouth* made his rash Attempt, but when afterwards the Prince of *Orange*, our glorious Deliverer, came and succeeded. The Vicomte *de Turenne* had not been long *Mareschal General*, before he was kill'd with a Canon Shot, as he was directing the raising a Battery against the *Germans* near *Stratsbourg*. And the Honours that were done him by the *French* King, while he liv'd, and after his Death, were but a poor Reward for the Sacrifice he had made to him.

<sup>148</sup> *Catinat*, Mareschal *de*,

Who rose to that Degree from that of a private Gentleman. He had Success against the Duke of *Savoy* in the first Confederate War after the *Revolution*. He had the Character of a Man of Virtue, as well as Prudence and Valour.

<sup>149</sup> *Vauban*, Mareschal *de*,

Advanc'd himself by his Knowledge of *Gun- nery* and *Fortification*. The Works at *Namur* were reckon'd his Master-piece.

<sup>150</sup> *Luxembourg*,

The Name of these Generals were so often met with in Gazettes and Journals, during the Confederate Wars, that they are too recent and familiar for Remark.

<sup>151</sup> *Couragious* Villars

A deplorable Instance this, of the sad Effects of the late Duke of *Ormond's* deserting the Confederates in the last War, and giving *Villars* an Opportunity to fall upon the Earl of *Albemarle*, and a Detachment of the Army of the Allies at *Denain*.

*Disputing Thunder with the Bird of Jove.*

With Prince *Eugene*, General of the Imperial Troops in the confederate Army, whom *Villars* durst not come near till he was deserted by the *English* General. Too well known to need Enlargement upon it.

Here are enough Remarks on these modern *French* Heroes: I shall only add one made by the *French* Remarker. "The End of this seventh Canto is tedious; the Poet talks of nothing but France, in which he has but ill imitated *Virgil*, who speaks of nothing but *Rome*. The Roman Empire was then the World. But France has not the universal Monarchy, *Graces a Dieu* & a *Milord Duc de Marlborough*: Thanks be to God and my Lord Duke of *Marlborough*, who had he still commanded the Army of the Allies, wou'd have spoil'd *Voltaire's* Compliment to Monsieur *Villars*.

<sup>152</sup> *What Royal Youth*

The Duke of *Burgundy*, Son of the Dauphin, Son of *Lewis XIV*. He was Father of *Lewis XV*. the present *French* King, a very hopeful Prince, owing, as 'tis said, to the divine Lessons of the Archbishop of *Cambray*, his Preceptor, whose Works are in universal Esteem. Some say his *Telemachus* was written purely for the Use of this Prince.

<sup>153</sup> ——— *The justest Man in France,*

——— *Des François le plus juste.*

A Character which wou'd have been far from courtly in the Reign of his Grandfather *Lewis XIV.*

<sup>154</sup> *The Husband, Wife, the Mother, and the Son.*

The Duke and Dutchess of *Burgundy*, and an infant Prince.

<sup>155</sup> ——— *A cradled King.*

*Lewis XV.* now reigning, was but four or five Years old at his Great-grandfather's Death.

<sup>156</sup> *Keep Peace and Order, and seek War no more,*

*Maintiens l'Ordre, & la Paix sans chercher la Victoire,*

This may let us a little into the present Disposition of the *French* Nation, and shew us that their Heads are no more full of Conquests, Acquisitions, and universal Monarchy; a Chimæra that cost them many thousands of millions of their Money, and many millions of Lives to purchase at last, instead of those fine Dreams, Disgrace and Misery. They can never hope for the same Juncture again, and must dread the fatal Effects of their grand Monarch's boundless Ambition too much to covet such another Master as *Lewis XIV.* and to be Slaves to such Politicks.

<sup>157</sup> *The Line of the Fifth Charles*

*Charles V.* Emperor of *Germany*, and King of *Spain*, was succeeded in that Kingdom by his Son *Philip II.* Father of *Philip III.* Father of *Philip IV.* Father of *Charles II.* who died childless, in the Year 1700. and by his Will left his Kingdom

to *Philip of Anjou*, Brother to the Duke of *Burgundy* before-mention'd, who by his Grandfather's Assistance, in Violation of the Marriage Treaty, and *Renunciation* in the Year. 1659. in Violation of the Treaty of *Partition* just made and sworn to, possess'd himself of the *Spanish* Dominions; but we shall see that our Poet does not think that Succession is like to be prosperous, or of Advantage to *France*.

*Kings of my Blood, Ob Philip, Ob my Sons,  
Can you the Spaniards with the French unite?  
How long will last the Fuel you provide  
To feed the Fire of Discord in your Race?*

<sup>158</sup> *St. Pol,*

A Creature of the Duke of *Guise's*, and afterwards of his Brother the Duke *de Mayne's*, who made him Marechal of *France*. He had been a Soldier of Fortune, and appearing stout and desperate, fit for any bloody Execution, was taken into *Guise's* Favour; but behaving insolently to the young Duke of *Guise*, Son of him who was kill'd at *Blois*, the young Prince ran him through the Body in the City of *Rheims*, of which he was Governor.

<sup>159</sup> *Near where the breathless Bodies of our Kings  
St. Denis, a League or two from Paris.*

<sup>160</sup> *Young Egmont,*

Count *Egmont*, Son of Count *Egmont*, who after having gain'd the Battles of *St. Quintin* and *Gravelin* for the King of *Spain*, was ungratefully put to Death by him, for favouring that Party in the *Netherlands*, who were for throwing off the *Spanish* Yoke. Count *Horn*, was also put to Death on the same Account, and *William*, the  
great

great Prince of *Orange*, wou'd have had the same Fate, if he had not retir'd in Time, as he wou'd have perswaded these Lords to do, but they did not think *Philip II.* so blood-thirsty as he prov'd to be.

<sup>161</sup> *Near Eure, and Itton's silver Streams,*

*Eure* is a River that rises in the Forest of *Me-noult*, ten Leagues above *Chartres*, and falls into the *Seine* below *Pont de l'Arche* in *Normandy*. The *Itton* rises about four Leagues above *Moulins* in *Marche*, and falls into the *Eure* below *Duadux*, in the same Province. Neither of these Rivers is navigable. *Robbe*, the French Geographer, is so weak as to report that the City of *Chartres* was built a little after the Flood.

<sup>162</sup> The Duke *d'Aumont*, whom I take to be Ancestor to the Dukes *d'Aumont* in our Time, particularly to him who was Ambassador in *England* after the Peace of *Utrecht*.

<sup>163</sup> *Biron, Marechal de,*

Very faithful to *Henry III.* and very serviceable to *Henry IV.* He was Master of the Ordnance, and had an Apartment as such in the *Bastille*, where he shut himself up close in the Massacre of *Paris*; for he was proscrib'd as a Hugonot, by means of the Marquis *de Tavannes*, and the Count *de Rets* his Enemies, and had been murder'd if they cou'd have come at him, though he had little Religion, and was so far from being a Protestant, that he wou'd have embrac'd the Party of the *League*, if they would have given him thirty thousand Livres in Money, which they cou'd not spare, and he wou'd not accept of Jewels; saying, he had no Occasion for them. *Brantome* says, this Marechal *de Biron* had the greatest

Hand in gaining the Battle of *Jury* here spoken of, which was fought in the Year 1590.

<sup>164</sup> *Sulli*, Duke *de*,

Prime Minister and Favourite to *Henry IV.*

<sup>165</sup> *Grillon*,

A Gentleman of *Provence*. He was reckon'd one of the bravest Men in *France* in the Reigns of *Henry III.* and *Henry IV.*

<sup>166</sup> *Turenne*,

*Henri de la Tour d'Auvergne*, Viscount *de Turenne*, Mareschal of *France*, married to his first Wife a Princess of the House of *La Mark*, who brought him in Marriage the Title of Duke *de Bouillon*, with the Principality of *Sedan*. He was Father of the famous Viscount *de Turenne*, Mareschal General of *France*.

<sup>167</sup> ———By *Arnaud's Hate*;

*Arnaud de Pleffis*, Cardinal *de Richlieu*, hated the Duke *de Bouillon*, eldest Son of *Henry de la Tour* above-mention'd; and having got Intelligence of his being acquainted with *Cinquiar's* Conspiracy, for which that Lord and Monsieur *de Tbou*, Son of the Historian, lost their Heads, Process was issu'd against the Duke *de Bouillon*, who also wou'd have lost his Head if he had not parted with the Sovereignty of *Sedan* to procure a Pardon.

<sup>168</sup> ———Happy *Lefdiguieres*.

Monsieur *Bonne*, Baron *de Lefdiguieres*, from an ordinary Gentleman's Family in *Dauphiny*, rose to the Degree of Mareschal of *France*, as his Son did to that of Constable, to which Honour  
he

he sacrific'd his Religion, he being a Protestant, as he had before sacrific'd his Conscience to his Lust, living openly with a Harlot.

<sup>169</sup> *Bayonne*

A City of *France* in the Government of *Guienne*, bordering on *Biscaie*, the capital City of which, *Bilbao*, is famous for the Manufacture of Sword-Blades, as is the Country for good Iron.

<sup>170</sup> ——— *Thou should'st thus have dy'd.*

This Marechal, Son of the Duke *de Biron*, being disgusted, held Correspondence with the Duke of *Savoy*, and being convicted of Treason, was beheaded *A.D.* 1602. Different are the Accounts of his Behaviour; some Authors say, it was so unworthy of his Character, that he almost died with Apprehension of Death: And others, that *Henry IV.* offer'd to pardon him if he wou'd ask it, which he refus'd to do.

<sup>171</sup> *And Mantes and Anet,*

*Mante* is a City Capital of the *Mantinois* in the Isle of *France*, water'd by the River *Seine*. *Anet* not far from *Verneuil* in *Picardy*. The latter famous for the Victory obtain'd there over the *French* by *Henry V.* King of *England*. The Castle of *Anet* is in the Forest of *Rets*, near the Banks of the *Eure*. It was built by *de Lorme*, reputed the best Architect in *France*, in the Reign of *Henry II.* for his Mistress *Diana de Poitiers*, by whom he had Issue, from whom this Castle came into the Possession of the Duke *de Kendosme*, and the present Duke enjoys it at this Time. The Gardens are very fine, and in one of them is the Statue of *Diana* in Marble. The Gate and



Clock upon it were very much admir'd in past Ages.

<sup>172</sup> *The ready Messenger that thro' the World  
Flies with light Wing increasing in her Flight.*

Almost literally from *Virgil*.

*Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo.*

<sup>173</sup> *On old Idalia's Borders,*

*Cyprus* is here understood, so call'd from Mount *Idalus* in that Island, sacred to *Venus*. Its eastern Coast faces the lower *Asia*.

<sup>174</sup> *Such the gay Entrance*

The *French* Critick, on this Canto, writes thus,  
 “ The Description of Amours is not quite so  
 “ lascivious here, as in *Tasso*, but it wants certain  
 “ Beauties, which we find as well in *Tasso* as in  
 “ *Virgil*. *Armida* and *Dido* move our Passion;  
 “ we pity them, we are concern'd for them:  
 “ But to speak freely, I am under no Manner of  
 “ Concern for the fair *Gabrielle*. This Canto is  
 “ rather a Picture than an Event: 'Tis a Fault,  
 “ and I will maintain it to be one, and a great  
 “ Fault, in an Heroick Poem. The Hero's  
 “ Mistress ought to have acted a Part in it. This  
 “ Canto seems to me to be nothing but a char-  
 “ ming and delicate Brothel; where a King of  
 “ *France* diverts himself after a Campaigne.

<sup>175</sup> *Omphale*

Queen of *Lydia*, whom *Hercules* serv'd for Love of her, and chang'd his Arrows, his Club, and his *Lyon's* Skin, for a Distaff and Spindle, and in a Woman's Habit spun with her and her Maids.

<sup>176</sup> *Did*

<sup>176</sup> *Did not* Mark Anthony

This Story is too well known to need Annotation, especially since Mr. *Dryden's* Tragedy upon it, with a comical Title, *All for Love, Or the World well lost.*

<sup>177</sup> *Severe and sweet*

From the *Italian* *dulcimente feroce*, sweetly fierce.

<sup>178</sup> *Ximois in* Troas,

<sup>179</sup> *Venice*

I can't imagine why the Poet, after he has made Love fly over so many fine Cities and Countries, stops him in his Flight at the City of *Venice*, unless it was because that City seems to rise out of the Sea, as 'tis fabled his Mother *Venus* did.

<sup>180</sup> *Petrarch's happy Song,*

An *Italian* Poet, who flourish'd about the Year 1350. and is esteem'd the Reviver of Learning. Though he liv'd some Time at *Avignon*, where the Pope then kept his Court, yet he was very severe with his Courtiers for their Vices, and called *Rome Babylon*. His Mistress's Name was *Laura*, but it is thought to be a *Nomme de Guerre*, and that he under it conceal'd a Lady of too great Quality to be own'd by him.

<sup>181</sup> *Diana's Cypher,*

*Diana de Poitiers*, Mistress to *Henry II.* King of *France*, was Daughter to the Count de *St. Valier*, who was condemn'd to be beheaded for being an Accomplice in the Rebellion of the Con-  
stable

stable of *Bourbon*; but his Life was sav'd, by means of this Daughter of his, who purchas'd it with her Virginitie, of *Francis I.* King of *France*, when she was but fourteen Years of Age. She had been bred in the Court of the Countess of *Angoulesme*, Mother of *Francis I.* and afterwards was Maid of Honour to Queen *Claude*. She continu'd to be Mistress to that King till his Expedition to *Italy*, where he was taken Prisoner at *Pavia*. She then married *Lewis de Breze*, Seneschal of *Normandy*, and was thirty-five Years old when *Henry II.* Son of *Francis I.* fell in Love with her. 'Tis astonishing, that so wise and learned a Man as *Monseigneur de Thou*, shou'd believe she gain'd his Love by *Magick* and *Philtres*. *Philtris & Magicis, ut creditur, artibus adeo sibi animum Henrici devinxit.* What does he mean by *Magick*? The old exploded Fable of dealing with the Devil? And what by *Philtres*? *Love Powders* which Wenches give young Fellows to make them in Love with them? 'Tis no doubt in the Power of *Philtres* to enflame Lust, and give a Man Desire for the next Woman he meets, but not to inspire a Passion for any particular Woman. The well-attested History of the lewd Countess of *Essex* and Mrs. *Turner*, in King *James* the First's Reign, proves that, beyond Contest. As to *Magick*, *credat Judæus apella.* *Henry II.* became enamour'd of her, when he was *Dauphin*, in his Father's Life-time, and after she was Widow to *Lewis de Breze*, Count de *Maulevrier*. She hated the reform'd Religion so heartily, that she disinherited her two Daughters, the Dutchesse of *Bouillon*, and d' *Aumale*, by her Will, if ever they turn'd Protestants. *Varillas* himself writes of it thus, " Tho' her Conscience permitted her to  
 " live twenty Years in a Commerce with her So-  
 " vereign

“ vereign forbidden by the Gospel, yet it was  
 “ otherwise so delicate, that it wou’d not suffer  
 “ her to speak to Persons suspected of Heresy.”  
*Henry II.* created her Dutcheß *de Valentinois*. She  
 heap’d up an immense Treasure by selling of Be-  
 nefices, Pardons, and all the unjust Ways that of-  
 fer’d. ’Tis said, the Duke *de Guise*, Father of  
 that Duke who caus’d the *Parisian Massacre*, in-  
 tended to marry this Dutcheß, but was dissuaded  
 by Admiral *Coligny*, to whom he then pretended  
 Friendship. “ The Dutcheß *de Valentinois*, says  
 “ the Author of the *Melange Critique*, &c. was  
 “ the Cause of the Division between Admiral *Co-*  
 “ *ligny* and the Duke *de Guise*, which was the  
 “ Cause of such prodigious and fatal Effects.  
 “ These two Lords being one Day at Tennis,  
 “ the Admiral said to him, *He wonder’d a Man*  
 “ *of his Wisdom and Quality wou’d think of marry-*  
 “ *ing a Whore.* The Duke *de Guise* took that  
 “ Saying so ill, that he ever after hated the Ad-  
 “ miral, declar’d himself his Enemy, and sought  
 “ his Destruction; insomuch that the Whore, as  
 “ the Admiral call’d her, or the Quarrel that rose  
 “ concerning her, had greater Share of the Mas-  
 “ sacre of *St. Bartholomew*, than Religion. This  
 “ *Herodias* perhaps demanded the Head of Ad-  
 “ miral *Coligny*.” She liv’d to a great Age, near  
 Eighty, died at *Anet*, and was buried in the Chap-  
 pel she built there. This Castle was from her  
 call’d *Dianet* by the Poets of those Times. Her  
 Tomb is to be seen in that Chappel to this Day.  
*Jaques de Breze*, her Husband’s Father, kill’d  
 his Wife, a Bastard Daughter of *Charles VII.* for  
 Adultery with his Huntsman. *Diana* was of the  
 House of *Lusignan*, one of which was King of  
*Cyprus*; and though she was such an abandon’d  
 Prostitute as to lie with both Father and Son, yet

as I have observ'd, she was a great Bigot to Popery, and so extremely devout, that she chose for her *Device*, a Tomb out of which an Arrow appear'd shooting in the Air, and out of that shot young green Sprigs; the Motto, *Sola vivit in illo. She lives in God alone.* *Anet* was condemn'd to be raz'd when the Duke d' *Aumale* her Grandson was condemn'd to be beheaded, but it escap'd that Misfortune.

<sup>122</sup> *As Henry had just form'd some grand Design.*

In the *French*,

*Le Roy pret d'en partir pour un plus Grand deffein.*

I have more than once hinted, that my Author is sometimes too profaick, and that I am excusable when I am so, having the Original for my Plea.

<sup>123</sup> *Her Name d'Estree,*

*Gabrielle d'Estree*, commonly call'd *la belle Gabrielle*. She was Daughter of the Marquis d' *Estree*, the same, as I take it, who was Master of the Ordnance, as was his Father before him, and a zealous Protestant, which endear'd him to the Admiral *Coligny*.

<sup>124</sup> *Nor the Queen*

*Cleopatra*, Queen of *Egypt*, of whom *Plutarch* writes, that having given Assistance to *Cassius* in his War with *Octavius* and *Anthony*, when that War was over, and *Anthony* came into the East, he sent *Cleopatra* a Command to make her personal Appearance in *Cilicia*, to answer that Charge, which after some affected Delay she did in this Manner: She embark'd in a small Galley in the River *Cydnus*, the Head of the Barge shin'd with inlaid Gold, the Sails were of purple Silk, the Oars

Oars of Silver, which beat Time to the Flutes and Hautboys; she her self lay all along under a Canopy of Cloth of Gold, curiously embroider'd, dress'd as *Venus* is ordinarily represented, and beautiful young Boys, like *Cupids*, stood on each Side to fan her. Her Maids were dress'd like Sea Nymphs and Graces, some steering the Rudder, some working at the Ropes. The Perfumes diffus'd themselves from the Vessel to the Shoar, which was all cover'd with Multitudes, meeting and following the Galley, &c.

<sup>185</sup> *Among the Tents of Calvin's Sons*

The Protestants. If the reform'd Religion is a damnable Heresy, as the Bishop of *Meaux*, and the very best of the Popish Bishops say it is, how comes it that the good Angel of *France* descends from Heaven to inspire a Protestant for the Preservation of the King; and how came St. *Lewis* not to direct his Flight otherwise? If it is not a damnable Heresy, but in the Favour of Heaven as this Flight of the Angel intimates, how came it that St. *Lewis* is so sollicitous about the King's deserting it, and how came *Voltaire* to make his Desertion the Subject of an Epick Poem? This is not very consistent.

<sup>186</sup> *Marcus Aurelius*

*Antoninus*, surnam'd *Philosophus*, Emperor of *Rome*, about the Year 160. He was a Prince of great Virtue and Learning, as appears by his Works; but he publish'd severe Edicts against the Christians, to whom he became favourable at the latter End of his Reign, occasion'd, as it is said, by a Miracle which their Prayers for him wrought, in obtaining Rain when his Army was ready to perish for Want of Water. It is no Wonder

Wonder it had such an Effect on a Prince of his Understanding and Goodness. This Miracle is, however, contested by some Writers.

<sup>127</sup> *Plato*

Surnam'd the *Divine*. He was born at *Athens*, a little before the Time of *Alexander the Great*. His Master *Socrates* was chief of the Sect of the *Academicks*. He was one who travell'd as well as studied for Knowledge. *Plutarch* gives the History of his Reception by *Dionysius*, Tyrant of *Sicily*. His Works are in the highest Esteem with the Learned and the Virtuous.

<sup>128</sup> *Fair Arethusa,*

The Fable says, she was a Nymph, Daughter of *Nereus* and *Doris*, one of *Diana's* Companions, belov'd of *Alpheus*, whose Violence when she cou'd not escape, *Diana* turn'd her into a Fountain of that Name, whose Waters, that they might not mix with *Alpheus's* Stream, ran under Ground by secret Channels, and broke out again by *Syracuse* in *Sicily*, whither *Alpheus* also pursu'd her.

<sup>129</sup> *Paphos,*

A City of *Cyprus*, fabled to be so call'd from *Paphius*, Son of *Pygmalion*, who built it. *Venus* had a Temple there, much frequented by her Votaries.

<sup>130</sup> *But Turenne prevails.*

The History of *Henry IV.* being so recent and so well known in *France*, this Variation from it is contrary to the Rules of *Criticism*, and indeed to good Sense, which is the same Thing. Every one that knows any Thing of the Story, knows there was no such Duel as this between *Aumale* and

and *Turenne*. The Action of the Poem was probably in the Memory of the Poet's Grandfather, and it was not allow'd him to add any Thing to the Story, which he did not introduce by *Machines*. This is not the only Instance of his altering the History. The *French* Critick observes, *Je ne voudrois pas non plus qu'à la fin de cinquieme Chant Henry IV. fut représenté si puissant, &c.* "Neither wou'd I have had *Henry IV.* represented so powerful at the End of the Fifth Canto, where he is made to be so near conquering the *League*; it is contrary to the Truth of History, and besides takes off from the Reader's Surprize." However, he owns the Combat between *Turenne* and *d'Aumale* to be very fine. He criticizes farther on this Canto. "The Famine which follows, comes too *abrupt*." "It is not prepar'd. 'Tis also too long. The Clemency of *Henry IV.* draws Tears, but *St. Lewis* makes one laugh. He goes to the Almighty to beseech him to send *Henry IV.* to Mass, &c.





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Finding the following Note omitted in its  
Place among the Notes, I insert it here.

Line 6. *Conq'ror and Father of his Countrey, He*

I am sensible that *He* here, will by vulgar Judges be reckon'd a *Batch*; but it cou'd not be for the Sake of the *Rime*: And I think the transposing the Word more poetical, than placing it at the Head of the Line. *Rowe* in his *Lucan* has

*Phorcus and Cæto, next to Neptune, He*

He has also, *Conqueror* and *Conq'ror*, *Victory* and *Vict'ry*, three Syllables and two Syllables; and tho' I have studiously avoided to use Diffyllables at the End of a Verse, even in this Blank Metre, yet if I had made use of them oftner, I might justify it by the Example of Mr. *Dryden*, Mr. *Rowe*, Mr. *Pope*, and our best Versifiers.





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[ZAH.]



